

THE
WORKS
OF
M^r Thomas Otway.

In one VOLUME.

Containing these following

TRAGEDIES and COMEDIES.

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|--|---|--|
| I. <i>Alcibiades.</i> | } | V. The Second Part of the
Souldiers Fortune. |
| II. Friendship in Fashion. | | VI. <i>Titus</i> and <i>Berenice</i> , with
the Cheats of <i>Scapin</i> . |
| III. The Orphan, or the
Unhappy Marriage. | | VII. <i>Venice</i> Preserv'd, or the
Plot Discover'd. |
| IV. The Souldiers For-
tune. | | VIII. <i>Don Carlos</i> Pr. of <i>Spain</i> . |
| | | IX <i>Caius Marius</i> . |
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LONDON,

Printed for Richard Bentley, at the Post-House in Russel-
street, Covent-Garden, 1691.



ALCIBIADES.

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

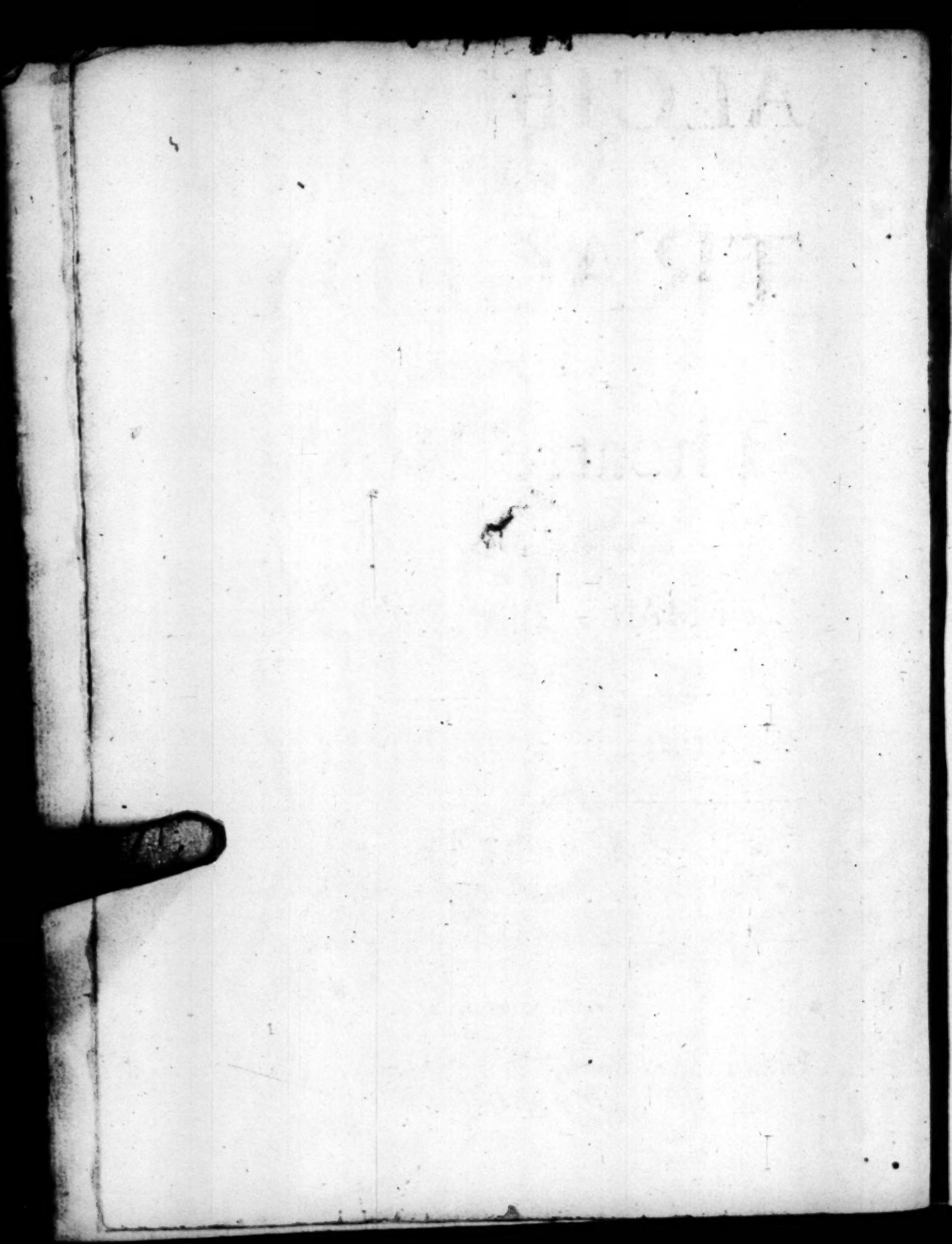
Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by THO. OTWAY.

—*Laudetur ab his Culpetur ab illis.*
Horat. Serm. Lib. 1st. Sat. 2.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, and S. Magnes, in Russell-
Street, in Covent-Garden. 1687.



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of MIDDLESEX.

My Lord,

I Am sufficiently sensible of my own Arrogance, in that being almost a stranger to every thing of You but your Fame, I durst obtrude so abject a Trifle as this, under the Patronage of so eminent a Person; but that generous Candour, wherewith you oblige all the World, gave me Courage to hope you might at least pardon this first offence in me. And though perhaps, the best Presents of this nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my wishes, if the sincerity of my Zeal, may atone for the meanness of the Offering: That is the farthest prospect I take, which whilst I have in view, I dare not (though perhaps as justly as some others have done I might) complain of the censures of the World; for since I've heard that your Lordship prove indulgent, I were unworthy of the favours you bestow'd, should I be concern'd at the malice or petulancy of those, who (alas!) will needs think it modish to be Critical, but in the mean while forget 'tis as gentle to be Civil. No, my Lord, 'tis under your Umbrage only I would court protection, to whom Heav'n has given a Soul, whose endowments are as much above flattery, as it self abhors it; and which are as impossible to be describ'd, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as poorest Pilgrims, when they visit shrines, will make some presents where they kneel: so I have here brought mine, by your own goodness only made worthy to be preserv'd; in whose defence I can say nothing more, than that with it all my best endeavours are, and ever shall be ready to testifie how much I am, my Lord,

The most earnest of Your

Servants, and Admirers,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Harris.

NEver did Rymer greater hazard run,
'Mongst us by your severity undone:
Though we, alas! to oblige ye have done most,
And bought ye pleasures at our own sad cost:
Tet all our best endeavours have been lost.
So oft a St. Yes-man lab'ring to be good,
His Honesty's for Treason understood:
Whilst some false flatt'ring Minion of the Court,
Shall play the Traytor, and be honour'd for't.
To you known Judges of what's sense, and wit,
Our Author swears he gladly will submit,
But there's a sort of things infest the Pit,
That will be witty, spight of Nature too,
And to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither sometimes those wou'd be Wits repair,
In quest of you; where if you not appear,
Crys one—Pugh! Dam me what do we do here?
Streight up he starts, his Garniture then puts
In order, so he Cocks, and out he struts,
To th' Coffee-House, where he about him looks:
Spyes Friend, crys Jack—I've been to Night at th' Dukes:
The silly Rogues are all undone my Dear,
I gad! not one of sense that I saw there.
Thus to himself he'd Reputation gather
Of Wit, and good Acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a Stranger been of late,
'Mongst its pretenders nought so strange as that.
Both Houses too to long a Fast have known,
That coursest Non-sense goes most glibly down.
Thus though this Trifler never wrote before,
Tet Faith he ventur'd on the common score:
Since Non-sense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that his may pass amongst the Crowd.

EPI-

ACTORS NAMES EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Mary Lee.

NOW who says Poets don't in blood delight?
'Tis true the Varlets care not much to fight;
But faith, they claw it off when e're they write:
Are Bully Rocks not of the common size;
Kill ye men faster then Domitian Flyes.
Ours made such Havock, that the silly Rogue
Was forc't to make me rise for th' Epilogue.
The Fop damn'd me, but e're to Hell I go,
I'd very fain be satisfy'd if you
Think it not just that he were serv'd so too.
As he hath yours, do you his hopes beguile:
You've been in Purgatory all this while.
Then Damn him down to Hell, and never spare,
Perhaps he'll find more favour there then here.
Nay of the two may chuse the much less evil,
If you're but good when pleas'd, e'en so's the Devil.

ACTORS

ACTORS Names.

<i>Agis</i>		<i>Mr. Medbourn.</i>
<i>Alcibiades</i>	{ General of <i>Athens</i> , but fled thence in discontent, & made General of <i>Sparta</i> , betrothed to <i>Timandra</i> }	<i>Mr. Batterton.</i>
<i>Tissaphernes</i>	{ the Old General of <i>Sparta</i> . }	<i>Mr. Sanford.</i>
<i>Patroclus</i>	{ His Son, and Friend to <i>Alcibiades</i> . }	<i>Mr. Crosby.</i>
<i>Theramnes</i>	{ The now <i>Athenian</i> General, in Love with <i>Timandra</i> . }	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>
<i>Polyndus</i>	{ A young Noble of <i>Athens</i> , his friend. }	<i>Mr. Gillow.</i>

<i>Deidamia</i>	{ Queen of <i>Sparta</i> in Love with <i>Alcibiades</i> . }	<i>Mrs. Mary Lee.</i>
<i>Timandra</i>	{ A noble <i>Athenian</i> Lady, betrothed to <i>Alcibiades</i> . }	<i>Mrs. Batterton.</i>
<i>Draxilla</i>	{ Sister to <i>Alcibiades</i> , and her friend. }	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Ardella</i>	{ Lady of Honour to the Queen of <i>Sparta</i> . }	<i>Mrs. Gillow.</i>

Priests and Priestesses of Hymen, Spirits, Guards, Messengers,
Villains, Ladys, &c.

ALCIBIADES

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I. a Palace.

*Timandra and Draxilla, shouts without,
Theramnes, Theramnes, Theramnes.*

Enter Servant.

Tim. **W**Hat mean these shouts?
Serv. ——— Oh all your hopes are crost,
The Gallant *Alcibiades* is lost.

Tim. Hah! ———

Serv. ——— When last Night the Youth of *Athens* late
Rose up the *Orgia* to celebrate
The *Bacchanals*, all hot and drunk with Wine,
He led to the Almighty Thund'ers shrine,
And there his Image seated on a Throne
They violently took, and tumbled down:
This opportunity *Theramnes* got,
To supplant him, and his own ends promote;
For by the Senate he was doom'd to bleed,
And that his Rival shou'd in all succeed;
But he the threatening danger to evade,
Is to the *Spartan* Camp for refuge fled:
And now by order from the Senate, all
With shouts proclaim *Theramnes* General.

Tim. But is he fled? has he so meanly done,
To leave me to be wretched here alone?
Is this thy plighted Faith, is this thy Truth?
Oh too unkind, false, and unconstant Youth!

*[Exit. Serv.
Drax.*

Drax. Madam, believe not but my Brother's just,
You wrong his Honour by this mean distrust;
Think you that distance can his love rebate?

Tim. Thy young experience never felt the weight
Of Lovers Fears; if just, he'll easily
Excuse that love that breeds this Jealousie.

Drax. But, Madam, for those doubts no grounds you have.

Tim. Alas! go ask of Mad-men why they rave.
What more could Fate do to augment my Woe?
I Love, am mad, and know not what I do.

I, who before had nothing in my Eyes
But Glory and Love growing to delight.

Like Chymists waiting for their labours prize;
My hopes are dash'd and ruin'd in their height.

Drax. Alas, we but with weak intelligence
Read Heav'n's Decrees, th'are writ in mystick sense:
For were they open laid to Mortal Eyes,
Men would be Gods, or they no Deities.
Perhaps the wiser pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing happiness allay,
Lest should it in its high perfection come,
Your Soul for the reception might want room.

Tim. Thy Reasons, kind *Draxilla*, weakly move,
What Woman e're complain'd of too much love?
No, had I naked to the World been left,
Of Honour, and its gaudy plumes bereft,
Yet all these I with gladness could resign,
So *Alcibiades* had still been mine;
But he remov'd, what can they give alone
What is the Casket when the Jewel's gone?

Drax. Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler Lustre, and return again:
Think you his great Soul could with patience see
His rifl'd Honours heap'd on's Enemy;
And not his Rage have grown to that excess,
As must have ruin'd all your happiness.
But he withdrew, and like a zealous Hermit did forgoe
Those little Toys, to gain a Heav'n in you.

Tim. That Zeal must needs be very weak and faint,
That let's the Votary forsake his Saint;

No, he is happy in some other flame,
And from his breast has blotted out my name:
So that there nothing more remains for me,
But a kind Death, or a long Misery.
But Death alone's th'unhappy Lovers ease,
That Seals up to us an Eternal peace;
By that our Souls to endless pleasures move,
And we enjoy an Everlasting Love.
Yet e're I dye, as dye I feel I must,
To *Alcibiades* I would be just;
Fain would I let him know how I resign
All in him, that his past Vows had made mine;
Then to its seat in peace my Soul should flye,
And calmly at my Lovers feet I'd dye.

Draxilla, for thy Friend, what couldst thou do ?

Drax. Madam, I could do any thing for you;
I know not what you'd ask me I'd deny,
Except that cruel thing, to see you dye.

Tim. Some safe disguises for us then provide,
From watchful eyes our sudden flight to hide;
Hence to the *Spartan* Camp I'll forthwith move,
Born on the wings of Jealousie and Love;
For I'm resolv'd to know the worst of Fate;
I would be blest; can be unfortunate;
Since 'tis the only thing of Heav'n I crave,
To meet a faithful Lover, or a Grave.

Theramnes at the door.

Th. ——— Stay kind *Polindus* here
Whilst I go pay my just devotion there: [*Stepping to Tim.*
See fairest Queen of Love and Beauty here,
Your faithfullest and humblest Worshipper,
Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice,
To those Eternal Glories of your Eyes:
It is a heart as spotless and sincere,
As the chaste Vows of holy Vestals are;
Accept Divine one, and pronounce my doom.

Tim. Are you, my Lord, to mock my Sorrows come ?

Th. No, (guided by my Love) I humbly came
To pay my duty, and present my flame.

Tim. What flame or duty can you owe to me ?

Th. Next what the Holy to the Deity,

When they for blessings at the Altars move,
'Tis Adoration; Madam, joynd with Love.

Tim. Love! I thought that had been e're this o're blown;
I'm sure it had small hopes to live upon.

Th. That Love which only tedious hopes sustain,
Is a dull, easie, and ignoble pain:
Mine's an enliv'ning and transporting fire,
Whose flames increase, and still are piercing higher.

Tim. Yes, as from Piles some wilder flames essay,
To mount, but baffled part in fumes away;
So all that love you now so strongly boast,
Sever'd from hope in a weak Vapour's lost;
But you too urgent in your suit appear.

Th. Oh what too urgent for a joy so dear!

Tim. Since then you constancy so firmly Vow,
Worthy *Theramnes*, here I do so too. [Gives her hand.]

Th. Thus, when the storms of Love are over-past,
We gain the wisht for Port of bliss at last.

I ne're could doubt—— [Kisses her hand.]

Tim.——Then know I ne're can cease
From my vow'd Love to *Alcibiades*.

Th. I'm lost, and all those joys I saw so near,
Vanish, and leave me wand'ring in despair:
Thus, Madam, Barb'rous Cruelty y've shown,
Raising me up only to throw me down.

Tim. Not to deceive you, I (*Theramnes*) know
How much I am oblig'd t'your Love and You.
Since you such ample kindness did express,
In favour of my *Alcibiades*
How poorly did you envy the esteem
I for his matchless Vertues had, and Him!
When finding him abandon'd by the State,
You, to advance your int'rest did create
New feuds; ——

As if my Love were ballanc't by his Fate:
No, he had nobler Charms my breast to move;
Unblemish't Honour, and a spotless Love;
Which though perhaps now know another flame,
Yet I have Love and Passion for their Name.

Th. °

Th. Am I then of all hopes of bliss debar'd?
Oh too soft Charms sway'd by a heart too hard.

Tim. Y'are something discompos'd, Sir, I perceive,
And 'tis but modesty to take my leave.

Th. Oh stay, and pity a poor Lovers Fate!

Tim. If pity, Sir, is all you ask, take that.

Th. Heavens, can she at those Chains she gave me scoff!

Tim. You at your pleasure, Sir, may shake 'em off.

[*Exeunt Tim, and Drax.*]

Enter Polyndus.

Pol. How fares my noblest Friend?

Th. ——— As those who are

Tott'ring upon the brinks of dire despair,
Help and retrieve me with th'assisting hand,
Love thrusts me forward, and I cannot stand.

Pol. Then, Sir, turn back, and face your driving Foe.

Th. Alas! what can a fetter'd Captive do?

The more I strive the faster I am bound,
As ign'rant Swimmers are with struggling drown'd.

Pol. *Timandra*, surely can't in honour less,
Than Crown your Love with prosperous success,
When she believes, (as certainly she must)
That *Alcibiades* is prov'd unjust.

Th. Alas, she loves him with much greater flame,
And pays devotion to his very Name:
Distance adds to their Loves a Violence;
And their souls hold from far Intelligence.
Thus my mistaking Policy out-run
My Fate; and I'm by my own Plots undone.

Pol. Why do you let your soul be so oppress'd?
'Tis Patience best befits a gallant Breast.

Th. Patience! What's that? the Mistress of tame Fools,
That can in nothing else employ their souls;
No, since *Timandra* thou canst disapprove
My just flame for an absent Rivals Love,
I'll find that Rival out, and snatch his breath,
Though ev'ry step I tread, encounter Death.

Pol. Now, Sir, y'are brave——
Already y've disarm'd *Timandra's* Charms,
Me-thinks I see you Rev'ling in her Arms;

Let's then o'th'Wings of Love and Honour flye
 To th'Field, and meet th'insulting Enemy :
 Where through the paths of death and blood we'll go
 To meet your Rival, and his Countrys Foe :
 There the remembrance of *Timandra's* Charms,
 Shall add fresh courage to your conquering Arms.
 But if Fate the success so order shall,
 That by your Rivals Sword you chance to fall :
 I then (as honour justly will command,) •

Inspir'd by Friendship and *Timandra's* Name,
 Will bravly stem him, and with this bold hand
 Revenge, or fall a Victime to your flame.

Th. Oh noble generous Youth ! whose tender years,
 Such gallant courage and such honour wear !
 How can my aymes but in my wishes end, } *Embraces him.*
 That have so worthy and so brave a Friend ?
 Come my *Polyndus*.——

Pol. —— On my Friend I'll wait,
 Through all the Labarinths of Love and Fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

*The Tent of a Pavillion Royal; the King and Queen of Sparta,
 Alcibiades, Tissaphernes, Patroclus, Guards, Ladies, &c.*

K. Now must proud *Athens* lay her Triumphs down,
 And pay her Glories Tribute to my Crown ;
 No more shall stupid *Greece* her Fetters wear,
 Nor make disadvantageous peace for fear ;
 But she her self must in subjection come,
 And humbly at my feet expect her doom.

Tiss. Yes Sir ; all Glories must when Yours break forth,
 Go out, and lose their Beauty, and their Worth ;
 And like false Angels Vanish and be gone,
 Dreading those shapes they durst before put on.

Pat. *Athens*, the Worlds great Mistress will not be
 Courted with low and vulgar Gallantry.
 Her Glory aymes at higher Characters,
 Than heavy Gown-men-clad in formal Furs :
 Who wins her deeds 'bove common Fate must do,

Then

And so she's only Mistress fit for you.

K. Yes, and I only will enjoy her too.
But noble generous Youth, thou has alone } *To Alcibiades.*
Things worthy the *Athenian* honour done :
Thou like a tow'ring Eagle soard'st above
That lower Orb in which they faintly move ;
A slight too high for their dull souls to use,
Which prompted 'em that honour to abuse ;
Thinking their baseness they might palliate,
With the dark Cloud of Policy and State.
But let them that black mystery pursue,
By worth and honour Empires greatest grow ;
Which when abus'd, their glory does suppress,
As revers'd prospects make the object less.

Alcib. Yours, Sir, like Heav'n's great soul is General ;
Dispensing its kind influence on all
This makes Success and Victory repair,
To move with you as in their proper Sphear ;
As fragrant dews leave the corrupter earth,
Exhail'd by th'Sun from whom they had their Birth.

K. The truth of that we by your Lawrels know,
Conquest your Arms, Triumph still waits your brow ;
By your success th'*Athenian* greatness rose,
Your courage scatter'd their insulting Foes ;
And from that height to which by you th'are grown,
'Tis your success alone must throw 'em down.
Thus have we made you Gen'ral of our Force ;
And all those honours you were rob'd of there,
We'll make our study to redouble here.

Tiss. And I, (if that my Malice tell me true,) } *Aside.*
As diligently shall his Plagues pursue.

Alcib. Of all my Courage or my Sword shall do,
I the success must to your Virtue owe :
The Honour and the Justice of your Cause,
So glorious are, Fate must from them take Laws :
So You o're *Athens* this advantage have,
You Fortune rule, to whom she's but a Slave.

K. Enjoy my *Tissaphernes* now thy ease,
And plant fresh Lawrels in the shades of Peace.
The glories thou hast won, so num'rous are,
They seem as many as thy age can bear.

But if thy spacious soul thou canst confine,
 Within this narrow Mansion of mine:
 Be this the utmost of thy wishes bound,
 Possess his grateful heart, whose head th'ast Crown'd.

Tiss. Heav'n knows my Age does feel no sharper sting,
 Than to want pow'r to serve so good a King.
 But since time tells me that my glass is run,
 Setting me backward where I first begun;
 Since no way else they can their duty show }
 I'll only employ my hands to Heav'n for you: }
 And what my Sword can't, may devotion do.

K. How truly he a glorious Monarch is
 That's Crown'd with blessings so sublime as these!
 How can I but in all things happy be,
 Propt by such Courage and such Piety?
 To me with Gods similitude is giv'n:
 'Tis pow'r and virtue that supports their Heav'n.
 Our Royal Standard to the City bear,
 T'Alarm it to Obedience, or to War?
 To Morrow must decide th' Athenian Fate, } *Exeunt Om. præter.*
 This day to joy and ease we'll Consecrate. } *Tiss.*

Tiss. Ungrateful King! thy shallow aymes pursue,
 But my brisk Up-start Fav'rite, have at you.
 Was it for this my active Youth I spent
 In War? and knew no dwelling but a Tent!
 Have I for this through Invious Mountains past?
 Demolish'd Cities, and lay'd Kingdoms waste?
 Still in his Cause unwearied courage shown?
 And almost hid his head in Crowns I won!
 Upon my Breast receiv'd so many Scars,
 They seem a War describ'd in Characters!
 And must the Harvest of my toyle and blood,
 Upon a fawning Rebel be bestow'd?
 Who having false to his own Country been,
 Comes here to play his Treasons o're again?
 Must he at last tumble my Trophies down,
 And Revel in the Glories I have won?
 Whilst from my Honours, they me disengage
 With a dull Complement to feeble Age.

what

Alcibiades.

What ayles this hardy hand, that yet it shou'd
Tremble at death, or start at reeking blood?
Me-thinks this Dagger I as firmly hold, [Draws a Dagger.
And with a strength as resolute and bold,
As he who kindly would its point impart,
A present to an envy'd Fav'rites heart:
And I, fond Youth, will try to work thy fall,
Though with my own I crown thy Funeral.
Envy and Malice from your Mansions flie,
Resign your Horrour and your Snakes to me;
For I'll act mischiefs yet to you unknown;
Nay, you shall all be Saints when I come down.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Grove adjoining to the Spartan Camp.

Timandra and Draxilla.

Tim. **W**Hat uncouth Roads afflicted Lovers pass!
How strange prepost'rous steps their Sorrows trace!
Oh, *Alcibiades*, if thou art just,
Forgive th'excess of Love that bred distrust.
Driven by that, disguis'd I hither came,
Yet here and ev'ry where my grief's the same.
But kind *Draxilla's* Friendship can dispel,
The thickest Clouds that on sad Bosoms dwell,
That does alleviate my griefs, and give
My wearied soul a soft and kind Reprieve;
Which ever to forget, would be as hard,
And as impossible, as to Reward.

Drax. The serving you, my happiness secures,
I'm only something by my being yours;
Since equally with yours, my hopes were cross'd,
When in your Lover I a Brother lost;
Then like an Orphane destitute and bare
Of all but Misery and sad despair,
Your kindness gave my yielding spirits rest,
And rais'd me to a dwelling in your breast:

And

Then ought I not in all my soul resign,
To ease her griefs that kindly pity'd mine?

Tim. In that I did what honour urg'd me to.

Drax. And honour tells me Gratitude is due.

Tim. But how grows Gratitude to that degree,
To be afflicted thus, and weep for me?

Drax. Alas! that is the least that I could do;

To our worst Enemies our Tears w^oowe.

Friendship to such a noble height should rise,

As their devotion does in Sacrifice;

Who think they shew a zeal remiss and small,

Except themselves as nobler Victims fall.

With as great courage could I for you dye,

And my Triumphant Soul to Heav'n should fly;

There I again my Friendship would renew,

And lay up chiefest joyes in store for you.

Tim. What vast and boundless flights does Friendship take!

Beyond what search can see, or fancy track!

'Tis the improvement of the part divine,

When Souls in their Seraphick transports joyn;

In souls united, so we friendship see,

As many glories make a Deity.

Enter Alcibiades from the back part of the Scenes.

Drax. Madam, yonder he comes who must retrieve
Your drooping hopes, and your faint joyes revive.

Tim. My Alcibiades! how I begin

To think my misplac'd jealousy did sin!

Go meet him, seem all troubled and in tears,

And, with the tale I taught thee, wound his ears:

Mean while I will with-draw my self this way, } *Goes to the*
Nor would my swelling passions let me stay. } *Door.*

Alcib. What airy Visions o're my eyes there move,

Like the good genius of an absent Love!

Where e're I turn me, I methinks espy,

Timandra's Image softly gliding by.

Such fond Ambition, Love his Slaves does teach,

To make 'em fancy what they cannot reach.

For oh Divine One!

How sickly joyes, honour and greatness grant,

When thee the glory of my Soul I want!

Drax.

Drax. My Lord!—

Alcib.——Guard me, ye pow'rs! *Draxilla* here,
And weeping too! Oh my Prophetick fear!
What is't your coming here would seem to tell?
Relate, oh quickly, is my Princess well?

Drax. Oh Sir! In that unhappy fatal Night,
When to the *Spartan* Camp you took your flight,
When by the cruel Senate you were drove,
Both to forsake your Country and your Love,
Timandra, and my self, and we were fate
In her Apartment, grieving for your fate:
No sooner with sad Jealousies oppress'd,
Her wearied soul in sleep sought after rest,
But grief new Scenes of misery brought in,
And plaid in Dreams its horrors o're agen:
Sometimes her tender Arms she'd forward stretch;
Then fiercely at the empty ayr would catch:
Wearied with grief, she then would milder be,
And in a hallow sigh send out, Ah Me!
At last she rose, and 'bout the Chamber walkt;
Sometimes she started, then stood still and talkt:
Anon, repeat some short and pithy pray'r;
Agen grow wild, and tear her precious hair;
Till having so wrought sorrow to that height,
That her soul grew too tender for the weight:
E're I my courage could collect to go,
And give a hindrance to the fatal blow,
She with her Dagger stab'd her self, and said,
Thus dy'd *Timandra* that unhappy Maid.

Alcib. Ye Gods! Is't thus your Justice you dispence,
To lay th' reward of Guilt on Innocence?
What though these Sacrilegious hands have thrown
Your Images, those Pageant Glories down!
Must you Revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
You might have plagu'd me, so y'ad pity'd her.
But thus I'll send my soul, where it may tell
She lov'd too rashly, but not lov'd too well;
Oh Sister! do not hinder me my death;
Sighs are the only use I've left of breath:
One blow will put an end to grief and Me.

Offers to fall on
his Sword, but
is hindred by
Draxilla.

Enter Timandra.

Tim. That Sir you must not do, nor must I see. [*Al. Starts.*
 Why fly you back? nay, if you shun me now,
 I shall grow apt to think my fears too true.

Alcib. Oh Heavens! does then my dear *Timandra* live!
 The Joy's too mighty for me to receive;
 This was the greatest bliss Heav'n had to give.
 How rashly did my impious rage prophane
 Your Goodness! oh but wash away that stain,
 Then I with Victims will your Altars load,
 And have a Sacrifice for ev'ry God.
 Till by those holy fires, this black offence
 Be purg'd and purifi'd to Innocence.
 But dearest, how could you so cruel be,
 To let such bliss be drest in misery?
 To tell me you were dead!

How could you think but th'horror of that breath,
 Must damp my soul, and chill me into death?

Tim. Alas, my fears could find out no relief,
 But thus t'assault you in the garb of grief;
 This tryal of your Faith my Joy secures,
 As Thunders usher in refreshing show'rs.

Alcib. Let us no longer then to doubts give way,
 But haste to th'Consummation of our Joy,
 So with our bright united flames, dispel
 Those anxious mists that on our bosoms dwell,
 Being of no other Jealousie possest,
 But which shall kindest prove, and love the best.

Tim. And when our faithful happy hearts shall be
 Firmer united by that sacred tye,
 How in an endless Road of bliss we'll move,
 Steering our motions by our perfect Love!
 There we with pleasure will recount each woe
 Which we have pass't, and others undergo.
 There we'll reflect o'th'various hopes and fears,
 The mournful sighs and the impatient tears
 Of distressed Lovers, whilst we'll kindly thence,
 Through a strange mystical Intelligence,
 Give 'em Redresses by our influence:
 Till so by ours,——

Their

Their full grown Joyes receive a happy birth,
As Planets in their kind Conjunctions blefs the Earth.

Alcib. Then my *Timandra* to our blifs let's fly,
There's but one minute more to Extasie.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. Oh my *Ardella*, whither shall I turn ?
I'm all o're flame, in every part I burn.

Ar. Your Majesty——

Queen. ——Fool, Majesty ! what's that ?
Th'ill-natur'd pageant mockery of fate ;
When her ungrateful sportive pow'r she'd show,
Raifing us high——
To bar us of the benefits below.
But I'll her servile Policy despise,
And make her stoop to Loves great Victories.
Th'Almighty pow'r of Heav'n came down from thence,
To taste the sweets of am'rous Excellence:
Why then should Princes that are Gods below,
Think that a sin which Heav'n is proud to do ?

Ard. But Madam, is it not a cruel thing,
T'abuse a Loving Husband and kind King ?

Qu. Dull Girl, thou knowest not what a Husband is.
Alas, they never reach the height of blifs,
But ignorantly with Loves Magick play,
Till they raife spirits they want pow'r to lay
In that brave *Alcibiades* there swarm,
So many graces, he's all over charm ;
Such killing Ayres in each part of him move,
His Brows dart Majesty, and his Eyes Love :
Oh my *Ardella*, I am lost in thought !
I fain would have thee——yet 'tis false, I'd not.

Ard. Madam, your Royal pleasure but relate,
I'll be as faithful, and as firm as Fate.

Qu. Art thou then skilful in Loves subtle arts,
Cunningly to lay Ambuscades for hearts ?
Canst thou exprefs a melting kind desire,
And give a feeling draught of Loves soft fire.

Ard. Madam, so subt'ly I'll his heart betray,
As one, who by some great Magicians pow'r,
Is hurry'd through the Regions in an hour,
And for return again can find no way.

Qu. My better Angel! fly then swift as time,
Or thought; thou gain'st a Queen in gaining him.
But use such secrecy as stolen Loves should have,
Be dark as the hush'd silence of the Grave.

Ard. Madam, distrust not but that I shall do,
Both what is to your Love and Honour due.

Qu. Honour! a very word; an empty name:
How dully wretched is the Slave to Fame!
Give me the Soul that's large and unconfin'd;
Free as the Air, and boundless as the Wind:
Nature was then in her first excellence,
When undisturb'd with puny Conscience,
Man's Sacrifice was pleasure, his God, sense.

Enter Tissaphernes.

Tiss. Madam, by th'King's command I'm to you sent,
Wh' attends your Royal presence in his Tent.

Qu. I go——

[*Exeunt Qu. and Ard.*]

Tiss. —— Now all is Ripe, methinks I see
Treason walk hand in hand with Destiny,
And both in a kind Aspect smile on me—
Now the whole Court proceeds to solemnize
The Nuptials of proud *Alcibiades*.
Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wish combine,
To give a happy end to my design.
It is the custom at a Marriage Feast,
The Bridegroom ——
With a full Bowl presents his chiefest guest.
The Cups by my great secrecy and care,
With strongest potion all infected are:
Which when our *Alcibiades* shall bring,
And offer as his duty to the King,
The Poyson and his sudden death will seem,
Fully a Trayterous design in him.
Then must the Crown descend on me, and so
I feast my Rage, and my Ambition too.
Let Cowards spirits start at Cruelty,
Remorse has still a stranger been to me.
I can look on their pains with the same eyes,
As Priests behold the falling Sacrifice.

Whilst

Whilst they yell out the horror of their moans,
My heart shall dance to to th'Musick of their groans. [Exit.

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Cap. Look that your care and diligence be great,
See the Guards doubled, and each Cent'nel set. [Exit.

*The Scene drawn, discovers the Tent of a Pavillion; in it an Altar,
behind which are seated the King and Queen, attended by Tis-
saphernes, Patroclus, and the rest of the Camp; about the
Altar stand several Priests of Hymen.*

K. Each day brings some surprize of pleasure, here
Love vyes his Triumphs with the God of War:

Six Priests of Hymen Dance.

*The Dance ended, Enter chief Priest and Priestess of Hymen,
Priest leading Timandra, and the Priestess Alcibiades.*

Priest sings.

Distracting Jealousies and fears,
Heart-breaking sobs and restless tears
Fly to the breasts that are
Wrack't with despair
In this,

Priest. Or this.

Cho. No tears but those of Joy, no pantings but of blifs.

Priestess. Yes, yes by love alone we see

On Earth the glories of a Deity:

For 'tis the greatest work above,

To be Innocent and Love.

Those then that flame so nobly here,

What ravishing delights must they have there!

Cho. Who on Earth to their Honour are just, and their Love,
Must reap the chief blessings above.

Priest. Let's then proceed, and Hymen's aid implore,
To joyn those hands whose hearts were link'd before.

Priestess. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Cho. Hymen, Oh Hymen, come away,
Crown the wishes of this day.

See, see these pure refin'd desires,

Wait at thy Torch, wait at thy Torch to improve their fires.

Whilst

Whilst this Chorus is singing, Hymen enters with his Torch, and joins their hands with a Wreath of Roses, which the Priestess strikes with her Spear and breaks, then they offer both parts upon the Altar.

This Ceremony ended, a Dance is perform'd by four Priests and Priestesses of Hymen, all carrying in their hands short Spears muffled with flowers and boughs of fruit, after which a Bowl is brought in, and presented to Alcibiades, who immediately upon the receipt bows to the King, who descends with the Queen, and receives the Bowl of him, then speaks.

K. To shew how strict a Reverence I have } Drawing near to
For ev'ry thing that Loyal is, and brave, } Tissaphernes.
This signal honour only due to me,

Thus Tissaphernes I confer on thee. [Presents him the Bowl.

Tiss. Confusion! what means this?

K. —Nay, do not start,

It is the offering of a grateful heart:

Come drink to such a depth as may express

Thy wishes for their Joy, and Sparta's happiness.

Tiss. I must obey your Majesty—

[Proffering to drink, lets fall the Bowl, and seems to Swoun back.

Pat. Alas my Father!

K. —How fares our worthy Friend?

Hence quickly for our chief Physicians send.

So much this Aged Hero I esteem,

I rather could part with my Crown than him.

Tiss. My health, Sir, needs no other help than this, [faintly.

That you will pardon its Infirmities.

The Wine was of so strong an Excellence,

Its Spirits prov'd too mighty for my sense.

Alarum without. Enter Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, your Camp th' Athenian Force Alarms:

Without the City Gates th' appear in Arms.

And with a numerous and Warlike train,

Begin their March upon the Neighb'ring Plain.

Their bloody Ensigns all display'd appear,

And hold an am'rous Combat with the Ayre:

Loosly they flye, and with a Wanton play,

Seem to salute the Sun-beams in their way:

Whilst

Whist their shrill Trumpets rattle in the skye;
As if with Musick they'd charm Victory.
And this Triumphant Pride does higher grow
That they may make a Conquest fit for You.

K. 'Tis well, ev'ry Battalia Re-inforce
With my late fresh supplies of *Persian* Horse.
Their Fate no longer will delay endure;
Prepare to fight 'em in this very hour.
I'd have this day hereafter famous be,
For the Renown of Love and Victory.

Shouts from afar. Enter another Officer.

2d. Off. The Enemy, Sir, does on the Plain appear,
And with Re-ecchoing shoutings pierce the Ayr.

K. So Beasts decreed for slaughter e're they fall,
With their own Bell'wings ring their Funeral.

Finis Actus Secundi.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Camp.

Tissaphernes.

Tiss. CURSE on my niggard Stars, they were so poor,
That my Revenge prov'd greater than their pow'r,
My fury had begot so vast a Birth,
Fate wanted strength enough to bring it forth.

Trumpets afar-off sound a Charge.

That sprightly sound darts fiercely through my soul.
Oh that I might one minute Fate Controul;
Could but command one happy fatal Dart,
To send it self into the Gen'ral's heart.

Enter King and Queen attended.

K. Thus must proud States submit when Monarchs claim:
They govern in a rude disorder'd frame;
As Stars in a dim Senate rule the Night,
But Vanish at the Sun's more Potent light.

Athens

Athens now feels the fury of my heat :
 A Pow'r like theirs, divided, can't be great :
 It may tumultuous and num'rous show,
 But ne're contract to give a steady blow.

Qu. In States those monstrous many-headed pow'rs
 Of private int'rest publick good devours.

'Tis true, when in their hands a rule they gain,
 They know to use that power, not maintain.

Like Pyrats in a Fleet, a while they may
 Seem dreadful ; but when by some juster force
 Oppos'd ———

Each his own safety seeks, and shrinks away.

Tiss. You Sir have Vanquish'd Emp'rours, Fetter'd Kings :
 States are such mean and despicable things,
 Compar'd with other glorys y'ave subdu'd,
 Their Conquest seems but a soft Interlude.

Trumpets from far sound a Retreat.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. This minute, Sir, your Glorys are compleat,
 The routed Enemy makes a faint Retreat :
 Victory, blushing they no more could do,
 With a full wing directs her flight to You.

K. Thus *Deidamia* are our wishes Crown'd,
 Love and Renown in the same Sphear go round :
 Our lasting Loves draw lasting Victories,
 Whilst Courage takes his flame from Beauties eyes.

Enter another Messenger.

2d. Mess. Thus hourly, Sir, fresh glorys you receive,
Athens no more's your Enemy, but Slave.
 Like the sad Ruins of a Hurricane,
 Their totter'd Troops are scatter'd o're the Plain,
 And in disorder'd Parties make away.

K. Relate, how went the bus'ness of the Day?

Mess. Brave *Alcibiades* has wonders done.
 Ne're greater Courage was in *Sparta* shown.
 Troops were not able to withstand his shock,
 Like thunder from a Cloud his fury broke.
 On all his Enemies, and like that too,

Death

Death and Amazement did attend each blow.
 Long doubtful Fortune dally'd on her Wheel,
 And neither seem'd to move it, nor stand still,
 Till at the last the brave *Polyndus* fell.
 His loss did so amaze the Enemy,
 That in disorder they began to fly.
 Yet brave *Theramnes* Rally'd in their head,
 Though so their fate was but a while delay'd, }
 For by our Gen'ral he was Captive made. }
 And whichagen they did their flight renew }
 With numbers too so totter'd and so few, }
 It had been Barbarism to pursue.
 Then fair *Timandra*, who from far had been
 An anxious looker on this Tragick Scene,
 With all the hast Joy could, or love afford,
 Flies to congratulate her Conqu'ring Lord;
 Now both in solemn Triumph this way move,
 To Crown your Glorys as you Crown'd their Love.

Trumpets. Enter Alcibiades, Patroclus, Timandra, and Theramnes Prisoner: Alcibiades kneels to the King.

K. Sir, of your brav'ry I've already heard,
 So much above the power of Reward;
 It were but just that I should homage do,
 And offer up acknowledgments to you.
 Rise Sir, and give this Ceremony o're,
 The Posture ill becomes a Conquerour. *[Alcib. rises.]*

Alcib. Conqu'rouns that are Triumphant in the Field,
 Must at their Monarchs feet their Trophies yield;
 For all those glorys which their Conquests claim,
 They only have subordinate from them.
 Thus, though my Sword this Captive has o'recome,
 It is from You he must expect his Doom.

Th. Yes, and in this you have o'recome him too,
 He cannot talk, Sir, half so fast as you.
 Curse, though I am your Prisoner, I hate
 To hear your pride upbraid me with my Fate.

Alcib. Why, Sir, wasn't not my favour that you live?

Th. No; for I hate that Life your hand did give.
 Know, had your Fate been mine——

I should have urg'd kind Destiny more home,
And there have Revell'd Rival in your room.

Alcib. Sir, for your Love, you shew but weak pretence,
When all your Arguments are Insolence.
Whence does it spring?

The. — From whence your bliss you draw,
Love, that ne're clog'd his Profelytes with Law.
I lov'd this fair One first, and you must know
I'll love her still; And what's all that to you?

Alcib. This Rudeness, Sir, my fury can't engage,
You are ill-manner'd, and beneath my Rage.

The. But know, I'll follow still my hate to thee;
Nor shall my Chains obstruct thy Destiny:
Thou did'st supplant me in *Timandra's* Love,
For which I gave thy Glories a Remove;
And on thy Ruins made my self more great:
But since my wishes Fate would not compleat,
My Fury with my Fortune shan't decrease,
I'll still pursue thy Life and Happiness:
By all Despairs, dark Arts, thy Fall design,
Till in thy blood I write *Timandra* mine.

Alcib. Rave on; know of your threats no sense I feel,
I'd laugh at 'em, wer't not to lose a smile.

K. But I'll take care that he shall better know,
What 'tis a Captive for his Life does owe.
How dare you offer here these Injuries?
Know you how much this Gallant Man I prize?
Guards, to Confinement the Offender bear,
Be his Bonds narrow, and Restraint severe.
Since in your Breast such a hot Frenzy reigns,
We'll try how you can brave it in your Chains.

Th. So King, as Thou shalt envy what Th'as done,
I have a Soul can smile when Thou dost frown.
Whil'st I *Timandra's* fair Idea wear,
I can't want Freedom, for I'll think of her. [*Exit Guarded.*]

K. Thus, Madam, to your Eyes must Conquest bow,
Who are your Slaves no other Fetters know.

Tim. If any Charms in me there can appear,
They only are confin'd and bounded there:

No

No greater Aims nor more Ambition know,
Than how, Sir, to oblige him that serves you.

Alcib. Your Gen'rous pity to our faithful Flames,
That Power which it gave 'em justly claims.
Thus happy by your great Indulgence made,
In Joyes so perfect, nothing can Remove.
Your spreading Glories ne're shall shrink or fade,
Till you forget to aspire, and we to love.
But how dare I usurp the least pretence,
Who only borrow all my Lawrels hence! [*Pointing to Pat.*
This is that Noble Youth, who, when I stood
Beset on every side with death and blood:
To my relief such gen'rous succour brought,
And things so much above ev'n wonder wrought.

Pat. You, Sir, that taught me Friendship, taught me too,
How much is to that sacred Title due.

No, Sir, if your Life at hazard lye,
Though thousand deaths should dare me, on I'll fly,
And Conquer all, or bravely with you dye. }

Alcib. In Gallantry you are so absolute,
That I grow faint, and flag in the pursuit.
Yet that return accept in silence here,
Which is so great 'twill no expression bear. [*Embraces him.*

Tiss. Hell! Sure my blood is grown degenerate.
Can this my Son embrace the Man I hate? [*Aside.*

K. How, *Tissaphernes*, is thy good age blest
In such a Son, of such a Friend poss'est?
Thus from thy Rev'rend Trunk fresh Glories spread,
And with their pious Lawrels shade thy head.

Tiss. In this warm Comfort patiently I'll sit,
Till Fate shall come and claim her latest debt.
Sometimes my Youths past Triumphs I'll review,
And please my self they were approv'd by you:
Alas, I've nothing else left now to do. [*Ironically.* }

Oh my dear Boy! Sir, be my Joy thus shown,
Possess the Father as you've gain'd the Son. [*Embraces both.*

K. Monarchs thus propt, the shocks of Fate desie,
No bonds so firm as those which Friendship tie.

[*Exit King attended. Manent Alcibiades,
Timandra and Draxilla.*

Alcib. Now Noblest Sister, how shall be repay'd
Those large endearments which your love has made?
Our happiness will but imperfect prove,
If midst the growing pleasures of our love,
We nothing else in gratitude can do,
Then only with a happiness to you.

Drax. What I have done, Sir, never had regard
To that Sinister thing we call Reward.
Good deeds their worth and value have from hence,
They their own Glory are and Recompence.

Alcib. But Sister, if I might one Question move?

Drax. Your pleasure, Sir? —

Alcib. — Could you not Madam — Love?
The Friend in whom I'm happy since I came,
In honours as renown'd as in his Name.
He, when I to him often would relate
The sad adventures of my Love and Fate;
So much your Gallant Friendship did admire,
That with your Character he grew on fire;
And bears a flame so noble and sublime,
As not to love again would be a crime.

Drax. Sir, that's a thing I cannot now discourse;
Love rarely conquers with a sudden force.
Nor must I that acknowledge as my due,
Which was perhaps a Complement to you:
If any thing in me he can approve,
I may believe it Gallantry, not Love.

Alcib. I shall no more your modesty offend:
Pardon a forward Zeal to serve my Friend.
But if ought add a blessing, 'twill to see
You made as happy as you have made me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tisaphernes and Patroclus.

Tiss. D'you understand, *Patroclus*, what y've done?
Have you consider'd that you are my Son?

Pat. Sir, 'Tis a Title I am proud of. —

Tiss. How can you then descend to things so base,
That blot my Glory, and my Name deface?
Whilst thus your blinded folly so adores,
The only Traytor that my Soul abhors?

Pat.

Pat. How, Sir, I doat upon the Man you hate!
No, I had never thoughts so impious yet.
By all my hopes, if any Wretch there be
S'unhappy to be held your Enemy,
Rather than in my Breast his Image bear,
I'd raze it from my heart, or stab it there.

Tiss. Stay, lest you should pronounce too rash a doom:
Believe it is a blow will wound you home.
But I will try——
What gen'rous resolution you express,
Know then you must hate *Alcibiades*.

Pat. Protect me Heav'n! can you command that I
Should break that knot you did so lately tye!
Was't not your love that did our friendship joyn?
Did not your kind embraces second mine.

Tiss. Embraces! Love! and Kindness! what are these?
The outward varnish that our hearts disguise.
Hast thou so long with Courts conversant been,
The various turns of power and greatness seen,
And hast thou not this mystery yet found,
Always to smile in's face we mean to wound?
Come you must hate him, nay and kill him too.

Pat. Oh let me rather beg my death from you.
Can you command me, Sir, to wound a heart,
Whereof I do profess so great a part?
In that I should prove a self-murderer:
Piercing his Breast, I stab m'own Image there.

Tiss. Come, lay these idle Boyish scruples down,
Do as becomes your Virtue, and my Son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my place,
And turning all my honours to disgrace!
And can you of so little value prize
The honour of your blood not to shed his?

Pat. Oh, Sir, no farther urge this horrid Theam,
'Twill blast your Glories and your Wreaths defame.
Do but look on that life you would destroy,
See if it ben't as spotless and serene
As that which in their heav'n blest Saints enjoy,
Pure and untouch'd but with a thought of sin.

By,

By all th'endearments of a Filial love,
 And if that charm cannot your pity move,
 By my dear Mothers Ghost, whose dying pray'r
 Bequeath'd me her chief treasure to your care,
 This unjust cruel enmity lay down,
 And do not in his Friend destroy your Son.
 On the past brav'ry of your youth look back,
 There the bright paths of all your Triumphs track:
 Think what 'twill be those Glories to exchange,
 For a base brutal infamous revenge.
 Oh, Sir, recall, recall the dire decree,
 'Tis such a deed as Fate will shrink to see.

[kneels.]

Tiss. Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me.
 Give this unmanly Childish pity o're,
 Or ne're presume to call me Father more.

Pat. Then see how I resign that int'rest here:
 Thus all the bonds of Duty cancel'd are.
 Whilst such black horrors in your soul I see,
 Y'are not my Father, but my Enemy.
 Now against me let all your vengeance come,
 Thus thus my breast for your revenge has room.
 Brave *Alcibiades.* ———

[rises.]

No, since such barbarous mischiefs you dare do,
 I'll dy for him, but scorn to live for you.
 Why don't you strike, Sir? is your rage grown faint?

Tiss. I fear I've too much triff'd with this Boy;
 Curse on his honour, 'twill my hopes destroy.
 But I'll smooth all in time. Oh my dear Son,
 Now art thou worthy to be call'd my own.
 None but a heart that's truly noble, cou'd
 Ever deserve a Title to my blood.
 No, may ye both in your brave friendship be
 As truly happy as I am in thee.

That's curst. ——— *[Aside.]*

Pat. Is then my Father kind? can he approve
 Our Friendship? does he once more crown our Love?
 Oh, Sir, let thus m'acknowledgement be giv'n,
 As we for blessings offer thanks to Heav'n.

[kneels]

Tiss. Rise, rise thou comfort of my Age, I now
 Have understood all I could wish to know.

Alas,

Alas, in this disguise I did but try
The strength and virtue of thy constancy.
'Tis a refreshment to this hoary head,
To prove that virtue which my self have bred,
Thus blest in peace I'll to my Grave descend.
As the declining Sun goes down at night,
Pleas'd with the rising of an off-spring light.

Pat. Such myflick ways Fate does our loves confirm;
As rooted Trees stand faster by a storm.
After this shock our Friendship's more secure,
As Gold try'd in the fire comes forth more pure. [Exit.

Tiff. There's some foundation yet for my design;
The Captive's brave, I'll try to make him mine.
Unwearied I will let my fury range,
And leave no heart unsearcht to find revenge. [Exit.

SCENE a dark Tent.

Theramnes in Chains.

The. How sweet a quietude's in Fetters found!
That it seems almost freedom to be bound.
Though thus confin'd, my agil thoughts may fly
Through all the Regions of variety.
Here in a trice I can the World run o're,
And finish whole years labours in an hour.
But oh my Mistress! my *Timandra* lost!
That is the only bitterness I taste.
This outward fetter but my Body chains,
But that the freedom of my Soul detains.
Why by my Rival's Sword did I not fall?
So bravely have embrac'd one death for all?
Yet why should I court such an abject Fate?
Courage is the supporter of the Great.
Methinks I've something yet to do, might prove
Becoming both my Glory and my Love.
I'll——hah this does my busie thoughts prevent. [Enter *Tiff.*
Is that old Fiend for a Tormenter sent?
Good Sir, upon what message are you come?
Am I then destin'd to some harder doom?

Tiff.

Tiss. No, I am come to give your sorrows ease:
I know you hate, Sir, *Alcibiades* :

Nay, and I know you love *Timandra* too.

The. Well, Sir, all this I know as well as you.

Tiss. Come, if you dare be brave, be't on this Theam:
Dare you, Sir, ravish her, and murder him?

The. For what dark ends do you this question bring?
Dare! 'sdeath, old Sir, I dare do any thing.

Tiss. That word then all my former doubts secures,
Be only res'lute, and *Timandra's* yours.
My stratagems so subtly I will lay,
That to your Arms your Mistress I'll betray.
Thus then, as the first step to our design,
Your Guards I'll with adulterated Wine
Secure; so they Charm'd in a Lethargy,
I'll from your Bonds and Prison set you free.
Then when some happy moment shall present
Timandra left ungarded in her Tent,
Both of us thither in disguise will move,
To end your Rival, and compleat your Love.
For when your fill of bliss you have enjoy'd,
And your full pleasures with themselves are cloy'd:
I thither will alar'm our Enemy,
Where by both Swords he shall be sure to dye.
And the next night (the watch-word given by me)
You may 'scape through the Guards to liberty.

The. Revenge! my Love enjoy'd, and freedom too!
Then in the name of *Pluto* be it so.
What stupid ignorance the World possesse,
That only fury plac'd i'th' youthful breast!
No, 'tis in age alone great Spirits are young:
The Soul's but infant when the Body's strong.
These hoary heads like grisly Comets are,
Which always threaten Ruine, Death, and War.

Tiss. Alas, such tame Souls know but half a growth,
I'll make my age a step to a new youth:
Such murders and such cruelties maintain,
I'll from the blood I shed grow young again.

The. Let's in the name of horreur then go on;
Methinks I long to have the bus'ness done:

Something

Something like Conscience else may all defeat,
You know, Sir, I'm but a raw Villain yet.

Tiss. Conscience! a trick of State, found out by those
That wanted Power to support their Laws;
A bug-bear name, to startle Fools, but we
That know the weakness of the fallacy,
Know better how to use what Nature gave.
That Soul's no Soul which to it self's a Slave.
Who any thing for Conscience sake deny,
Do nothing else but give themselves the lye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Camp.

Enter Patroclus and Draxilla.

Pat. Why, Madam, do you fly a Lover's pray'r?
Is cruelty the priviledge o' th' Fair?

Drax. You cannot, Sir, i' th' Camp be Beauties Slave,
Where Honour's the only Mistress of the brave.

Pat. But 'tis a rugged Honour got in Arms,
When not made soft by Beauties sweeter Charms.
That melts our Rage into a kind desire,
Whilst Love refines it in his purer fire.

Drax. Lovers whose flights so sublime pitches choof
Oft soar too high, and so their quarry loose,
But you, Sir, know to moderate your height,
Missing your game, can eas'ly slack the flight.

Pat. Such faint essays may fit a common flame,
But my desires have a far nobler aim,
Religious Honour, and a Zeal that's true,
Rais'd by that Deity to which I sue.

Drax. Those who to Deities their offerings pay,
Make their addressees in an humbler way.
Not in a confidence of what they give,
But modest hopes of what they shall receive.

Pat. I in my offerings no assurance have,
Though an ambition to become your Slave.

Drax. Yes, but when once admitted to that place,
You'll still be looking for some acts of grace.

Pat. Some little favours pity can't deny,
You are too noble to use cruelty.

E

Drax.

Drax. See, Sir, the Queen, I beg you, Sir, forbear. [*Exeunt.*]

Pat. Madam, this way —

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Qu. Did he then suffer no surprize ? no shew
Of alteration ? let's the progress know.

Ard. In order, Madam, t' your command, I went,
And met him coming from the Royal Tent :

Where after th' usual Ceremonies past,
E're I would feast I gave him first a taste,
Told him how much his courage you approv'd,
That he in no mean path of Glory mov'd,
Who in his Arms had so successful been,
T'engage a Monarch, and oblige a Queen.
Then nearer came, and whisper'd something more,
Began to intimate Love's mighty pow'r.
He briskly took the hint, and readily
Began to urge some pretty things to me.
By which encourag'd, I to th' bus'ness drew,
Told him in fine it only was his due
To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.

Qu. And did not then his alter'd looks betray
Some extasie ? some marks of lively joy ?

Ard. No, Madam, he knew better policy,
Talk'd of your Honour, and his Loyalty ;
Fine smoothing terms to cloak a passion in.
But if your Majesty —

Qu. What ?

Ard. — Had but seen
How much his carriage did his words deceive,
When with a gentle sigh he took his leave,
As if he languish'd till the minute came.

Qu. Dost thou then think he entertains my flame ?
Let's to my Tent, and wait his coming there.
Such swarms of love within my breast there are,
The heat's too furious for my Soul to bear.
What would I give but for a taste of bliss !
Oh, the choice sweets of a stol'n happiness.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Alcibiades *solus*.

Alci. **U**nder what fatal Planet was I born !
 Sure at my birth the Heavens themselves did mourn.
 Disjointed Nature did her course forbear,
 And held within her Womb a civil War.
 I who but now did Fame and Conquest bring,
 And added to the Glories of a King,
 Must see my Trophies all thrown down again,
 By the base passions of a lustful Queen
 Why was I not born to a common Fate ?
 Free from the glorious troubles of the Great,
 So in some humble Cell my years have spent,
 Blest with a private peaceable content ?
 The vulgar Mortal feels not Fortunes harms,
 The highest structures still are shook with storms.
 See too, she's here ; what shall I do or speak ?
 Fate has beset me, and I've no way to take.

Enter Queen.

Qu. My Lord, you something discompos'd appear,
 Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.

Alci. Majesty, Madam, is a thing divine.

Qu. If that disturb you, Sir, I'll lay by mine.
 Methinks I apprehend a greater pride,
 To view the Man whose Glories spread so wide.

Alci. Madam, you on 'em set too high a price.

Qu. Perhaps I see not, Sir, with common Eyes.
 They best of Honour judge that Honour have.
 I find a secret in me says y'are brave ;
 You need not, Sir, unfold it, you can guess.

Alci. How craftily she would her lust express,
 And set her ills off with a winning dress !
 What's to be done, which way shall I conclude ?
 I must abuse my King, or must be rude.
 I cannot speak —

Qu. — My Lord, let's sit a while,
 Wont you vouchsafe your Visitant a smile ?

Alcib. Smiles, Madam, were too insolent a joy.

Qu. Fye! put these formal Complements away,
Ardella, sing that Song I heard to day.

SONG.

*The brightest Goddess of the sky,
How did she panting fighting lye,
And languishing desire to dy!
For the triumphant God of War
Amidst his Trophies did appear,
As charming rough as she was fair.*

2.

*Their loves were blest, they had a Son,
The little Cupid who has shown
More conquest than his Sire e're won.
He grew the mightiest God above,
By which we him a Rebel prove
To Heav'n, that dares be so to love.*

3.

*How soft the delights, and how charming the joy,
Where love and enjoyment each other support!
Let the Cynical Fool call pleasure a toy,
Who ne're fame i' th' Camp had, nor love in the Court.
O so kindly the Combates each other succeed,
Where 'tis Tryumph to dye, and a pleasure to bleed.*

Alci. The Air is charming. ———

Qu. ——— Retire.

[Exit *Ardella*.]

No lively Symptoms of a growing fire!

I'll urge him further ———

My Lord, your hand; how beats your pulse? I fear

Y'are ill; Cold drops upon your brows appear;

I'll wipe 'em off, come, Sir, your fears remove,

You need not blush to tell me that you love.

I'll do it for you, nay, I more will do,

Blush for my self too when I blush for you.

Sure this will take; what does your wonder mean?

Is Love so strange? ———

Alci. ——— Oh name that again,

Could

Could you such wrong to Royal *Agis* do?
Think what's to Heav'n and to your virtue due.

Qu. Must I be hated then? and Sir, by you?
Pish, why d' you talk of Heav'n and Virtue now?

[*angerly.*
[*mildly.*

Alci. Not new made Mothers to their Infants bear
A firmer passion, or a tend'rer care.
Show me yours, or your Honours Enemy,
See with what vigour t' your revenge I'll fly.
For you with life I willingly could part,
But whilst that lasts, *Timandra*, has my heart.

Qu. The heavy pleasures of the Marriage Bed,
Dull repetition soon will render dead.
Taste fresher joys, and when they tedious grow,
Then the old pleasures may seem gay and new.

Alci. Could I expect to have such language heard,
Where Beauty and such Innocence appear'd?

Qu. Can you my little Beauty then approve,
And is't so difficult a thing to love?

Alcib. Love, Madam! only be as truly good,
As you are fair, I shall not need be woo'd,
I'll love you as the Sister of my blood.

Qu. A Sisters love's a lean insipid bliss,
So little we can hardly name what 'tis.
Where is the transport, extasie, delight?
'Tis like thin meat to a sharp appetite.

Alcib. I know y'are beauteous as the blushing Morn,
Your beams the lustre of a King adorn,
That King whose piety me happy made,
And can I in return prophane his Bed?
Though, Madam, I've liv'd free, and never set
Limits to any thing we call delight,
Yet raise not new Rebellions in my Blood:
Beauty hath darts too keen to be withstood.

Qu. Yet all its power has no force o're you,
Your cruel heart's immoveable, but know
'Twill to your Honour be but ill apply'd,
That for your love, a Queen neglected, dy'd.

Alcib. What is't your Majesty would have me do?

Qu. Are you so ignorant that you don't know?

Alcib. Death, not to have some sense, were to unman

My self ; but I'll be conqu'rour if I can.
 Should I be made a captive to her charms,
 Ere I am warm in my *Timandra's* arms ?
 One stratagem I'll for my freedom try,
 Madam no longer I'll your pow'r deny.
 For if these eyes had ne're *Timandra* known,
 You only might have call'd my heart your own.
 But whilst with her I enjoy love, and life,
 And you remain the mighty *Agis* wife ;
 Know this is all I can in justice do,
 I'm ready on your least commands, to shew
 I live for her ; but yet could dye for you.

[*To the Queen.*

Qu. Must I then only border upon bliss ?
 Rest on the confines of my happiness ?
 As Souls that are excluded heav'n for sin,
 See all its glories, but can't enter in.

Alci. No Madam ; free from the dull clogs of sense,
 We'll reap delights of nobler excellence.
 Our entwin'd Souls each other shall enjoy,
 Tread vertues paths, and never lose their way.
 But if one in his motion chance to err,
 Straight regulate it by the other's spear :
 —Till at the last,
 When the short Zodiack of this life w've past ;
 With newimp't Zeal beyond the Stars we'll fly,
 There meet, and mingle to a Deity.

Qu. Then to all hopes of happiness adieu,
 Since my chief bliss I've lost in losing you.
 Oh the Tyrannick cruelty of fate,
 That lets us know our happiness too late.
 Yet why shou'd I to fears and sorrows bend,
 If only on their fate my hopes depend ?
 A Rival, and a King, I may remove :
 There's nothing difficult to them that love.

[*Exit Queen.*

Alci. She's gone. —
 Greatness, thou gaudy torment of our Souls,
 The wise mans fetter, and the range of fools !
 Who is't wou'd court thee if he knew thy ills ?
 He who the greatest heap of Honour piles,
 Does nothing else but build a dang'rous shelf,

Or erect Mountains to o'whelm himself.

[Exit.]

Scene a Grove adjoyning to the Camp.

Enter Tiffaphernes and Theramnes disguis'd.

Tiff. Now, Sir, y'are free, and prosperously move,
To reap the long wisht harvest of your love.
One minute and y'are in *Timandra's* arms,
New fetter'd in the power of her Charms:
Methinks the thought ev'n my old blood Alarms.

The. His rage sure works him to an extasie:
How the old Monster hugs his villany!
Good, Sir, dispatch, I cannot brook delay;
I wast in expectation of my joy.

But heark, did you not hear a murm'ring talk?

Tiff. Perhaps 'tis she come in this Grove to walk:
Stay here they are, by heav'n the same, 'tis she. [They go to the door.
Retreat a while; blest opportunity.

Enter Timandra with a Book in her hand, and Draxilla.

Tim. Methinks *Draxilla* when *Atlanta* ran,
And slaughter was the only prize she wan;
Her power a too cruel rigour bore,
To kill those she had wounded so before.

[Theramnes throws off his disguise.

The. Then Madam be not guilty of her ill:
Me the poor wretch y'ave wounded do not kill.
Ah in your heart, if such a sence there be
Of the injustice of her cruelty;
How much more pity from your breast is due
To him, who ev'ry minute dyes for you!

Tim. My Lord *Theramnes*! by what lucky hap
Have you from guards and prison made escape?

The. Who wears your sacred image in his breast,
Is of such pure Divinity possesst,
And from ignoble bondage so secure,
That feeble Chains fall off, and lose their pow'r.

Tim. Then, Sir, in your intended flight make haste,
Lest by some fatal chance y'are once more lost.

The. No, I enjoy a nobler safety here;

No danger dares approach when you are near.

These Groves to Lovers bliss are dedicate,

Free from th' uncivil outrages of Fate.

Come, let's to something like delight draw nigh,

And lose our selves a while in extasie. *[seizes roughly on her.]*

Tim. Guard me, ye Powers! *Draxilla*, help: my Lord!

Tiss. Good, Gentle, Madam, if you please, one word.

[Draxilla runs out, crying help, and Tissaphernes after her.]

The. I cannot see my Rival blest alone;

Must he reap all the sweets, and I have none?

Tim. This outrage on my knees I beg, forbear:

See, Sir, it is *Timandra* sheds a tear.

[Tiss. returns.]

Her whom you vowd you lov'd with noble flame,

Oh don't by savage lust prophane that name!

It 'tis the envy of your Rival's joy,

Remove, remove th' offence some other way:

Save but my Honour, and my Life destroy.

The. Such tenderness might cool anothers blood;

But I am too unhappy to be good.

Let Virtue to dull Anchorites repair,

Who ne're had Soul enough to know despair.

I'll banish the encroacher from my Breast,

And shake him off e're he take hold too fast.

Come, let's retire within this Covert by;

I am impatient, and my blood boyls high.

Tim. I will not go, I'll dye a Martyr here.

The. Then I must drag you.

Tim. ——— Barb'rous Ravisher!

Oh! oh! ———

[Enter Alcibiades.]

Alci. ——— Did I not hear a tender cry?

Oh Heavens! turn base Hell-hound, turn, and dye.

[draws.]

The. That, Sir, will thus be better understood.

[draws.]

Tiss. Y'ave undertook, Sir, more than you'll make good.

[draws.]

[They both make at him.]

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. How's this; assaulted! and by such base odds!

Courage, my Friend! ———

[After a fierce fight between Alcibiades and Theramnes, Patroclus and Tissaphernes, Patroclus drives his Father off the Stage, and Alcibiades runs Theramnes through.]

Alci.

Alci. ——— To the accurst abodes
Of tortur'd Souls that in dark horror dwell,
Thus fly, and to thy fellow Devils tell,
It was my Sword that sent thy Soul to Hell.

The. Hold, Sir, enough, I must your Victim fall,
Though an atonement for my sin too small.
My hasty Soul can make no longer stay,
Death tolls his leaden Bell, and calls away.
And now like some sad Trav'ler, taking view
Of the long Journey that I have to go,
Whilst I my thoughts to Heav'n's sweet mansions bend,
Without your mercy no admittance find.
Oh but one word of pardon e're I dye,
Secure of that, my Soul dares boldly fly.
Absolv'd by you, it must have welcome there,
As incense that is offer'd up with pray'r.

Tim. My pardon and my prayers too receive,
More than your guilt could ask me I could give,
Be happy as your penitence is true ;
And may kind Heav'n forgive you as I do.

[Weeps.]

The. Ah ! can your piety vouchsafe a tear
Of pity, on an impious Ravisher !
My Soul will leave me in an extasie :
And I shall want the sense to know I dye.
Thus, pure Divinity, at your feet I bow,
Here 'tis my Soul would make her latest stay :
Not can she ———
Beginning hence her journey, miss the way.
But I'd forgot ; beware of ———

[Dyes.]

Alci. ——— Who can fear
That is secur'd by charms so pow'rful here ?
Within these sphears my Guardian Angels move ;
These are my seats of safety, as of love.

Tim. They weakly others guard, that can't defend
Themselves ; I fear more mischief may depend
On this disaster. ———

[Enter Patroclus.]

Alci. So when a storm's blown o're,
And a calm Breeze has smooth'd the rugged deep,
The joyful Mariners can fear no more :
But thus embrace, and lull their cares asleep

[Embraces him.]

Welcome my lifes Protector and only friend.

Hah! what does that sad look, and sigh intend?

Are you, Sir, wounded? —

Patr. Yes, too deep I fear.

Alci. Forbid it Heav'n, where is't?

Patr. — Oh here, Sir, here,

My Soul is pierc'd, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where,

Your friend! ah let that Title be no more,

Behold me as a wretch forlorn, and poor.

Imagine ev'ry form of misery;

And when y've sum'd up all, then look on me.

Alci. Now some blest Angel to my Soul reveal

This doubt; can he be wrong'd, and I not feel?

Ah kind *Patroclus* this sad silence break.

Patr. Oh, Sir, you must not hear, nor must I speak.

Paint out black horror in its deepest dread,

And troops of Murders hov'ring o're your head,

And when that hideous Masque of Hell you see,

Think if you can that they came all from me.

Alci. Confusion! how my thoughts begin to start!

A new unwonted heat has seiz'd my heart,

Something unruly, that would fain get place,

But I'll subdu't, — be free, kind friend, alas!

Force me not wrong our friendship and your worth.

Patr. That charm's resistless, and I feel 'twill forth.

But oh it must not, duty does forbid:

Yet what's my duty if my honour bleed?

Know then, — now that this stubborn heart would break!

My cruel Father — oh I dare not speak.

Alci. Hah?

Patr. Led by some blind mistaking jealousy,

Heaps treasons upon you, and shame on me.

It was by him *Theramnes* made escape,

And 'twas he back'd him in this impious rape.

But oh no more, shame does my words suppress,

Yet think what he will do that durst do this.

I'll go and try if I his rage can stay:

I may divert the stream another way.

[Exit *Patro.*

Alci. Kind Youth, I cannot fear thy Fathers hate:

He sells his honour at too cheap a rate.

What

What have I done that could be call'd a wrong?
No, I've a guard of Innocence too strong,
Whilst I unspotted that and friendship bear,
No danger is so great that I need fear.

Tim. Yet be not, Sir, regardless of my fears;
Some pity have of these sad sighs, and tears.
Whither, oh whither would your rashness lead;
To urge a ruine level'd at your head?
Let us ———

To some recess that's safe and humble go,
Timandra can bear any thing with you.
Let Int'rest the unfix'd and wav'ring sway,
With us ———

Love shall supply what Fortune takes away.

Alci. Sure 'tis not my *Timandra's* voice I hear,
She ne'er had cause to think that I could fear.
Have I so many dangers over-past,
Poorly to shrink from villany at last?
No, with my Innocence I'll brave his hate,
And meet it in a free undaunted state:
See all with smiles, as fearless, and as gay,
As Infants unconcern'd at dangers play.

Tim. Then I'll perform what to my love is due;
Unsteady doubts be gone, blind fears adieu:
I were unworthy of the heart you gave,
Were I then you less faithful, or less brave.
And of my courage too this proof I'll give,
When you dare meet a death, I'll scorn to live,
Nor longer be a Vassal to my fear;
We'll in each others chance a portion bear:
So Fate has thus at least some kindness shown,
Neither can Wretches be, nor blest alone.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *the Camp.*

Enter Tisaphernes and four Villains.

Tiss. Is't done? ———

1 Vil. Sir, to a point your will's fulfill'd;
Theramnes's Guards as they lay drunk, we kill'd;
Draxilla too, by th'ambush you had lay'd
For your retreat, was on her flight betray'd.

Tiss. Next, as from me, be there a message sent,
To bid my Son attend me in my Tent;

In's passage thither you may seize him, so
Convey him to the Cave —

I Vil. ——— My Lord, we go.

Tiff. Ye are the best of Rogues; but disappear: [*Ex. 3. Vil.*
You know your business: So the King is here.

Enter King and Queen Attended.

K. Lead to the Grove —

Tiff. Oh, Sir, there's Treason in the Camp, retreat,
But now the Guards I in confusion met,
Who led me where *Theramnes* I beheld,
The late *Athenian* Captive General kill'd.
That little breath he had left h' employed to shew
His Honour, and his Gallantry to you:
Treasons so strange and horrid did relate,
As would seem almost Treason to repeat.
But, Sir, you have no longer safety here:
Secure your self, and leave all to my care.

K. No more, you know not what you urge me to:
Secure my self! am I a King, or no?
That Monarch, who when danger's near, sits down,
Shews but a feeble Title to a Throne.
The best securities in courage are,
We but subscribe to Treasons which we fear.
Be free, and let me the bold Traytor know,
To stem the torrent I my self will go:
In state I'll meet the fond Capricious wretch,
And dare him with that Crown which he would snatch.

Tiff. Alas, dread Sir, force me not to declare
The name, would wound your sacred breast to hear.
I in revealing, Honour should offend:
He once was Noble, Sir, and call'd me Friend.

K. How, Sir, your Friend! and Traytor to my Crown?
Reveal him, or his Treasons are your own.

Tiff. Alas, but must I! — 'tis so foul a deed,
I cannot speak.

K. Hell, Sir; d'ye play? proceed.

Tiff. Then to be short, he you so lately strove
T'engage in all the firmest ties of love,
He whom you almost had from nothing rais'd,
And on the highest seats of Honour plac'd;

Has thence this use of all your favours shown,
To make 'em steps to mount into your Throne.

K. Defend me! what do I hear! ———

Sir you have rais'd a tumult in my Breast,
Which will not be so suddenly appeas'd:
By Heav'ns, see all that you inform be true,
Or may all torments which to th' damn'd are due
Light on me, if inflicted not on you.
The brave *Athenian* false! it cannot be:
His Soul ne'er dreamt of such impiety.

Tiff. Sir, y'are unkind if you suspect me false,
I never yet abus'd your ears with tales,
Had I such mystick Policy pursu'd,
Perhaps I'd now been kindlier understood.

K. Alas, dear Friend, misconstrue not my Zeal,
Weigh not my Passions in nice Reasons Scale.
Who would believe a King should blindly place
His love so firmly, for returns so base?
Wrack me no more, but the dark scruple clear:
My Souls in a Convulsion till I hear.

Tiff. Yes, Sir, 'tis he, and thus his plots were laid.
Th'account I from the dying Captive had;
Whom he with liberty had brib'd, to joyn
With him in this his treacherous design.
This night wi'th enemy your Camp t'envade,
On promise it should be by him betray'd.
Which when the Gallant Captive did disdain,
He was to Combat dar'd, and by him slain.
If you insist on farther evidence,
Theramnes's murder'd Guards enough convince:
Hence you may farther confirmation have.

K. Be bold; speak what thou knowest ———

4 Vil. ——— When to relieve
The Captives Guards, I by command was sent,
I found 'em murder'd at th' door o'th' Tent.
In one of 'em some life did yet remain,
Who told me they were by our General slain,
'Cause they *Theramnes's* freedom had deny'd.
More he had said, but at these words he dy'd.

K. It was enough. Treason, how dark art thou?
In shapes more various than e're *Proteus* knew.

By

By Heav'n I'll make him base, despis'd and poor,
 More wretched then e're Monster was before.
 Naked, and stript of all his dignities,
 I'll lay his odious Crimes before his eyes.
 Then when his mind is lab'ring with regret,
 To make his infamy the more compleat,
 Some common Slave shall on him justice do,
 And send his Soul among the damn'd below.

Guard wait on him ——— [to Tissaphernes.

Go e're my love return, and I repent,
 And seize upon the Traytor in his Tent.
 A speedy vengeance best befits this wrong,
 'Twere too much mercy to delay it long.

Enter Alcibiades and Timandra.

Alci. This way's the King's.

Tiss. He's here leapt into th' net.

Thus, Sir, the King salutes you. [Guards seize Alci.

Alci. Slaves, retreat.

Tim. Alas, my Lord!

Tiss. ——— Sir, 'tis the command,
 The least of 'em I never durst withstand.

Tim. But, Sir, what meaning can this usage bear?

Tiss. The King, Sir, quickly all your doubts will clear.

K. Away with him, thou poyson to my eyes.

Alci. The basest wretch not unconvicted dyes.

Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,
 Unworthy of my Honour or your Crown.
 If in your Cause who'd spend his dearest blood,
 As is to be your meanest Vassal, proud,
 No greater welfare then in yours does know,
 If he be an Offender, I am so.

K. How cunningly he would seem innocent,
 And gild with flattery his foul intent!

Thus Traytors in their fall are like the Sun,
 Who still looks fairest at his going down.

'Sdeath, Sir, do you believe me Child, or Fool,

Whom ev'ry fawning word, or toy can rule?

By Heav'n I'll let you see, Sir, your mistake;

Hence with the Traytor quickly to the Rack.

Alci. Sir, hear me speak. ———

What

K. What is't that you can say,
Who would my Crown and your own trust betray?
When you from Prison set the Captive free,
Basely to win him to your Treachery:
Whom, when on him your plots could nothing do,
You kill'd, 'cause he more honour had than you.

Alci. By all above, Sir, I am innocent;
I ne're knew what the thought of Treason meant.
But know from whence this jealousy you drew,
From him that hates me, and abuses you:
Theramnes had his liberty from hence; [to *Tissaphernes*.
And for designs so base. ———

Tiss. ——— Oh Impudence!
To what prodigious height will Treason climb!
Dare you, Sir, charge me with your heavy crime?
Old as I am, my Sword should do me right.
But ———

Alci. ——— Monster hence, and them that fear thee fright,
Think'st thou to play with the black deeds th'ast done?
Were I but free, though naked and alone,
Thou too defended by a desp'rate crew,
And all indeed more near being damn'd than thou;
This single Arm should prove my cause is good,
And chronicle my honour in their blood.

K. Is't thus, Sir, you would plead your innocence?
Think you t' outbrave us with your impudence?
Once more the Traytor to his tortures bear.

Qu. But, Sir, your justice now is too severe.
'Twere an ill Tryumph after Victories,
To make the Conquerour the Sacrifice;
That Gallantry some priviledge may plead.

K. His Treasons are too plain, and open laid,
And all his merits weigh'd against them light.

Qu. Should we him guilty of worse crimes admit,
And that in's death you'd worthiest justice show,
Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.

K. When *Deidamia* pleads I can't deny,
His doom's this time recall'd, he shall not dye;
But (rob'd of all his joys) let him be sent
To a perpetual imprisonment;

His.

His treasures rifl'd, and his Wife a Slave.

Alci. Here on my knees let me one favour crave.
Whatever fate you have design'd for me,
It is embrac'd; but, Sir, let her be free;
Let all the weight of the alleadg'd offence
Light upon me; wrong not her innocence.

Tim. How mean and abject is your courage now!
Think you that I dare suffer less than you?
No, Sir; in this he has no right to plead;
What e're you think either has merited,
Let equally justice on us both be shown;
And as we are, so let our Fates be one.

Alci. Thou wonder of thy Sex! ———

K. I'll hear no more:

How dare you tempt an angry Monarchs pow'r?
But since his Fate so gratefully you esteem:
Let her be Pris'ner too, but far from him.
He must not be so happy to have her,
For Fetters would be Blessings were she there.
Go see ye execute our orders straight.

Tim. Thus we with smiles will entertain our Fate.
My dearest Lord, farewell, let not a sigh
Or tear proclaim we grieve, our parting's nigh.
Were it to quit our happiness a pain,
Joy were not then a Blessing, but a Chain.
No, let us part as dying Martyrs do,
Who leave this life only to gain a new.
Grief equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at least in Heav'n shall meet again.

Alci. So from their Oracles the Deities
Instruct the ignorant World in Mysteries.
But, part! that word would make a Saint despair.
Obedience cannot be a virtue here.
If so ye Gods ye have such precepts giv'n,
That an Example would confound your Heav'n,
You duties beyond your own omnipotence enjoyn;
Can you forsake your Heaven, or I leave mine?
Till when thus King I'm fix't beyond remove,
With all the Cements of an endless Love.
Kill me, thou yet shalt of thy ends despair,

My Soul shall wait upon her ev'ry where;
Nay I'd not fly to Heav'n till she came there.

K. Shall I thus see my self out-brav'd? away,
He is a Traytor that but seems to stay.

[Alcibiades snatches a Sword from one of the Guards.

Alci. Now I am arm'd, death to that wretch that stirs.

K. Sir, do you think to look us into fears?

Disarm him Guards, or kill him. [they fight and disarm him.

Tiff. Push home ye Dogs——

Alci. —Sordid slaves.

Thus ev'ry Ass the helpless Lyon braves.

Adieu divinest of thy Sex, adieu!

I never thought that I could part till now.

Now I deserve the worst fate has in store,

That in so brave a cause should do no more. [The Guards offer
Yet stay, one look. Thus does the needle steer to lead him off.

To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near:

When in the eager prospect of his joy,

He is by some rude artist snatch'd away.

Farewel——

Tim. Farewell, and if your memory
E're trouble you with such a thing as I,
Let not a sigh come from you, but believe
I'd rather be forgot, than you should grieve.

Alci. Such worth shall in each Temple have a shrine;
What, to regain her, would I not resign?

But she's too Heav'nly to be longer mine. [Exeunt

(several ways Guarded, and looking back at each other.

K. She's gone, but oh what mighty Charms there lye
Couch't in the narrow circle of an Eye!

Had she but stay'd another minute here,

I had worn Chains, and been her Prisoner:

And still I fear my heart is not my own;

For if so bright when to a Dungeon gone,

How would she shine Triumphant on a Throne. [Exa.

Qu. So, now or never must my Love succeed,

Vainly weak King hast thou his doom decreed.

In this beginning of his fall th' art shewn

But the imperfect figure of thy own.

Few hours remain 'twixt thee and destiny,

Till when grow dull in thy security.

Timandra's and thy death is one design;
Then if a Crown can tempt him, he is mine.

[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tissaphernes Solus.

Tiss. NOW like a Lyon on my prey I'll feast,
Revenge! thou solace to a troubled breast.
Could but *Theramnes* in *Elizium* know,
How would his Ghost rejoyce at what I do!

[*Theramnes* Ghost rises.

Gh. Oh no——

Tiss. Death, what is that I hear and see?
Begon dull Ghost; if thou art damn'd, what's that to me?

Gh. From deepest horrour of eternal night,
Where Souls in everlasting torments groan,
Where howling fiends lye chain'd, and where's no light,
But thickest darkness covers ev'ry one,
I come to warn thee mortal of thy sin;
Short time is here left for thee to remain,
'Twere fit that thy repentance soon begin,
For think what 'tis to live in endless pain.
Farewell——

[Descends.

Tiss. —— 'Twas an odd speech, but be it so
Pish; Hell it self trembles at what I do;
And it's submission better to express,
Sends this Embassadour to make it's peace.
Let idle fears the superstitious awe;
With me my resolution is a law.
Repentance now would be too late begun:
Ages can't expiate what I have done.
And if below for Souls such torments are,
Methinks there's yet some brav'ry in despair.
The easie King looks little in his State,
His Crown is for his head too great a weight:
But I will ease him, and adorn this brow.
Thus to my aimes no limits I'll allow.
Revenge, Ambition, all that's ill, shall be
My bus'ness; so I'll baffle destinie.
Hell! no,——

I'll act such things whilst here I have abode,
Till my own Trophies raise me to a God. [Enter Queen.

Qu. Now such an Engine is it I would have,
I know he is a Traytor, and is brave.

I'll bait him with ambition that may move;
Then if complacent to my ends he prove,
In seeming to comply with his design,
I'll make him but an instrument to mine:
For when success me to my wishes calls,
I'll shake him off, and then unpropt he falls.
My Lord!—

Tiss. Madam.

Qu. My Father lov'd you well,
I've heard him oft of your achievements tell;
When in his Camp such gallant deeds you wrought,
And always victory and triumph brought.

Tiss. Madam, your Father was all good and just.

Qu. He could, why may not I your honour trust.

Tiss. You wrong it else, your Father lives in you,
As I was his, I am your Champion too.
Though old, against your Foes this Sword shall plead
Your right; name but your Traytor, and he's dead.

Qu. Nay Sir, the Traytor's not alone my Foe,
His injuries extended are to you,
To you to whom he owes all he enjoys,
Yet basely him that gave him growth destroys;
Whilst for his ills he would his kindness plead,
To heap your honours on your Rivals head.
Rally your Courage up, if you are brave,
And at once mine, and your own honour save.

Tiss. Your Majesty would mean the King. D' ye try
My resolution, or my Loyalty?

Qu. Your Courage Sir is known, your Loyalty,
If you have any, you'll find due to me.
Through me these honours you in *Sparta* bore,
And 'twas my Father made you great before.
Now know it is the King, who's perjur'd Soul
Has done me injuries so base and foul,
That all that's good will blush at his vows past
To me all in anothers love are lost.

Nay, with my honour too my life must bleed,
 He, with the Genral's has my fall decreed,
 To take the fair *Timandra* to his Bed.

Let's go surprize him now he's full of Wine,
 Revenge me on his life, his Crown is thine.

Tiss. Madam, indeed the injuries you feel
 Cry loud; nor do I tamely see my ill.
 But you must swear to me you will be true.

Qu. By all that's holy I'll be so to you.

Tiss. I'll do't, but Madam know I undertake
 To hazard life and honour for your sake,
 Should you betray me: ———

Qu. Nay now you are unkindler then before.
 To my first Oath I'll add a million more.

Tiss. And you will still be mindful of the Crown?

Qu. Had he ten thousand, they were all your own.

Tiss. This then's his fate; pity a Crime were here:
 He shan't have time enough to make a prayer. [*draws a Dagger.*]

Qu. Be bold; and prosper in thy brave design,
 And when his death's perform'd, the next is thine. [*aside.*]

Tiss. This trap was dang'rously and subtrly lay'd, [*Exit.*]
 But I am not so easily betray'd.

Her love to *Alcibiades* I know,

Her Woman for me did that kindness do.

And since she is so good at the design,
 I'll to oblige her give her one of mine.

My zealous urging of her Oath was done,

Not to prevent her plots, but hide my own.

I'll cherish her in all that she pretends

So make her ayms but covers to my ends.

For when I'm seated on the *Spartan* Throne,

Both her and all her Treasons I'll disown:

Prove both her judge and her accuser too,

And on her my first act of justice do.

So all my doubts and fears will be o're-past;

And by her fall I fix my self more fast.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter a Chair of State, with a Table by it, and upon
 that the Crown and Scepter.*

Enter King and Lords.

K. My Lords, no more, w'ave drank too deep; I'd now
 Awhile be private.

Lords

Lords.—Royal Sir, we go.

K. Boy take take thy Lute, and with a pleasing ay
Appease my sorrows, and delude my care. [*Sits down.*]

S O N G.

*Princes that Rule and Empires Sway,
How transitory is their State!
Sorrows the glories do allay,
And richest Crowns have greatest weight.*

2.

*The mightiest Monarch Treason fears,
Ambitious thoughts within him rave;
His life all discontent and cares,
And he at best is but a Slave.*

3.

*Vainly we think with fond delight,
To ease the burden of our cares,
Each grief a Second does invite,
And sorrows are each others heirs.*

4.

*For me my honour I'll maintain,
Be gallant, generous, and brave;
And when I Quietude would gain,
At least I find it in the grave.*

[*the King falls asleep.*]

Enter Queen and Tisaphernes with a Dagger.

Qu. He sleeps; now let the fatal deed be done.

Hah! what are these, the Scepter and the Crown!

So did the drowsie Dragon sleep, when he

Lost the rich fruits of the Hesperian Tree.

First we'll secure his Crown, and then he dyes. [*Takes up the*

Thus I'm discharg'd of all my promises. (*Crown.*)

Take this, and if I claim your promise too, [*puts it on his head.*]

Y'are King, and justice is your duty now.

Come by his fall——

This your first step to glory solemnize,

I'll make you King, make him my Sacrifice.

Tiss. I'll do't, but stay— [*advances towards the King.*]

Qu.——Nay, quickly to him go,

Sir he expects no Ceremony now.

Tiss. Thus then I——hah! how alter'd am I grown!

I stand amaz'd, and dare not venture on.

There is in Majesty a secret Charm,

That puts a fetter on a Traytors arm:

I cannot do't ——

Qu.

Qu. Then look on her that dares:
 How despicable is the man that fears!
 Give me the fatal instrument of death; [*takes his dagger*
 My self will in his heart this dagger sheath; (*from him.*
 Then blush to think, if e're the World should know,
 That a frail Woman durst do more than you.
 Courage ——— he smiles, ——— [*advances towards the King.*
 Some pleasing dreams his fancy entertain;
 Oh it were pity he should wake again.
 Thus, King, thy Life and Empire I command:
 Accept this from thy *Deidamia's* hand. [*Stabs him.*

K. Hah, murder'd! *Deidamia*, and by you!
 What is't that faithless Woman will not do!
 Henceforth all Loyalty and Love farewell.
 When after ages shall this story tell,
 'Twill be a truth too sad to be receiv'd;
 Nor shall the World be by it self believ'd.
 Did I for this ev'n Crown and Empire quit,
 To lay all my ambition at your feet?
 When at the Altars strictest vows I paid,
 Nor were they with less zeal perform'd than made.
 I lov'd you far above that life y've spilt,
 Till ev'n my passion was become my guilt:
 I for your sake depriv'd Heav'n of its due,
 Took adoration thence to pay it you.
 And must this be th' reward for all I've done?
 Yet I shall have this comfort when I'm gone,
 That I no longer shall with thee remain,
 But dye in hopes we ne're shall meet again.

[*dyes.*

Qu. He's gone, and now my Lord ———
Iss. ——— Oh, what is't you have done?
 A while lay your unruly passions down.
 View but the sweet Composure of that Face,
 Where Grandeur sat attended by each Grace:
 Now there grim Death his ghastly Revels keeps,
 And pallid horror o're each Feature creeps.
 Weep, Madam, weep, to think your rage has giv'n
 That blow, which robs the World to enrich Heav'n.
 Oh my dear Lord, that e're I liv'd to know
 This day! Madam I can't conceal it.

Qu. ——— Say you so?

But

Alcibiades.

But Sir I Scorn to be betray'd by you. [*At the noise of Peuple
Sentring, throws away the Dagger, then falls upon her knees,
and layes hold of Tissaphernes; then speaks.*]

Treason, Treason, Treason, &c.——

Is't not enough y'ave shed my Husband's Blood?

Tiss. The Devil!——

Qu. And rob'd the World of all that's great and good,
But you must seek my life? Oh pity take,
If not for mine, at least for vertues sake!

Tiss. Hell and Plagues!——

Qu. But why do I name that? for all that e're
The World had left of it, lyes murder'd there.

Tiss. Very fine.

Qu. Yet though you've rob'd him of his life, save mine:
I'll live to ask heav'n pardon for your sin.

Tiss. So now I'll stop your mouth. [*Breaks from her, and*

Qu. Help, murder, Treason, help. [*takes up the Dagger.*]

Enter Lords.

1 Lord. How, *Tissaphernes* arm'd against the Queen!

What means this posture, Sir?——

Qu.——Oh noble Lord,

If e're your pity could a tear afford,
Weep down an Ocean there; behold the spring
Of *Sparta's* hopes lyes murder'd in her King.
And had not I the traytors rage withstood,
He with my Husbands too had mixt my blood.
See where he guilty stands.

Lord.——Great *Agis* slain!

By *Tissaphernes* too!

Qu. Yes, he to gain

The *Spartan* Crown, this bloody deed has done.

See he already has usurpt the Crown;

His hot Ambition could not bear delays,

But on the Royal spoyles thus proudly preys;

Insults in's Treason.

Tiss.——I am now run down

So far, that all hopes of recov'ry's gone

But Madam, can you dare to lay this guilt

On me? was't not by you his blood was spilt?

Qu. By me! base wretch, would thy impiety

Lay

Lay this inhumane Regicide on me?
I wound this Breast? ah, dearest Saint, too well
I knew thy worth!

[Weeps.

Tiss. Death, she'll be Queen of Hell:
Pluto will grow in love with her for this.

Lord. My Lord, Treason's above all pardon.

Tiss. ——— 'tis.

Lord. Then, Sir, to justice.

Tiss. No, thus I deny. [presents his Dagger.

I liv'd not by it, nor will by it dye.
Was it for this my Stratagems I laid
To ruine her, to be by her betray'd?
Curse on my narrow Fate, but yet to shew
That I love murder too as well as you,
Thus perjur'd Queen. [Offers to stab the Queen, but is hinder'd

Qu. See how he'd still pursue by the Lords.
His Treason! hence to justice with him go:
Hourly let on the Rack his pains encrease,
Till he the horror of his guilt confess.

Tiss. That shall not need. I'll own the deed as mine,
But glory in't, it was a brave design.

The King kill'd! and I ruin'd! to compleat
Thy Lust, all by one Stratagem! was great:
So great, that for its sake

I can with satisfaction yield my breath,
Else I should take no pleasure in my death.

But e're I go, be pleas'd to entertain

The last kind precepts of a dying Man.

Be Bloody, False, Revengeful, Lustful, all

That can be found recorded on Hells Roll

Embrace, where e're you rising Virtue see,

Down with it, and set up Impiety.

Make that your Theam, leave nothing ill undone,

So copy *Tissaphernes* when he's gone:

Who leaves this counsel as a Legacy,

'Tis my Religion, and I'll in it dye. [Exit *Tiss.* guarded.

Qu. Hence with the Wretch ———

Mean while to my dead Lord I'll sorrows pay,

And after his sigh my own life away.

So now they are gone —hah who comes there? [Enter *Ard.*

Ard.

Ard. 'Tis I.

Q. *Ardella*, on that thing cast back an eye;
'Twas once a King, but thank these hands now none:
Nay start not, *Tissaphernes* too is gon; [Ardella starts.
His treasures all are thine as a reward.

Ard. You are too kind——

Qu. See straight a draught prepar'd,
And Murderers, *Timandra* next must fall,
You know our will, let it be done.

Ard.——It shall. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE a darkn'd Tent.

[*Timandra* asleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and Sings.

Merli. Come my *Salla*, come away,
Thy *Merli* calls.

Salla within. Whither?

Merli. Hither, w'ave no bus'ness to day,
And where innocence sleeps we securely may play.

Salla. I come.

[Enters.

Merl. So welcome my dear,
But first let's disperse the black Clouds that are here.

Both. Round about this place we range,
And it's gloomy darkness change,
To a bright delightful Grove,
A proper Scence for happy love.

The SCENE changes to *Elizium*.

Merli. Next to divert this fair one, all
Our wing'd Companions we'll call,
And the Ayr for musick charm,
Whilst they their measures here perform.

Both. Come all you bright forms that inhabit the Ayr,
And ease with your pleasures the cares of the fair,
Here frolick and skip, oh no longer delay!
But let each clap his wings and away.

Several Spirits of the ayr descend and Dance.

Salla. Now let us discover the mansions of rest,
Where lovers with eternal joys are blest. [A glorious Tem-
(ple appears in the Ayr, where the Spirits of the happy are seated.

See fair one, see, not long e're you
To those glorious seats shall go.

Another Spi. The lustful Queen thirsts for your blood,
And you are for the World too good.

Merli. Nor shall you come alone, your lovers too
Must meet a fate the same with you.

Salla. But here your troubles all shall cease,
'Tis the seat of endless bliss.

H

Cho.

Cho. *Here in endless pleasures they
Keep eternal Holyday.
Here they Revel, Sport, and are
Crown'd with joys still new and rare;
Their pleasures too can never dye,
But like themselves have Immortality.*

Merl. *See the kind Spirits smile, and now
They'll blefs her with a nearer view.*

[The whole Body of the Temple moves downward.

Cho. *Descend oh ye gloryes descend!
Who with blessings eternal are crown'd;
To this Nymph your kind influence lend:
Whilst all the Sphears with harmony resound,*

Merl. *She wakes, let the apparition go,
By th' damp upon my wings I know
Something ill is drawing near,
Come Salla, come away, Oh come away my dear.*

[They all vanish, and the Scene changes again to the Tent.

Tim. *I've had a dream might make a lover blest,
Oh th' sweet delights of everlasting rest! [Queen appears at the
How this the Queen? what can her coming mean? (entrance*

Qu. *Ardella with the Ruffians here remain;
I'll in, and with soft words her temper try,
If without him she'll live, she shall not dye.
Madam!——*

[to Timandra.

Tim.——Your pleasure!

Qu. *Oft I've heard y'are brave,
But the best proof of gallantry you gave,
When of your noble Lord you were bereft,
And such a bliss with so rare patience left.*

Tim. *Madam, our flames a nobler passion rules
Then fondness, th' idle guilt of wav'ring fools;
Our loves knew a far higher excellence,
Then the half pleasures of a minutes sense.*

Qu. *Then you may love since you can with him part,
He has made a Conquest o're my tender heart.
Love governs here, and since my Husband's dead,
Fate and my choicest wishes have decree'd,
He should both in his love and throne succeed.*

Tim. *Do you believe Empires or Crowns can make
Him his Timandra and his faith forsake?
Or think you I an Attome will resign
Of that heart, which by holy vows is mine?*

No

No I will keep him maugre cruelty.

Qu. But Madam do you know what 'tis to dye?

Tim. Yes, 'tis to lay these clogs our bodys by,
And be remov'd to blest eternity.
By death relief from all our griefs we gain,
And by one put an end to years of pain;
By that we in one minute find out more,
Then all the busie gown-men study for;
Who after in-dull search th'ave ages spent,
Learn nothing but to know th'are ignorant.
Death is a blessing, and a thing so far
Above that worst of all our frailties, fear;
It claims our joy, since by it we put on
The top of happiness, perfection.
Quit him, no never whilst I here have breath;
He's mine in spight of cruelty or death.

Qu. Then enter ye grim Ministers of fate. [*Enter murderers*
Does not your stubborn courage now abate? (*with Poison.*

Tim. No, my resolves more fixt and firm are grown,
Bring dreadfull'st racks and tortures yet unknown,
Provide one for each sense, and then do thou
Tempt me my love and int'rest to forgo,
Midst of my pains I'll smile, and tell thee no.

Qu. but minion, soon your insolence shall cease.
Come, since such resolution you exprest,
Take this, demur not, do't,— [*Gives her a bowl of poison.*

Tim. And is this all?
I thought t'ave had a more Heroick fall,
Expected to have noblest tortures met,
Not by dull poison to have found my fate,
But any way I can thy pow'r defie,
'Tis for my *Alcibiades* I dye: [*offers to drink.*

Qu. Yet yield, and live,——

Tim.——Live! what have I to do
With life, when giv'n by one so base as you?
Thus I despise it,—— [*Drinks.*

Qu. What dismal tortures strait will on her seize! [*after Ti-*
So, 'twas a health to *Alcibiades.* (*mandra has drank the Poison.*

Tim. Now blush at what thy impious rage has done,
My *Alcibiades* is still my own:

And if thou him embrace when I am gone,
 Each night thy bed I'll haunt, and challenge there
 Those joys, of which thou hast bereft me here.
 Anxious shall be each day, disturb'd each night,
 A restless shade I'll still be in thy sight;
 And thee i' th' height of all thy pleasures fright.
 Heav'n, what do I feel! ———

Qu. Oh, does the draught succeed!

Ard. Madam, great *Alcibiades* is freed,
 And just is entering. ———

Qu. ——— Straight, with strictest care
 Convey her in, and wait my pleasure there.

Sweet Murder! oh no Physick is so good
 For th' hopeless Lover as a bath of blood.

But here he comes: ———

*{The Murderers
 lead in Timan.*

—Now to my griefs again.

*[Enter Alcibiades.
 [Veils.*

Alci. It makes me wonder how I freedom gain,
 All things confus'd, and in disorder are.

How's this in mourning weeds? unveil my fair.

Hah, not *Timandra*! ———

[Queen unveils.

Qu. ——— No, Sir, though 'tis one
 That loves as nobly as *Timandra* can,
 Or could, did she yet live, but she is dead.

Alci. How, dead! ———

Qu. Yes *Tissaphernes* that black deed did do,
 Promoted by his ignoble hate to you.

But you will wonder more, when I shall tell,

That by his hand the mighty *Agis* fell.

The King is slain, both I and *Sparta*, now

Have no hopes left, but what remain in you.

Alci. In me! alas! I am a Wretch too poor;

Timandra dead! curst ever be the hour

Wherein so fair an innocence was lost.

Heav'n justly now may of its Glories boast;

For the most bright, and precious Saint that e're

The World enjoy'd, is fled, and seated there.

Qu. Why do you let your griefs distract your Soul?

Call up your Reason, and let passion cool.

See here a Queen, that courts you with the charms

Of Love, a Crown, and Empire, to her arms:

No longer for *Timandra* sorrow wear,
I will supply all you have lost in her:
I'll love you as she did.

Alci. — Oh, Madam, no;
To love like her's a task too hard for you:
Love me as she did? why each thought she had
Of me, was such, might make an Angel glad:
For Crowns, though Emp'rour of the World I were,
I'd turn a Beggar to recover her.
Oh, Madam, tempt no further, all's but vain,
I ne'er can have a thought of Love again.

Qu. Never! —

Alci. No, never. —

Qu. — Can you then so soon
Forget your promise? or will you disown
That e're, if you *Timandra* should survive,
You vow'd you only for my sake would live?
You see how Heaven has decreed, —

Alci. — Alas!
I then the Blessing knew, but not the loss,
Besides, I now must dye —

Qu. How, Sir, is't thus my profer'd love you prize?

Alci. I do not hate you, may not that suffice?

Qu. Ungrateful, no, but I'll reward thy pride,
Draw back: — [The Scene drawn discovers *Timandra*
(on a Couch, in the midst of her pains.)

—— Go dotard in, enjoy thy Bride,
And know by me thy lov'd *Timandra* dy'd:
Yes cruel Man by me —

Tim. — No, Queen, she lives,
And still to all thy rage defiance gives. [Spies *Alcibiades*.
Do I behold my dearest Lord so nigh!
Shall I again see him before I dye!

Alci. Best hopes and comfort of my Life, I'm here,
How fares my Love? —

Tim. Oh, come not, come not near,
My blood's all Fire, infection's in each vein,
And Tyrant Death in ev'ry part does reign,
But I for you could suffer much more pain.

Alci. Kind Heav'n! let all her pangs upon me fall,

And

And add ten thousand more, I'll bear 'em all,
Do but restore her back; Oh cursed Queen!
What Devil arm'd thee to so damn'd a sin?
Cou'dst thou be guilty of so foul a deed?

Qu. Yes I did do't, by me the King too bled,
Unworthy wretch! and all for love of you;
But had I pow'r I now would kill thee too.

Alci. Oh do't, I'll blot out all th'ast done before,
And never call thee base, nor cruel more.
Here is my breast, soon the kind work begin,
Advance thy Poniard, send it boldly in.

Qu. No, thou shalt live for harder destiny,
But first shall see thy dear *Timandra* dye.

Alci. Oh misery beyond the damn'd beneath!
Must I not happy be in life nor death?

Tim. Alas! cease your unnecessary moan,
I find my torments quickly will be gon.
Though I could wish they might to years renew,
So I might still be blest with seeing you.
Now the black storms of fate are all blown o're,
And we shall meet, and ne're be parted more,
But oh farewell——

[*dyes.*

Alci.——My dear *Timandra* stay!
Ah pretious Soul, fly not so soon away!
But one look more; will death have no remorse?
See, 'tis thy *Alcibiades* implores.
But oh she's gon, seize there that Murtheress.

Qu.——No:

Seize me! 'tis more then all your Camp can do:
Who e're comes, here's my guard, alas mean fool, [*Presents*
My fate's a thing too great for thee to rule; (*her Dagger.*
There lyes your constancy. *pointing to Timandra.*

[*Alcibiades flies to the Queen, and snatches the Dagger from her.*

Alci. Infernal hag!
Whose ev'ry breath infects, each look's a plague!
Could not thy fury on my bosome rest,
But thou must wreak thy vengeance on this breast?
To murder her!——curse on me that I stand
Thus idle; now thy heart: [*Presents the Dagger to*
——But oh 'twould brand (*her breast.*
My

My Trophies with eternal infamy,
 If by my hand so base a thing should dye :
 Her ills so many, and so odious are,
 They Would disgrace an Executioner.
 Yet I'd do something, oh I hav'r, I'll rear
 Her piecemeal :—but *Timandra's* gone too far. [ravingly.
 Yonder she mounts, tryumphant Spirit stay; [mildly.
 See where the Angels bear her Soul away !
 Now all the Gods will grow in love with her :
 And I shall meet fresh troops of Rivalsthere.
 But thus I'll haste and follow,—— [Stabs himself.
 —Devil there,—— [throws the Dagger to the Queen.
 Dye if thou hast courage enough to dare.
 But oh !——

A heavy faintness does each sense surprize :
 Yet e're I close up these unhappy eyes,
 Here their last dutious sorrows they shall pay,
 And at this object melt in tears away.
 Blest center of my hopes ! in whom I plac't
 Too choice, too pure a happiness to last.
 I any loss less than thy death had griev'd ;
 How well could I have dy'd, so thou hadst liv'd !
 Damn'd fiend !—— [to the Queen.
 But oh why do I rave at her ?
 That have so little time to tarry here ;
 One parting kiss, and then in peace I'll dye : [kisses Tim.
 Now farewell world, welcome eternity.

Enter Patroclus Lords and Guards.

Patr. Horror of horrors ! this was a dismal chance,
 Alas, my friend !

Alci.——Thy useless grief refrain,
 Farewell ; we shall hereafter meet again. [dyes.

Patr. Guards seize the Queen——

Qu.—— Seize me rude Slaves ! forbear.

Patr. You shall in short your accusation hear.
 To kill the King, my Father, first you made
 Your property ; then basely him betray'd.
 Your Woman all confest, and by the Guard
 Is now secur'd to a more just reward.
 And (though too late) this black design I knew :

Yet

Yet all your stratagems are useless now.
Hence With the Murd'ers to Justice.

Qu.—Hah!

Think you that I will dye by formal law?
No, when I'm dead be thus my same supply'd;
She liv'd a murtheress, and a murtheress dy'd. [Stabs herself.

Justice would but my happiness retard:
Thus I descend below to a reward.

I shall be Queen of Fate: the furies there
For me a glorious Crown of Snakes prepare.

I long to be in state; my Lords farewell:
Now noble Charon! hoyle up Sail for Hell. [dyes.

Lord. Her Soul is fled,——

Patr.—With her for ever dye,
Her treasons, and her odious memory.
But whither is the fair *Draxilla* gone?

Lord. Distracted at the mischiefs that are done,
She's fled; but whither is to all unknown.

Patr. Quickly let after her be made pursuit:
I'll ransack all the World to find her out.

Propitious Heaven to her will sure be kind. [Enter Lord.

2 Lord. My Lord we in our votes have all combin'd
To make you King, the Camp with shouts, and cries
Of joy, send their loud wishes to the Skyes.

[Shouts within, Long live Patroclus King of Sparta.

Patr. Go bid 'em their unwelcome noise forbear:
Turn all their shouts to sighs of sorrow here. [Turns to the
Th're gon; and with e'm all I wish'd to keep. (Bodyes.

Now I could almost turn a boy, and weep.
My Friends! my Mistress! and my Father lost!
Never were growing hopes more sadly crost.

Now fortune has her utmost malice shown,
She'd court me with the flattery of a Crown:

A thing so far beneath those joys I miss,
'Tis but the shadow of a happiness.

For how uneasily on Thrones they sit,
That must like me be wretched to be great.

FINIS.

FRIENDSHIP
IN
FASHION.
A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted at his Royal Highness the
Dukes Theatre.

Written by

THOMAS OTWAY.

Archilochum Rabies armavit Iambo.

Licenced May 31. 1678. Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,

Printed by E. F. for Richard Tonson, at his Shop within
Grays-Inn-Gate, next Grays-Inn-Lane, 1678.

FRATERNITY

OF THE

COMEDY

As it is acted at his Majesty's Theatre

Dukes Theatre.

THOMAS TOWAT.

Printed by J. G. Smith, at his Shop in the Strand.

1794.

Printed by E. F. for Richard Yoxford, at his Shop in the Strand.

To the Right Honourable *C H A R L E S*
Earl of *D O R S E T* and *M I D D L E S E X*,
Gentleman of his *M A J E S T I E S*,
Bed-Chamber, &c.

My Lord,

Y Our Lordship has so often and so highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn my self for giving you a trouble so Impertinent, as this is: Considering how remiss I have been in my respects to your Lordship, in that I have not waited on you so frequently as the duty I owe your Lordship and my own Inclinations required; But the Circumstances of my Condition, whose daily business must be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that happiness: Be pleased then my Lord to accept this humble dedication as an Instance of his Gratitude, who in a high measure owes his well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordship will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for succor unsuccessfully, I am sure I have reason to acknowledge it. As for the unlucky censures some have past upon me for this

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Play, I hope your Lordship will believe I hardly deserve 'em. For to my best remembrance, when first I was accused of the thing by some people of the World, who had perhaps as little reason to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themselves deserved it, I made it my business to clear my self to your Lordship, whose good opinion is dearer to me then any thing which my worst Enemies can wrong me of else; I hope I convinc't your Lordship of my Innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavoured, had it not been Just. For I thank my Stars I know my self better then (for all the Threats some have been pleased to bestow upon me) to tell a lie to save my Throat. Forgive me my Lord this trouble, continue me in your Lordships favour and good opinion, and accept of the Prayers and well-wishes of

Your most Humble, and

most Obliged Servant,

Thomas Otway.

T H E
PROLOGUE,
Spoken by Mr. Smith.

HOW hard a task bath that poor Drudg of Stage,
That strives to please in this Fantastick Age?
It is a thing so difficult to hit,
That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit;
Therefore our Author bad me plainly say,
You must not look for any in his Play.
I'th' next place, Ladies, there's no Bawdy in't,
No not so much as one well-meaning hint;
Nay more, 'twas written every word he says
On strictest Vigils and on Fasting Days,
When he his Flesh to Pennance did enjoin,
Nay took such care to work it chaste and fine,
He Disciplin'd himself at every Line.
Then Gentlemen no Libel he intends,
Tho some have strove to wrong him with his Friends;
And Poets have so very few of those,
They'd need take care whose favour 'tis they lose:
Who'd be a Poet? Parents all beware,
Cherish and Educate your Sons with care;
Breed 'em to wholesome Law, or give 'em Trades,
Let 'em not follow th' Muses, they are Fades:
How many very hopeful rising Citts
Have we of late known spoil'd by turning Wits?
Poets by Critiques are worse treated here,
Then on the Bank-side Butchers do a Bear.
Faith Sirs be kind, since now his time is come,
When he must stand or fall as you shall doom:
Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's fair play far't,
And he's content for one, to make you sport.

The Actors Names.

Goodvile.
Truman.
Valentine.
Sir Noble Clumsey.
Malagene.
Caper.
Saunter.

Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Harris.
Mr. Underhill.
Mr. Leigh.
Mr. Fevon.
Mr. Bowman.

Women.

Mrs. Goodvile.
Victoria.
Camillia.
Lady Squeamish.
Lettice.
Bridget.

Mrs. Barrey.
Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Price.
Mrs. Guin.
Mrs. Seymour.
Mrs. ———

FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

Act I. Scene, The Mall.

Truman reading a Billet, and Servant.

Trum. **I**N a Vizor say you?
Serv. Yes, Sir, and as soon as she had deliver'd it, without any thing more, gave the word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice and away she hurry'd.
Trum. The meaning of a Billet of this nature without a Name is a Riddle to me.—— [Reads.]

You know me and see me often, I wish I may never see you more, except you knew better where to place your Love, or I were abler to govern mine: As you are a Gentleman, burn this so soon as it comes to your hands.——
 Adieu.

Well, this can be no other then some Stanch Vertue of 35. that is just now fallen under the Temptation, or what is as bad, one of those Cautious Dealers that never venture but in Masquerade, where they are sure to be wondrous kind, tho' they discover no more to the Lover then he has just occasion to make use of.

Enter Goodvile and Valentine.

Val. Truman, Good morrow, just out of your Lodging? but that I know thee better, I should swear thou hadst resolv'd to spend this day in Humiliation and Repentance for the sins of the last.

Goodv. I beg your pardon! Some Lady has taken up your time, Thou canst no more rise in a Morning without a Wench, then thou canst go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. *Truman,* wilt thou never leave whoring?

Trum. Peace, Matrimony, peace—speak more reverently of your dearly beloved whoring. *Valentine,* he is the meer Spirit of Hypocrisie——h'ad hardly been married Ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone in her Coach, whilst he debaucht me with two Vizors in a Hackney to Supper.

Friendship in fashion.

Val. Truly *Goodvile*, that was very civil, and may come to something — But Gentlemen it begins to grow late. Where shall we Dine?

Trum. Where you will; I am indifferent.

Goodv. And I.

Val. I had appointed to meet at *Chatolins*, but —

Tru. With whom?

Val. Why, your Cousin *Malagene Goodvil*,

Goodv. Valentine, Thou art too much with that fellow.

'Tis true indeed he is some relation to me, but 'tis such a lying Varlet, there is no induring of him.

Val. But Rogues and Fools are so very plenty 'tis hard always to escape 'em.

Trum. Besides he dares be no more a Friend then a Foe, he never spoke well of any man behind his back, nor ill before his face: he is a general Disperfer of nauseous Scandall tho' it be of his own Mother or Sister, prithee let's avoid him if we can to day.

Goodv. 'Twill be almost impossible, for he is as impudent as he is troublesome; as there is no Company so ill but hee'l keep, so there is none so good but hee'l pretend to. If he has ever seen you once, hee'l be sure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your Room, then you can keep him out of your Debt.

Val. He came where I was last Night roaring drunk: swore Dam him, he had bin with my Lord such a one, and had swallow'd three quarts of Champagne for his share, said he had much ado to get away, but came then particularly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forc't to promise him I would meet him to day, to get rid of him.

Goodv. Faith Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my house: I have snubb'd him of late, and he'l hardly venture that way so soon again: At Night I'll promise you good Company, my Wife (for I allow her for my own sake what freedom she pleases) has sent for the Fiddles to come.

Trum. Goodvile, If there be any such thing as ease in Matrimony, thou hast it: But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon married men that makes 'em as distinguishable from one of us as your Jews are from the rest of Mankind.

Goodv. Oh there are pleasures you dream not of: he is onely confin'd by it that will be so: A man may make his Condition as easie as he pleases. — Mine is such a fond wanton Ape, I never come home, but she entertains me with fresh kindness: and *Jack* when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miss'd of an Opportunity, stops a Gap well enough.

Trum. There's no Condition so wretched but has its reserve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of doors goes contentedly to his Kennel. Your Begger when he can get no better lodging, knows his old warm Bush; and your married Whore-master that misses of his Wench, goes honestly home, and there's Madam Wife. — But *Goodvile*, who are to be the Company at Night?

Goodv.

Goodv. In the first place, my Cousin *Victoria* your Idol, *Jack Truman*; then *Mr. Valentine*, there will be the charming *Camilla*, and another that never fails upon such an occasion, the unimitable *Lady Squeamish*.

Trum. That indeed is a worthy person, a great Critick forsooth; one that censures Plays, and takes it very ill she has none dedicated to her yet, a constant frequenter of all Masquerades and publick Meetings, a perfect Coquet, very affected, and something old.

Val. Discourses readily of all the Love Intrigues of the Court and Town, a strange Admirer of Accomplishments and good breeding as she calls it, a restless Dancer: one that by her good will would never be out of motion.

Trum. How *Valentine*! you were once a great Admirer there, have a care, how you speak too harshly of your Mistress, though the business be over. You stand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a man of principles.

Goodv. That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old harrafs'd Stager has always some such resty Whore-matter or another, whom she makes the best of her despair withall, and after being forsaken by half the Town besides, comforts her self in her man of principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'll go before and prepare: Gentlemen you'll be sure to follow?

Trum. Sir, we'll not fail to wait on you.

[Exit Goodvile.]

Boy! is the Coach ready? *Valentine*! I have had the oddest adventure this Morning—ha—*Malagene*!

Enter *Malagene*.

How came he hither?

Mal. *Jack Truman*, Monsieur *Valentine*, bon jour ——— was not that *Goodvile* I met coming in——hah?

Val. Yes, he parted hence but now.

Mal. Faith I'll tell ye what Gentlemen, *Goodvile's* a very honest Fellow as can be, but he and I are fallen out of late, though faith 'twas none of my seeking.

Trum. No, I'll be sworn for thee, thou lov'st thy self better.

Val. Pray, what was the matter *Malagene*?

Mal. Why I was advising him to look after things better at home. The Fellow has married a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls and give Entertainments. I was very free with him and told him of it to the purpose: for faith I should be sorry to see any ill come on't, very sorry.

Trum. But hark ye *Malagene*, *Goodvile's* a sort of a surly Companion, and apt to have so good an Opinion of himself, that he is able to manage Affairs without your advice: He might have been very severe with you upon this occasion.

Malag. Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my heart, That had been the way to have made a fine piece of work on't indeed!

Hark ye, (under the Rose) he's sweetly fitted with my Cousin though.

Val. Pray, Sir, speak with more respect: We are his friends, and not prepar'd to relish any of your Satyr at present.

Malag. O Lord Sir! I beg your pardon, you are a new acquaintance there, I remember, and may design an Interest. Faith *Ned*, if thou dost, I'll ne'r be thy hindrance, for all she's my Kinswoman.

Trum. The Rascal! if he had an opportunity would pimp for his Sister, though but for the bare pleasure of telling it himself.

Malag. Now when he comes home, will she be hanging about his neck, with, O Lord, Dear! where have you been this Morning? I can't abide you should go abroad so soon, that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd *Truman*, and his debauched Companion young *Valentine*: But that I know you are a good Dear, I should be apt to be jealous of you, that I should, ha, ha.

Trum. Sir, you are very bold with our Characters, methinks.

Malag. I, shaw! your Servant: Sure we that know one another may be free: You may say as much of me if you please. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Business last Night?—hah?

Trum. Not a word I assure you, Sir. Pray how was it? Prithee let him alone a little, *Valentine*.

Malag. Why, coming out of *Chatolins* last Night, (where it had cost me a Guinney-Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which shall be nameless) just as I was getting into a Coach, who should come by but a Blustering Fellow with a woman in his hand, and swore, Dam him, the Coach was for him: we had some words, and he drew; with that I put by his pass, clos'd with him, and threw up his Heels, took away *Toledo*, gave him 2 or 3 good Cuts over the Face, seiz'd upon *Damozel*, carried her away with me to my Chamber, manag'd her all Night, and just now sent her off.—Faith, amongst friends she was a person of quality, I'll tell you that.

Trum. What! a person of quality at that time o'th' Night, and on foot too?

Malag. Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no notice on't.

Val. Oh, Sir, you may be sure we shall be very cautious of spreading any Secrets of yours of this nature.—Lying Rakehell, the highest he ever arriv'd at was a Bawd, and she too banisht him at last, because he boasted of her Favours.

Malag. Nay, not that I care very much neither, you may tell it if you will; for I think it was no more then any one wou'd have done upon the same occasion—ha.—

Trum. Doubtless, Sir, you were much in the right: but, *Valentine*, we shall stay too long: 'tis time we were going.

Malag. What, to Dinner? I'll make a third man—where shall it be?

Trum. Sir, I am sorry, we must beg your excuse this time, for we are both engag'd.

Malag.

Malag. Whoo! prithee, that's all one, I am sure I know the Company; I'll go along at a venture.

Val. No, but *Malagene*! to make short of the Business, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneasy if you be there.

Malag. What's that to the purpose?— I care as little for them as they do for me, tho' on my word, Sparks! of honest Fellows, you keep the oddest Company sometimes that ever I knew!

Trum. But, Sir, we are resolv'd to reform it, and in order thereunto desire you would leave us to our selves to day.

Malag. No—but I'll tell you, go along with me, I have discover'd a Treasure of pale Wine—I'll assure you 'tis the same the King drinks of—What say you, *Jack*? I am but for one Bottle or two, for faith I have resolv'd to live sober for a week.

Trum. Prithee, Tormentor, leave us! do not I know the Wine thou drink'st is as base as the Company thou keep'st? To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor must you go with us.

Malag. Why, if one should ask the question now, whither are you going? hah?

Val. How comes it, *Malagene*, you are not with your two Friends, *Caper* and *Saunter*?—you may be sure of them; they'll eat and drink, and go all over the VWorld with you.

Malag. How canst thou think that I would keep such loathsome Company? a brace of silly talking, dancing, singing Rascals: 'Tis true, I contracted an acquaintance with 'em, I know not how; and now and then when I am out of humour, love to laugh at and abuse 'em for an hour or two—but come what will on't, I am resolv'd to go along with you to Day.

Trum. Upon my word, Sir, you cannot—Why should you make so many difficulties with your friends?

Malag. Whoo! prithee leave fooling.—You would shake me off now, would you? But I know better things.—The Sham won't pass upon me, Sir, it won't, look you.

Trum. Death, we must use him ill, or there is no getting rid of him, not pass, Sir?

Mal. No, Sir!

Trum. Pray, Sir, leave us.

Mal. I shan't do't, Sir.

Trum. But you must, Sir.

Mal. May be not Sir.

Trum. I am going this way.

[Walking off.]

Mal. So am I.

Trum. But, Sir, I must stay here a little longer.

Malag. With all my heart! 'tis the same things I am not in haste.

Val. Have a care, *Malagene*, how you provoke *Truman*—you'll run the hazard of a scurvy beating, my friend, if you do.

Malag.

Friendship in fashion.

Malag. Beating! I am sorry, Sir, you know no better: pox, I am us'd to serve him so, man; let me alone, you shall see how I'll tease him. Hark you *Jack*.

Trum. Sir, you are an impudent troublesome Coxcomb.

Malag. No matter for that, I shan't leave you.

Trum. Sir, I shall pull you by the Nose then.

Malag. 'Tis all one to me, do your worst.

Trum. Take that then, Sir. — Now d'ye hear — [*Tweaks him by the Nose.*

Malag. Nay, Faith, *Jack*, now you drive the Jest too far: what a Pox I know you are not in earnest, prithee let's go.

Trum. Death, Sir, you lye, not in earnest! — let this convince you — [*Kicks him.*

How like you the Jest now, Sir?

Malag. Hark you *Truman*, We shan't Dine together then, shall we?

Val. Faith, to tell you the truth of the matter; *Truman* had a quarrel last Night, and we are just now going to make an end on't: 'tis that makes him so surly. Nevertheless, now I think on't better, if you'll go, you shall, perhaps we may have occasion for a third man.

Malag. No, no, if that be the business I'll say no more, puh — I hate to press into any man's Company against his Inclination, *Truman*! Upon my Reputation, you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-Porters last Night and lost my Money — Prithee lend me two Guineys till next time I see thee, Child.

Trum. With all my heart, Sir, I was sure 'twould come to this at last: 'Tis here, you may command what you please from your Servant. *Malagene*, Good morrow.

Enter Caper and Saunter.

Malag. Dear *Jack Truman*, your humble — [*Exit Truman.*

Val. Won't you go along with us then *Malagene*?

Malag. No, here are two silly Fellows coming, I'll go and divert myself a little with them at present.

Val. Why, those are the very people you rail'd at so but now: you will not leave us for them? at a time when you may be so serviceable?

Malag. Hang't, you'll have no occasion for me man: Say no more on't, but take my advice, be sure you stand fast, Don't give ground, d'ye hear, push briskly, and I'll warrant you do your business.

Val. Sir, I thank you for your counsel, and am sorry we can't have your company but; you are engag'd?

Malag. Are you sure though it will come to fighting? I have no mind to leave your company methinks.

Val. Nay, nothing so certain as that we shall fight: I wish you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the Field.

Malag.

Malag. A pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet these people here, and can't avoid 'em now, I'de go with you else with all my heart Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me send a Guard, I'll do't.

Val. No, Sir,—there's no danger——Nothing but the Rogues cowardize could have rid us of him. [Exit Valentine.

Malag. How now Bullies, whither so fast this Morning? I parted just now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine*: They would faine have had me to Dinner with 'em, but I was not in a humour of drinking, and to speak the truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingross still all the discourse to themselves: and a man can never be free with them neither.

Cap. Oh Lord, *Malagene*! we met the Delicat'st Creature but now as we came round, I am a Rascal, if I don't think her one of the finest Women in the world: I shan't get her out of my mind this Month.

Saunt. 'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfields* Daughter that came to Town last Summer when *Goodvile* was marri'd. He in love with her, poor Soul! —— I shall beg his pardon there as I take it —— [Sings.

Malag. That's *Truman's* blowing: she's always lingring after him here and at the Play-house: She heats herself here every Morning against the general Course at Night, where she comes as constantly as my Lady *Squeamish* her self.

Saunt. I vow that's a fine person too, don't you think she has abundance of wit, *Malagene*? She and I did so rally *Caper* t'other day.

Cap. Ay, it may be so.

Saunt. But did you never hear her sing? She made me sit with her till Two a Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian* Song. I have, and I vow she sings it wonderfully.

Malag. Dam her, she's the most affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more then an old Kite does young Chicken: There is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can escape her, we shall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight.

Cap. Malagene, Thou art the most Satyrical Thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didst but love dancing, that I might have thee on my side sometimes.

Saunt. Well *Malagene*, I hope to see thee so in love one day, as to leave off drinking as I have done, and set up for a Shape and a Face: Or what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not be in love for all the world, I vow and swear.

[Walks up and down with an affected motion.

Cap. Nor I,

—— *Ab Phyllis, if you wou'd not love
The Shepherd, &c.*

[Sings.

But d'ye hear, *Malagene*, They say *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night, is it true?

Malag.

Friendship in fashion.

Malag. Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court.

Cap. I am glad of it with all my heart — *Saunter* — There's my Lady, to be sure, she'll not fail.

Saunt. But will you go, *Malagene*? *Goodvile* and you are at a distance.

Malag. Whoo! pox that's nothing, I'll go for all that. But faith, I shou'd meet my Lord — at Court to Night: besides, I han't been in the Drawing Room these three days; the Company will wonder what's become of me.

Enter Lady Squeamish.

She here! Nay then —

Cap. Madam, your Ladiships most humble Servant.

[*Congees affectedly.*

L. Squ. Mr. *Caper*! your most Devoted. — Oh dear Mr. *Saunter*! a thousand thanks to you for my Song.

Saunt. Your Ladiship does your Servant too much honour.

[*Sings, As Cloc full of, &c.*

L. Sq. Mr. *Caper*, you are a stranger indeed, I have not seen you this two days: Lord, where d'ye live?

Cap. I should have waited on your Ladiship, but was so tired at the Masquerade at my Lord *Flutters* t'other Night.

[*Dances and capers.*

Saunt. Madam, Madam, Mr. *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night: Will your Ladiship be there?

L. Sq. Yes; I heard of it this Morning, *Victoria* sent me word.

Cap. Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? *Goodvile* makes a Ball to Night: I hope I shall have the honour of your Ladiships company.

L. Sq. Oh, by all means: Mr. *Caper*, pray don't you fail us. Oh Lord, Mr. *Malagene*, I beg your pardon, upon my honour I did not see you, I was so engaged in the Civilities of these Gentlemen.

Malag. Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, must command the Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladiship see Mr. *Valentine*?

L. Sq. Oh, name him not, Mr. *Malagene*, he's the unworthi'st basest Fellow — besides he has no principles nor breeding: I wonder you Gentlemen will keep him company. I'll swear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

Malag. The truth on't is, Madam, I do drink with him now and then, because the Fellow has some wit, but it is when better Company is out of the way; and faith he's always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

L. Squem. Oh Lord, 'tis impossible. Wit! Why he was abroad but two years, and all that time too in an Academy, he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the *French* Court, and has the worst mien in the world: he has a sort of an ill-natur'd way of talking indeed, and they say makes bold with me sometimes, but I'll assure you I scorn him.

Malag.

Malag. Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is foully bely'd :
ha, ha, ha.

L. Sq. They say, he's grown a great Admirer of Madam Camilla of late, who passes for a Wit forsooth. 'Tis true, she's well enough, but I suppose is not the first that has been troubled with his impertinent Addresses.

Mal. Indeed he would not let me alone, till I brought him acquainted there: he owes that happiness to me. But methinks your Ladiship speaks with something of heat——By Heav'n she's jealous!

L. Sq. No, I assure you, Sir, I am not concern'd at it in the least. But did you ever hear 'em discourse any thing of me?

Mal. Never any ill, Madam, onely a little idle Raillery now and then; but *Truman* and he are wont to be something lavish when they have been drunk in my company.——'Twill work.

L. Sq. Nay, I know he has spoken dishonourably of me behind my back, because he fail'd in his filthy designs. Madam Camilla may deserve better of him, I doubt not: but if I am not reveng'd on his falshood—— [*Aside*] *Mr. Caper.*

Cap. } Madam.
Saunt. }

L. Sq. Where do you go to day?

Cap. Will your Ladiship be at the new Play?

L. Sq. No, I saw it the first day, and don't like it.

Mal. Madam, it has no ill Character about the Town.

L. Sq. O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'll assure you there's nothing in it that's moving. I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

Saunt. Does your Ladiship know who writ it?

L. Sq. Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my Lodgings: He is but a young man, and I suppose he has not been a Writer long: besides, he has had little or no conversation with the Court, which has been the reason he has committed a great many Indecorums in the conduct of it.

Saunt. I did not like it neither for my part; There was never a Song in it, ha?

Cap. No, nor so much as a Dance.

Mal. Oh, it's impossible it should take if there were neither Song nor Dance in it.

L. Sq. And then their Comedies now a days are the filthiest things, full of Bawdy and nauseous doings which they mistake for raillery and intrigue; besides they have no wit in 'em neither, for all their Gentlemen and men of wit, as they style 'em, are either silly conceited impudent Coxcombs, or else rude ill-mannerly drunken Fellows——fogh——I am ashamed any one should pretend to write a Comedy, that does not know the nicer rules of the Court, and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that pass, I vow.

Mal. Who would improve in those things, must consult with your Ladiship.

L. Sq. I swear, Mr. Malagene, you are an obliging person: I wonder the world should be so malicious to give you so undeserving a Character as they do: I always found you extremely generous and a person of worth.

Mal. In troth, Madam, your Ladiship and my self are the subjects of abundance of envy: for I love to be malicious now and then, and faith, am the very scourge of the Court, they all stand in awe of me, for I must speak what I know, tho' sometimes I am used a little scurvily for it; but faith I can't help it, 'tis my way.

L. Sq. Ha, ha, really I love scandal extremely too sometimes, so it be decently manag'd—— But as I was saying, there is not a person in the world understands the Intrigues of the Court better than my self: I am the general Confident of the Drawing Room, and know the loves of all the people of quality in Town.

Cap. Dear Madam, how stands the Affair between my Lord *Supple* and Madam *Lofty*?

L. Sq. Worse then ever: 'Tis very provoking to see how she uses the poor Creature: but the truth is, she can never be at rest for him; he's more troublesome then an old Husband, continually whispering his softnesses and making his vows, till at last she is forc'd to fly to me for shelter, and then we do so laugh——which the good natur'd Creature takes so patiently——I swear, I pity him.

Saunt. But my Lady *Colt* they say is kinder to the Sparkish Mr. *Pruneit*.

L. Sq. Oh Lord, Mr. *Saunter*, that you should understand no better; to my knowledge it is all false: I know all that Intrigue from the beginning to the ending, it has been off this Month——besides he keeps a Player again——Oh, Mr. *Saunter*! whatever you do, never concern your self with those Players.

Saunt. Madam, I have left the folly long since: When first I came to Town, I must confess I had a Gallantry there: but since I have been acquainted with your Ladiships Wit and Beauty, I have learnt to lay out my heart to better advantage——I think that was finely said!

L. Sq. I'll swear, Mr. *Saunter*, you have the most Court-like way of expressing your self——

Saunt. Oh Lord, Madam!

[Bows and cringes.

L. Sq. Mr. *Malagene*, these are both my intimate acquaintance, and I'll swear, I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. *Saunter* sings the *French* manner better then ever I heard any *English* Gentleman in my life: besides he pronounces his *English* in singing with a *French* kind of a Tone or Accent, that gives it a strange beauty——Sweet Sir, do me the favour of the last new Song.

Saunt. Let me die! your Ladiship obliges me beyond expression——*Malagene*, thou shalt hear me.

[Sings a Song in a French Tone.

Mala. What a Devil was this, I understand not a word on't.

Saunt,

Saunt. Ha, *Malagene*, ha?

L. Squ. Did you ever hear any thing so fine?

Malag. Never, Madam, never: I swear, your Ladiship is a great Judge.

L. Squ. but how plain and distinctly too every word was pronounc'd?

Mal. Oh, to admiration, to admiration.

[*Makes mouths aside.*]

L. Squ. Well, Mr. *Saunter*, you are a charming Creature—Oh sad, Mr. *Caper*, I long till Night comes: I'll dance with no body but you to Night, for I swear I believe I shall be out of humour.

Malag. That's more then she ever was in her life, so long as she had a Fool or a Fiddle in her company.

L. Squ. Tho' really I love Dancing immoderately.—But now you talk of Intrigues, I am mistaken if you don't see something where we are going to Night.

Malag. What, *Goodvile* is to commence Cuckold, is it not so?

L. Squ. Oh, fie, Mr. *Malagene*, fie: I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk so strangely:—but let me die, I can't but laugh—ha, ha, ha.—Well, Gentlemen, you shall Dine with me to day—What say you Mr. *Malagene*, will you go?

Malag. Your Ladiship may be sure of me, I hate to break good Company.

L. Sq. And pray now let us be very severe and talk maliciously of all the Town. Mr. *Caper* your hand: Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*, how shall I divide my self—I'll swear, I am strangely at a loss—Mr. *Malagene*, you must be Mr. *Saunters* Mistress I think at present.

Malag. With all my heart, Madam,—Sweet Mr. *Saunter*, your hand: I swear, you are a charming Creature, and your Courtship is as extraordinary as your Voice.—Let me die, and I vow I must have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humourfom and very whimsical I think: ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

End first Act.

THE SECOND ACT.

SCENE, *The Ordinary.*

Enter Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice.

Mrs. Goodv. **D**Id you deliver the Billet?

Lettice. Yes, Madam, faithfully.

Mrs. Goodv. But are you sure you did?

Lettice. Can your Ladiship think I would be guilty of the least neglect in a Concern of such moment.

Mrs. Goodv. And are you sure he Dines here to day?

Lettice. Madam; they are now at Dinner below: Mr. *Valentine's* there too. Oh, I'll swear he's a fine man, the most courteous person!Mrs. Goodv. What, because he hunts and kisses you when he's drunk? No, Lettice, *Truman, Truman*, Oh that *Truman*!

Lettice. I wonder your Ladiship should be so taken with him: were I to choose, I should think my Master the more agreeable man.

Mrs. Goodv. And you may take him if you will; he is as much a Husband as one would wish: I have not seen him this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morning, and then he sneaks to his separate Bed, where he lies till Afternoon, then rises and out again upon his Parole: flesh and blood can't endure it.

Lettice. But he always visits your Ladiship first.

Mrs. Goodv. That's his Policy, as great Debtors are always very respectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what freedom I can desire, but God knows that's all.

Lettice. And where's the pleasure of going abroad and getting a stomach, to return and starve at home?

Mrs. Goodv. I laugh though to think what an easie fool he believes me; he thinks me the most contented, innocent, harmless Turtle breathing, the very pattern of patience.

Lettice. A Jewel of a Wife.

Mrs. Goodv. And as blind with love as his own good opinion of himself has made him.

Lettice. And can you find in your heart to wrong so good a natur'd compleat well-meaning harmless Husband, that has so good an opinion of you?

Mrs. Goodv. Ha, wrong him! what you say, Lettice? I wrong my Husband! such another word forfeits my good opinion of thee for ever.

Lettice. What meant the Billet to Mr. *Truman* then this Morning?Mrs. Goodv. To make him my friend perhaps, and discover if I can who
it

it is that wrongs me in my Husbands affection : for I am sure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe *Victoria* deserves no better then ordinary of me, if the truth were known.

Lettice. Why, she is his near Kinswoman and lives here in the house with you. besides he would never dishonour his own Family surely.

Mrs. Goodv. You are a Fool, *Lettice*, the nearness of blood is the least thing considered. Besides, as I have heard, 'tis almost the only way Relations care to be kind to one another now a days.

Lett. Yet, Madam, you never meet, but you are as kind and fond of him, as if you had all the joyes of love about you. Lord ! How can you dissemble with him so ? Besides, Mr. *Truman*, Madam, you know is his Friend.

Mr. Goodv. Oh, if I would ever consent to wrong my Husband (which Heav'n forbid, *Lettice* !) it should be, to choose, with his Friend. For such a one has a double Obligation to secrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'll swear, *Lettice*, you are an idle Girl for talking so much of this, that you are : 'Tis enough to put ill thoughts into ones head, which I am the most averse to of all things in the world.

Lett. But, Madam, Thoughts are free, and it is as hard not to think a little idly sometimes, as it is, to be always in good humour. But it would make any one laugh to think Mr. *Truman* should be in love with Madam *Victoria*, if all be real which your Ladiship suspects.

Mrs. Goodv. Ay, and with a design of Marriage too : but a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his experience to doubt his security in a Wife, as success in a Mistress.

Lett. Besides, after a little time, he is so very industrious in Cuckolding others, that he never dreams how swiftness his own Affairs are managed at home.

Enter *Victoria*

Mrs. Goodv. But hush—she's here.

Vic. A happy Day to you, Madam.

Mrs. Goodv. Dear Cousin ; your humble Servant : have you heard who are below ?

Vic. Yes, young *Truman* and his inseparable Companion *Valentine*.

Mrs. Goodv. Well, what will you do Cousin, *Truman* comes resolv'd on Conquest ; for with the Advantages he has in your Heart already, 'tis impossible you should be able to hold out against him.

Vic. Yes, powerfull Champaign as they call it may do much, a spark can no more refrain running into love after a Bottle, then a drunken Country Vicar can avoid disputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows stronger then his Reason.

Mrs. Goodv. Come, come, indifferently your Inclinations as artfully as you please, I am sure they are not so indifferent, but they may be easily discerned.

Vic.

Viola. Truly, Madam, you may be mistaken in your guess.

Mrs. Goodv. How! I doubt it is some other man then has caused this alteration in you.—Lord, *Lettice*, is she not extremely alter'd?

Viola. Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. Goodv. Nay, *Lettice*, fetch a Glass and let her see her self; Lord, you are paler then you use to be.

Lett. Ay, and then that blewness under the eyes.

Mrs. Goodv. Besides, you are not so lively as I have known you: pardon me Cousin.

Lett. Well, if there be a fault, Marriage will cure all.

Viola. I'll assure you, I have none that I know off stands in need of so desperate a remedy. Marriage! fault! What can all this tend to?

Enter Page.

Mrs. Goodv. Well, what now?

Page. Madam, *Camilla* is coming to wait upon your Ladiship.

Mrs. Goodv. Ha, *Camilla*! Tell her I'll attend her: Won't you go with me *Victoria*?

Viola. I'll but step into my Chamber, and follow you instantly.

[*Ex. Mrs. Good. and Page.*
Whither can all this drive? Surely she has discovered something of *Goodvile's* love and mine: if she has, I am ruin'd.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. *Victoria*! your Cousin is not here, is she? What, in Clouds? I stole this Minute from my friends on purpose to see thee, and must not I have a look? not a word?

Viola. Oh, I am ruin'd and lost for ever. I fear your Wife has had some knowledge of our Loves: And if it be so, what will then become of me?

Goodv. Prithce, no more: my Wife! she has too good an opinion of her self, to have any ill one of me; and would as soon believe her Glass could flatter her, as I be false to her; my Wife!—ha, ha.

Viola. Yes, I am sure it must be so; it can be no otherwise: But you are satish'd, and now have nothing more to do, but to leave me to be miserable.

Goodv. Leave thee! By Heav'n I'd sooner renounce my Family, and own my self the Bastard of a Rascal: Come, quiet thy doubts, *Truman* is here, and take my Love for thy Security; he shall be thine to Night.

Viola. I have great reason to expect it indeed, that you would hazard your Interest in so good a Friend for the reparation of my Honour, that so little concerns you, and which you have already made your best of.

Goodv. No more of that, Love's my Province; and thine is too dear

Friendship in fashion.

15

dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deserve it, by doing thee that justice which I am incapable of.

Vido. You can promise easily.

Goodv. Ay, and as resolutely perform : when I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Ha, she here !

Mrs. Goodvile. So, so, *Mr. Goodvile*, are you there indeed? I thought I should catch you.

Goodv. Faith, my Dear, I have been speaking a good word for *Jack Truman*; my Cousin *Victoria's* too cruel.

Mrs. Goodv. Oh, fie, *Victoria*! Can you be so hard hearted to deny any thing, when *Mr. Goodvile* is an Advocate?

Vido. I must confess it is with some difficulty; but should I too easily comply upon *Mr. Goodvile's* intercession, who knows but your Ladyship might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may presume there's hopes for himself.

Mrs. Goodv. Ay, but Cousin, I know you are my Friend, and would not, though but in regard of that, do me such injury: Besides, *Mr. Goodvile* knows I dare trust him. Don't you, Love?

Goodv. Trust me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one—Credulous Innocence! *[Aside.]*

Alas, my Dear, were I as false as thou art good, thy generous Confidence would shame me into honesty.

Enter Camilla running and squeaking.

Truman and Valentine after her.

Camill. For Heav'n's sake, Madam, save me! — *Mr. Goodvile*, 'tis safer travelling through the Deserts of *Arabia*, then entering your House: Had I not ran hard for it, I had been devour'd, that's certain.

Val. Oh, Madam, are you herded? it will be to little purpose, I am staunch, and never change my Game.

Cam. But when you have lost it, if fresh start up, you can be as fully satisfied, who hunt more for the love of the sport, then for the sake of the prey.

Valent. But, Madam, should you chance to be taken, look to't, for I shall touse and worry you most unmercifully, till I have reveng'd my self severely, for the pains you cost me catching.

Cam. Therefore I am resolv'd to keep out of your reach; Lord! what would become of such a poor little Creature as I am, in the Paws of so ravenous an Animal?

Trum. But are you too, Lady, so wild, as *Mrs. Camilla*?

Vido.

Vicio. Oh, Sir, to the full! But I hope you are not so unmercifull as *Mr. Valentine.*

Trum. No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as soft and pliant as your Pillow, you may mould me to your own ease and pleasure, which way you will:

Vicio. 'Tis strange two of such different Tempers should so well agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring, ranting, tory rory Sparks as one would wish to meet withall.

Val. Yes, Madam, at the Play-house in a Vizard, when you come dress'd and prepar'd for the Encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimously Modish and Impertinent as the perdest Coxcombs of 'em all, till like them too, we lose our hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

Camil. But the comfort is, you are sure to find 'em again in the next Bottle.

Mrs. Goodv. Then drink 'em down to the Ladies Healths, and they are as well at ease as ever they were.

Trum. Why, you would not be so unconscionable as to have us two such whining crop-sick Lovers, as sigh away their hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be sung about the Town by Fools and Bullies in Taverns.

Goodv. Till some *Smithfield* Doggrel taking the hint, swells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and *Chloris* dwindles into a *Hitchin-Wench.*

Vicio. 'Tis presum'd then you are of that familiar Tribe that never make Love but by contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our perfections.

Camil. As if the onely way to raise a good opinion of your selves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

Trum. Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard world, and when Beauty is held at so dear a rate, 'tis the best way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

Val. But you shall find, Ladies, we'll bid like Chapmen for all that.

Vicio. You had best have a care though, lest you over-reach your selves, and repent of your purchase when 'tis too late.

Camil. Besides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in heat of Wine, for the love it raises is generally like the courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very short liv'd.

Goodv. How, Madam! have a care what you say; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that speak against it, forfeit their Charter. I must not have my Favourite traduc'd.

Boy, bring some Wine, you shall prove its good effects, and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'll drink—

Cam. Till your Brains are afloat, and all the rest sink.

Val. I find then, Ladies, you have the like opinion of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

Cam. Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

Tru. But if your Ladiship should be in the wrong.—Tho' Love like Wine be a good refresher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too busie withall.

And

And though now and then I may over-heat my Head with drinking; yet confound me, I think I shall have a care never to break my heart with loving.

Mrs. Goodv. But Sir, if all men were of your cruel temper, what would become of those tender hearted Creatures that cannot forbear saluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, though it comes without a Name, and makes you as unsatisfi'd as they poor Creatures are themselves?

Trum. Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden Sot that I was, not to be sensible it must be she, and none but she, could send mine this Morning. Well, poor Jack Truman look to thy self, snares are laid for thee; —but the Vertuous must suffer Temptation: And Heav'n knows all flesh is frail.

Enter Boy with Wine.

Goodv. Now Boy, fill the Glasses. But before we proceed, one thing is to be consider'd: My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do seven years hence: but at Night——

Val. A very fair proposal.

Mrs. Goodv. Agreed, Sir, if you will have it so.

Goodv. The Wine——now each man to his post.

The word.

[*All take Glasses.*

{ *They separate, Goodv. to Cam. Val. to Victo. Trum. to Mrs. Goodv.*

Trum. Love and Wine.

[*Enter Lettice.*

Goodv. Pass——

They drink,

Now that nothing may be wanting, Lettice you must sing the Song I brought home t'other Morning, for Musick is as great an encouragement to drinking, as fighting.

Song.

Lettice sings.

How blest'd he appears,
That revels and loves out his happy years,
That fiercely spurs on till he finish his race:
And knowing life's short, chooses living apace.
To cares we were born, 'twere a folly to doubt it,
Then love and rejoyce, there's no living without it.

2.

Each day we grow older;
But as fate approaches, the brave still are bolder.
The joys of Love with our Youth slide away,
But yet there are pleasures that never decay:
When Beauty grows dull, and our Passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when w'are old.

D

Goodv.

Goodv. So, now show me an Enemy to divine harmonious Drinking!

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Squeamish* is below, just alighted out of her Coach.

Goodv. Nay then drinking will have the major Vote against it: She is the most exact observer of Decorums and Decency alive. But she is not alone I hope?

Boy. No, Sir, there is Mr. *Malagene* with her, and three more Gentlemen; one they call Sir *Noble Clumsey*, a full portly Gentleman.

Tram. That's a hopefull Animal, an elder Brother, of a fair Estate, and her Kinsman, newly come up to Town, whom her Ladiship has undertaken to polish and make a fine Gentleman.

Val. 'Tis such a fullorn over-grown Rogue, yet hopes to be a fine Spark, and a very Courtly Youth; he has been this half year endeavouring at a shape, which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. *Caper*, and his polite Companion Mr. *Saunter*.

Goodv. She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her heels, and we may know as well when she is near by the noise her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain Spark of this Town is at hand by the new fangled jingle of his Coach. She comes—and wo be to the VVretch whom she first lights upon.

*Enter L. Squeamish, Sir Noble Clumsey,
Malag. Caper and Saunter.*

L. Sq. Dear Madam *Goodvile*, ten thousand happinesses wait on you; fair Madam *Victoria*, sweet charming *Camilla*, which way shall I express my Service to you.—Cousin your honour, your honour to the Ladies.

Sir Noble. Ladies, as low as Knee can bend, or Head can bow, I salute you all: And Gallants, I am your most humble, most obliged, and most devoted Servant.—That I learn'd at the end of an Epistle Dedicatory.

Goodv. Sir *Noble Clumsey* is too great a Courtier.

Sir Noble. Yes, Sir, I can complement upon an occasion; my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

L. Squ. Gallants, you must pardon my Cousin here, he is but as it were a Novice yet, and has had little Conversation but what I have had the honour to instruct him in.

Malag. But let me tell you, he is a man of parts, and one that I respect and honour: Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

Val. Hark you *Malagene*, how durst you venture hither, knowing that *Goodvile* and *Truman* care so little for your company?

Malag. O, Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I guess'd this was the Duel you were going about: I should not have left you else faith *Ned*, I should not.

Goodv. But, Madam, can the worthy Knight your Kinsman drink? What think you Sir *Noble* of the Ladies Healths?

Sir Nob. In a Glass of small Beer, if you please.

L. Squ.

L. Squ. Oh sweet Mr. *Goodvile*, don't tempt him to drink, dont! I'll swear, I am so afraid he should spoil himself with drinking. Lord, how I should loath a Fellow with a red Nose!

Val. See, *Truman*, the two Coxcombs are already boarding our Mistresses.

Trum. Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em; a woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb sometimes as naturally, as with a Lap-Dog; and I could no more be jealous of one then of the other.

Val. I am not of your opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em sport: And the familiarity of Fools proceeds often-times from a priviledge we are not aware of. For my part, I shall make bold to divert. — Mr. *Saunter* a word: Have you any pretences with that Lady? hah?

Saunt. Some small encouragement I have had, Sir; but I never make my boast of those Favours, never.

Val. No, Sir, 'twere not your best course.

Saunt. Oh Lord, you are pleas'd to be merry: Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that. — Sings. — *Would Phyllis be mine, and for, &c.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, the Fiddles are below, shall I call 'em up?

Mrs. Goodv. No, let 'em stay a little, we'll dance below.

Cap. Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you?

[*Caper capers.*]

Boy. Here, Sir.

Cap. Have you brought my Dancing-shoos?

Boy. No, Sir, you gave me no order: but your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

Cap. Rascal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-shoos? Sirrah, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut off both your Ears, and have 'em fasten'd to the Heels of those I have on.

Trum. It is an unpardonable fault, Sir, that your Boy should forget your Dancing-shoos.

Cap. Ay, hang him, Blockhead, he has no sense; I must get rid of him as soon as I can: I would no more dance in a pair of shoos that we commonly wear, then I would ride a race in a pair of Gambado's.

L. Squeam. Mr. *Valentine* I hope is a better bred Gentleman then to leave his Mistress for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a love between you and Madam *Camilla*? Thou Monster of perjury.

[*To Val.*]

Val. Faith, Madam, you are much in the right; there is abundance of love on my side, but I can find very little on hers: If your Ladiship would but stand my Friend upon this occasion. — I think this is civil.

L. Squ. I'll swear, Sir, you are a most obliging perton —

Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. *Valentine* here is fallen in love, and has

desired

desired me to be his Advocate: Who could withstand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mein; besides a thousand Graces in every thing he does? Oh lovely *Camilla*! guard, guard your Heart; but I'll swear, if it were my own case, I doubt I should not—ha, ha, ha.

Val. Madam? what means all this?

Goodv. Poor *Ned Valentine*!

Trum. 'Tis but what I told him he must look for: but stay, there is more yet coming.

L. Squ. Nay, this is not half of what thou art to expect; I'll haunt thee worse then thy ill Genius, take all opportunities to expose thy folly and falsehood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me.

Val. But has your Ladiship no mercy? will nothing but my ruine appease you? Why should you choose by your malice to expose your decay of years, and lay open your poor Lovers follies to all, because you could improve 'em to your own use no longer? [Approaches.]

L. Squ. Come not near me, Traytor,—Lord, Madam *Camilla*, how can you be so cruel? See, see, how wildly he looks: for Heav'n sake have a care of him; I fear he is distemper'd in his mind: What pity 'tis so hopeful a Gentleman should run mad for Love,—ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Good. Dear Madam, how can you use Mr. *Valentine* so? 'Tis enough to put him out of humour and spoil him for being good company all the day after it.

L. Squ. Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greatest pleasure to me in the world: Let me die, but I love to railly a bashfull young Lover, and put him out of count'nance, at my heart.

Saunt. Ha, ha, ha, and I'll swear the Devil and all's in her wit, when she sets on't. Poor *Ned Valentine*! Lord, how fillily he looks!

Cap. Ay, and would fain be angry if he knew but how.

Val. Hark you Coxcomb, I can be angry, very angry, d'ye mark me?

Sir Noble. No, but Sir, don't be in a passion, my Lady will have her humour; but she's a very good woman at the bottom.

Val. Very likely Sir.

Mrs. Goodv. Now, Madam, if your Ladiship thinks fit, we'll withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themselves a little; onely Mr. *Cappr* and Mr. *Saunter* must do us the honour of their company.

Saunt. Say you so, Madam? I'faith and you shall have it. Come, *Cappr*, we are the men for the Ladies, I see that.—Hey Boys!

L. Squ. Oh dear and sweet Mr. *Saunter* shall oblige us with a Song.

Saunt. O Madam, Ten thousand, ten thousand if you please: I'll swear, I believe I could sing all Day and all Night, and never be weary. [Sings.]

*When Phyllis watcht her barmless Sheep,
Not one poor Lamb, &c.*

[Ex. *Saunter*, *Cap.* Ladies.]

Goodv.

Goodv. A happy riddance this: Now Gentlemen for one Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and now acquaintance, *Sir Noble Clumsey*.

Sir Noble. Really Gallants, I must beg your pardon, I dare not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir, and my Head won't bear it.

Trum. Oh, surely that honourable Bulk could never be maintain'd with thin regular Diet and small Beer.

Sir Noble. I must confess, Sir, I am something plump, but a little fat is comely, I would not be too lean.

Malag. No, by no means my Dear, thou hast an heroick Face which well becomes the noble port and fulness of thy Body.

Val. *Goodvile*, we have a Suit to you: Here is *Malagene* has been sometime in a Cloud, for this once receive him into good Grace and Favour again.

Malag. Faith, *Goodvile* do, for without any more words, I love thee with all my heart—Faith and Troth—give me thy hand.

Goodv. But Sir should I allow you my Countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly I fear.

Malag. Drunk, Sir? I scorn your words, I'de have you know I han't been drunk this week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I won't be very sober: This noble Knight shall be security for my good behaviour. Wilt thou not Knight?

Sir Noble. Sir, you are a person altogether a stranger to me; and I have sworn never to be bound for any man.

Trum. Oh but *Sir Noble*, you are oblig'd in honour to serve a Gentleman and your friend.

Sir Noble. Say you so, Sir? oblig'd in honour? I am satisfi'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatsoever he says I'll stand to.

Malag. Hark thee Son of *Mars*, thou art a Knight already, I'll marry thee to a Lady of my acquaintance, and have thee made a Lord.

Goodv. Boy, the Wine, give *Sir Noble* his Glass, —Gentlemen, *Sir Noble's* Ladies Health.

Sir Nob. Od's my life, I'll drink that tho' I die for't. Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you shall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glass of good Wine!

Val. Say you so? take the other Glass then *Sir Noble*.

Sir Nob. 'Fore *George*, and so I will. Pox on't, let it be a brimmer: Gentlemen, God save the King.

Malag. Well said my lovely man of might: His worship grows good company.

Trum. *Sir Noble*, you are a great Acquaintance with *Mr. Caper* and *Mr. Saunter*, they are men of pretty parts.

Sir Noble. Oh, Sir, the finest persons—the most obliging well-bred complaisant modish Gentlemen: They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are men of fine estates.

Trum. This Rogue is one of those Earthy Mongrels that knows the value

value of nothing but a good Estate, and loves a fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, though his Grandfather were a Blacksmith.

Sir Nob. How say you Sir, a good Estate? od's heart, give me the other Glass, I have two thousand pounds a year.

Malag. Say'st thou so? Boy, bring more Wine; Wine in abundance, Sirrah d'ye hear? *Frank Goodvile*, thou see'st I am free, for Faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

Goodv. *Malagene*, it shall be your task; drink him up lustily, and when that's done, wee'l bring him to my Lady his Cousin, it may make some sport.

Val. A very good proposal.

Malag. Say no more, thy word's a Law, and it shall be done: Come, bear up my lusty Limb of honour, and hang sobriety.

Sir Noble. Ay, so say I, hang sobriety—drink, whore, rant, roar, swear, make a noise, and all that: But be honest, do't hear, be honest.

Trum. I would very fain be so if I could: But the damn'd Billet this Morning won't out of my head. Well, Madam *Goodvile*, if any mischief comes on't, 'tis your own fault, not mine. I did not strike first, and there's an end on't. [Music within.]

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Sir, the Fiddles are ready, and the Ladies desire your Company.—Mr. *Truman*, my Lady wants you.

Trum. Say'st thou so? I thank thee for thy news with all my heart. The Devil I see will get the better on't, and there is no resisting.

Lettice. Sir *Noble*, my Lady *Squeamish* sent me to tell you, she wants your company to dance.

Sir Nob. Tell her, I am busie about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come.—Dance? I look like a *Dancer* indeed! but these women will be always putting us on more then we can do. Boy, give me more Wine.

Goodv. *Malagene*, remember, and use expedition.

[Ex. *Goodv.* *Trum.* *Val.* *Lettice.*

Sir Noble. Sirrah, do you know me? I am a Knight: And here's a Health to all the VVhores in Christendom.

Malag. Not forgetting all the Ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk. [Drinks.]

Sir Nob. So, there's for you, do you see? [Breaks a Glass.]

Sirrah, don't you look scurvily, I have money in my Pocket, you must know that.—Bring us more Wine.

Malagene, thou art a pretty Fellow, do'st thou love me? Give me thy hand: I will salute thy under Lip. [Snuggers.]

Malag. Hah, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I shall almost be drunk as soon as the Knight. *Sir Noble*, canst thou whore?

Sir

Sir Nob. How, where! what a question's there? Thou shalt be my Pimp, and I'll prefer thee.

Malag. What a Rascal this Knight is? I have known as worthy a person as himself a Pimp, and one that thought it no blemish to his honour neither.

Enter Lady Squeamish at the Door.

Sir Noble. Hah, my Lady Cousin? — Faith, Madam, you see I am at it.

Malag. The Devil's in't, I think, we could no sooner talk of Whores, but she must come in, with a Pox to her. Madam, your Ladishps most humble Servant.

L. Squ. Oh, odious! insufferable! Who would have thought, Cousin, you would have serv'd me so — — — fough how he stinks of Wine, I can smell him higher. — How have you the patience to hear the noise of Fiddles, and spend your time in nally drinking?

Sir Nob. Hum! 'tis a good Creature: lovely Lady, thou shalt take thy Glass.

L. Squ. Uh gud murther, I had rather you had offered me a Toad.

Sir Noble. Then Valentine, here's a Health to my Lady Cousins Religion upon Ossa. [Drinks and breaks Glass.]

L. Squ. Lord, dear Mr. Malagene, what's that?

Malag. A certain place Madam in Greece, much talkt of by the Ancients; the noble Gentleman is well read.

L. Squ. Nay he is an ingenious person I'll assure you.

Sir Noble. Now Lady bright I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy hand, I'll go straight and begin my Grandmothers kissing Dance: but first design me the private honour of thy Lip.

L. Squ. Nay, fie Sir Noble! how I hate you now! for shame be not so rude: I'll swear you are quite spoiled. Get you gone, you good natur'd Toad you.

[Exeunt omnes.]

End second Act.

THE

THE THIRD ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Goodvile a little heated.

Goodvile. What a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I grown? If I
vile. But dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot-headed
with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holiday. *Truman*
marries *Victoria*, that's resolv'd on, and so one Care is over. But then
Camilla! how I shall get possession of her. — Well, my mind misgives me
I shall do something may call my Discretion in question, and yet I can't
avoid it. *Camilla* I do love and must have her, come what will on't:
And no time so fit to begin the Enterprize as this; she may make a good
Wife for *Valentine* for all that.

Enter Truman, Valentine. Musick.

Val. Fie, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! Did you quit Champaign for
this? Faith I begin to despair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak
Lovers as Drinkers.

Trum. *Goodvile* thou hast no Conscience: A decay'd Cavalier Captain
that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy Lieutenant in the Country is
not able to keep thee company. Two Bottles, as I take it, is no such tri-
fling matter.

Goodv. Oh but I hate to be baulkt, and a friend that leaves me at two
Bottles, is as unkind as a Mistress that jilts me when I thought I had made
sure of the Business. But Gallants, how stand the Affairs of love? *Tru-*
man, is *Victoria* kind? I question not your friendship in the matter, but
trust the honour of my Family in your hands.

Val. He little thinks *Truman* is inform'd of all, and no longer a stranger
on what score he is so wondrous civil. But I am mistaken, if he be be-
hind with him in kindness long. [*Aside.*]

Trum. A pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never agree with me,
methinks the very thought on't goes a little against my stomach: Like a
young Thief, though I have some itching to be at it, yet I am loth to
venture what may follow.

Goodv. Well, I'll go in and better prepare *Victoria*; in the mean time
believe

believe it onely my ambition to be as well ally'd in bloud as friendship to so good and generous a person as *Truman*.

Trum. What a damn'd Creature man is! *Valentine*, did'st thou believe this fellow could be a Villain?

Val. I must confess, it something surprizes me; he might have found out a fitter person to put his Mistriſs upon, then his Friend: but how the Devil got you the knowledge of it?

Trum. Faith I'll tell thee; for I think I am no way oblig'd to conceal it—his Wife, even his very wife told me all.

Val. I begin to suspect that Mrs. *Goodvile* has no ill opinion of you; I observ'd something but now very obliging towards you: Besides when a Woman begins to betray her Husbands secrets, 'tis a certain sign she has a mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

Trum. *Valentine* no more of that; Though it would be a rare revenge to make a Cuckold of this smiling Rogue.

Val. 'Tis 50 times better then cutting his Throat, that were to do him more honour then he deserves.

Enter *Malagene*.

Malag. Ha, ha, ha, the rarest sport—*Jack Truman*, *Ned Valentine*.

Trum. Why, whats the matter? where?

Malag. Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight as drunk as a Porter; and faith *Jack* I am but little better.

Val. Dear Sir, and what of all this?

Mal. Why with a Bottle under his arm, and a Beer-glass in his hand I set him full drive at my Lady *Squeamish*; for nothing else but to make mischief *Ned*—nothing else in the world; for every body knows I am the worst natur'd fellow breathing: 'Tis my way of wit.

Val. Do you love nobody then?

Malag. No not I: yes, a pox on't I love you well enough, because ye are a Rogue I have known a good while. Though should I take the least prejudice against you, I could not afford you a good word behind your back for my heart.

Trum. Sir, we are much obliged to you: 'Tis a sign the Rogue is drunk that he speaks truth.

Malag. I tell you what I did t'other day: faith 'tis as good a jest as ever you heard.

Val. Pray Sir do.

Mal. Why walking along, a lame Fellow follow'd me, and askt my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty proposition to me:) being in one of my witty merry fits, I askt him how long he had been in that condition? The poor Fellow shook his head and told me he was born so.—But how d'ye think I serv'd him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

E

Malag.

Malag. I show'd my parts I think ; for I tript up both his wooden Legs, and walkt off gravely about my business.

Trum. And this you say is your way of wit?

Malag. Ay altogether this and Mimickry: I am a very good Mimick; I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchio*, *Harlequin*, *Prince Prettyman*, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow.

Val. The rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

Malag. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow, so I say—Nay, more then that, I can act a Sow and Piggs, Sauages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roasting: I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed must be the effect of very curious observation.

Malag. No, hang it, I never make it my business to observe any thing, that is Mechanick. But all this I do, you shall see me if you will: But here comes her Ladiship and Sir Noble.

Enter Lady Squeamish and Sir Noble.

L. Squ. Oh dear Mr *Truman* rescue me. Nay, Sir *Noble*, for Heav'n's sake.

Sir Nob. I tell thee Lady, I must embrace thy lovely body. Sir, do you know me? I am Sir *Noble Clumsey*: I am a Rogue of an Estate, and live I—Do you want any money? I have fifty pound.

Val. Nay good Sir *Noble*, none of your generosity we beseech you. The Lady, the Lady Sir *Noble*.

Sir Nob. Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is.—Hang money, my Father was an Alderman.

Mal. 'Tis pity good Guineys should be spoil'd: Sir *Noble*, by your leave. [*Picks 'em up.*

Sir Nob. But Sir you will not keep my money?

Malag. Oh, hang money Sir, your Father was an Alderman.

Sir Nob. Well, get thee gone for an Arch-wagg—I do but sham all this while:—But by Dad he's pure company.

Trum. Was there ever such a Blockhead! Now has he nevertheless a mighty opinion of himself, and thinks all this wit and pretty discourse.

Sir Noble. Lady, once more I say be civil and come kiss me; I shall ravish else, I shall ravish mightily.

Val. Well done Sir *Noble*, to her, never spare.

L. Squ. I may be even with you though for all this Mr. *Valentine*: Nay, dear Sir *Noble*, Mr. *Truman*, I'll swear he'll put me into Fits.

Sir Nob. No, but let me salute the Hem of thy Garment. Wilt thou marry me? [*Kneels.*

Malag. Faith Madam do, let me make the Match.

L. Squ. Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are a strange man, and I'll swear have a great deal of wit. Lord, why don't you write?

Malag. Write? I thank your Ladiship for that with all my heart. No, I have a finger in a Lampoon or so sometimes, that's all.

Trum.

Trum. But he can act.

L. Squ. I'll swear and so he does better then any one upon our Theatres; I have seen him. Oh the *English* Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the *French* or *Italian*: Besides we want Poets.

Sir Nob. Poets! why I am a Poet. I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis to be a Tragedy.

L. Squ. Oh Cousin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my counsel: Be sure to say soft melting tender things in it that may be moving, and make your Ladies Characters vertuous what ere you do.

Sir Nob. Moving? why, I can never read it my self but it makes me laugh, well, 'tis the pretty'st Plot and so full of waggery.

L. Squ. Oh ridiculous!

Malag. But Knight the Title, Knight, the Title.

Sir Noble. Why let me see; 'Tis to be call'd, The merry Conceits of Love; or, The Life and Death of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, with the humours of his Dog *Bobadillo*.

Malag. Ha, ha ha.

Val. But *Sir Noble*, this sounds more like a Comedy.

Sir Noble. Oh, but I have resolved it shall be a Tragedy, because *Bobadillo's* to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy! no, I scorn to write Comedy. I know several that can squirt Comedy.—I'll tell you more of this when I am sober.

L. Squ. But dear Mr. *Malagene*, won't you let us see you act a little something of *Harlequin*? I'll swear you do it so naturally, it makes me think I am at the *Louvre* or *Whitehall* all the time. [*Malag. ads.* Oh Lord, don't, don't neither: I'll swear you'll make me burst. Was there ever any thing so pleasant?

Trum. Was ever any thing so affected and ridiculous? Her whole life surely is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd woman with all the exquisite filliness and vanity of her Sex; yet none of the charms.

{ *Malag. speaks in Punchi-*
nello's voice.

L. Squ. O Lord, that, that; that is a pleasure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. *Malagene*, how long have you been in love with Mrs. *Tawdry* the Actress?

Malag. Ever since your Ladiship has been off from the hooks with Mr. *Valentine*. [*In his own voice aloud.*

L. Squ. Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. *Malagene* had been better bred than to upbraid me with any such base thing to my face, what ever he might say of me behind my back: But there is no Honour, no Civility in the world, that I am satisfied of.

Val. Can your Ladiship take any thing ill from Mr. *Malagene*? A woman should bear with the unluckly Jerks of her Buffoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the ill manners of her Monkey sometimes: The Fools and Rascalls your Sex delights in, ought to have the priviledge of saying as well as they have of doing any thing.

L. Squ. Which you men of wit (as you think your selves!) are very angry you should be debarr'd of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good parts should be your misfortune.

Val. Ay Madam, I feel the curse of it: I who had just sence enough to fall in love with so much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradise I was so happily posselt of.

L. Squ. This malice and ill-nature shall not serve your turn; I shall know all your proceedings and intrigues with *Camilla*, and be reveng'd on your love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

Enter *Caper* and *Saunter*.

Cap. Oh dear Madam, w're utterly undone for want of your Ladiships company I'll vow. Madam *Goodvile* is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here. [Cuts backward.

Sir Noble. Sir, are you a Dancing-Master? you are very nimble me-thinks.

Caper. Ay Sir, I hate to stand still. But *Sir Noble*, I thought you had known me I doubt you may be a little over-taken; Faith, dear heart, I am glad to see thee so merry.

Sir Noble. Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a year or so, 'tis good for my bodily health. But do you never drink?

Cap. No, *Sir Noble*, that is not my Province you know: I mind Dancing altogether.

Sir Noble. Nor you? can't you drink, hah?

Saunt. No, I make love and sing to Ladies.

Sir Noble. Whores to my knowledge, errant rank common Whores. A pox on your woman of quality that you carried me to in the *Mail*.

Trum. Why, what was the matter *Sir Noble*?

Sir Nob. By yea and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Baud instead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, variety of old Cloaths, and nothing to cat.

L. Sq. Oh dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleasant.

Trum. I believe *Sir Noble* is much in the right, for I never came near these giddy intriguing Blockheads, but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a hackney stripping Whore that did not know 'em.

Cap. *Ned Valentine*, I have a kindness to beg of you.

Val. Sir, you may command me any thing.

Cap. Why, you must know I am in love with *Camilla*.

Val. Very good.

Cap. Now I would have you speak to *Frank Goodvile* not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it; for to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her; I catcht him at it but now: Faith it made my heart ake, never stir if it did not. [Ex.

Val. Introth Sir 'tis very uncivil: *Truman*, this *Goodvile* has a mind to

to oblige us both; he's providing a Wife for me too as fast as he can. *Camilla's* his Quarrey now I understand, and by that time he has plaid as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Mistress *Victoria*, I may stand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

Trum. Valentine, thou art upon too sure grounds for him there; *Camilla* has both too much wit and vertue, and each with as little affection as the other.

Val. Jack, after this I cannot but be very free with you; I know there is some lovehatching between you and his Wife: both our revenge lies in thy hands, and if thou do'st not thy self and me justice, I'll disown thee for ever.

Trum. See where he comes with a heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but honesty in it.

Enter *Goodvile*.

Sings.

*When Beauty can't move, and our passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps its charms, and we drink when w' are old:*

Good.—*Jack Truman*, yonder have I and *Victoria* been laughing at thee till we were weary. She swears thou art so very modest, she would not for all the world marry thee for fear of spoiling that vertue.

Trum. Nay then I doubt I have lost her for ever; for if she complains of my modesty, she has found a fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

Goodv. But that is equality which though they hate never so much in a Gallant, they are apt for many reasons to value in a Husband: Fear not, Dissimulation is the natural adjunct of their Sex; and I would no more despair of a woman, though she swore she hated me, then I would believe her though she swore she lov'd me.

Enter *Lady Squeamish*, and the rest of the Company with the Fiddles.

L. Sq. Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! *Mr. Caper* where are you? you shall dance with *Madam Camilla*. *Mr. Saunter* wait on *Victoria*. *Mr. Goodvile* your humble Servant. Dear *Mr. Truman* won't you oblige me? *Madam Goodvile*——ha, ha, ha: I'll swear I had utterly forgotten *Mr. Valentine*.

Val. Your Ladiship knows me to be a civil person, if you please, I'll keep good orders.

[*All take out the Women.*]

Malag. Faith *Ned* do, and I'll keep the Musick in tune: Away with it; Hold, hold——what insufferable Rascals are these? why ye scurvy thrashing scraping Mongrels, ye make a worse noise then cramp't Hedg-hogs. An old gouty Dancing-Master that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Musick on his crackt Kitt——

'Sdeath

'Sdeath ye Dogs can't you play now as a Gentleman sings? hah—

Goodv. Sir, will you never leave this nauseous humour of yours? I can never be with you but I must be forc'd to use you ill, or indure the perpetual torment of your Impertinence.

Malag. Well Sir, I ha' done Sir, I ha' done: but 'tis very hard a man can't be permitted to shew his parts. 'Sdeath *Frank*, do'st thou think thou understand'st Musick?

Goodv. Sir I understand it so well, that I won't have it interrupted in my company by you.

Malag. I am glad on't with all my heart; I never thought you had understood any thing before. — I think there I was pretty even with you.

Goodv. Sauciness and ill-manners are so much your province, that nothing but kicking is fit for you.

Malag. Sir, you may use your pleasure; but I care no more for being kickt, then you do for kicking. But prithee *Frank* why should you be out of humour so? The Devil take me, if I shall not give thee such a jerk presently will make thee angry indeed.

L. Sq. Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, how can you be so ill-natur'd? I'll swear Mr. *Malagene* is in the right. These people have no manners in the least, play not at all to dancing: but I vow he himself sings a Tune extream prettily.

Goodv. Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd? I shall have no opportunity to pursue my business with *Camilla*: I must remove this troublesome Coxcomb, and that perhaps may put stop at least to her Impertinence.

L. Squ. Mr. *Truman*, Mr. *Goodvile*, and Ladies, I beseech you do me the favour to hear Mr. *Malagene* sing a *Scotch* Song: I'll swear I am a strange Admirer of *Scotch* Songs, they are the pretti'st soft melting gentle harmless things——

Saunt. By Dad, and so they are.—*In January last*—— [Sings.

Val. Deliver us! A *Scotch* Song! I hate it worse then a *Scotch* Bagpipe, which even the Bears are grown weary of, and have better Musick. I wish I could see her Ladiship dance a *Scotch* Jigg to one of 'em.

Mal. I must needs beg your Ladiships pardon, I have forgotten the last new *Scotch* Song: But if you please, I'll entertain you with one of another nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleasant.

L. Sq. Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are eternally obliging me.

Malag. sings an Irish Cronon.

Malag. Well, Madam, how like you it Madam, hah?

L. Sq. Really it is very pretty now—the pretti'st odd out of the way Notes. Don't you admire it strangely?

Mal. I'll assure your Ladiship I learnt it of an *Irish* Musician that's lately come over, and intend to present it to an Author of my Acquaintance to put it in his next Play.

L. Sq.

L. Sq. Ha, ha, Mr. *Valentine*, I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Mistress, — ha, ha, ha.

Val. My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty voice, he shall learn it if you please; and if your Ladyship has any further service for him —

L. Sq. Ah Lord, Wit, wit, wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

Trum. Valentine, thou art something too rough; I am afraid her Ladyship will be reveng'd; I see mischief in her eyes; 'tis safer provoking a *Lancashire* Witch, then an old Mistress; and she as violent in her malice too.

Goodv. *Malagene*, a word with you — hark ye, come hither.

[Goes to the Door.]

Mal. Well *Frank*, what's the business now? I am clearly for mischief, shall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Rascals out of doors?

Goodv. No, Sir; but I'll be so civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, Sir, no struggling, I have Footmen within.

Mal. Whoo, prithee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a silly, affected fantastical Gipsy: I did all this but o' purpose to shew her — Let me alone, I'll abuse her worse.

Goodv. No Sir; but I'll take more care of your reputation, and turn you out to learn better manners. No resistance as you tender your Ears; but begon. [Exit.]

Goodv. So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have some little time to my self. — Fiddles strike up. [Dance.]

Truman. Thus Madam you freely enjoy all the pleasures of a single life, and ease your self of that wretched formal Austerity which commonly attends a married one.

Mrs. Goodv. Who would not hate to be one of those simpering Saints that enter into Marriage as they would go into a Nunnery, where they keep very strict to their Devotion for a while, but at last turn as errant Sinners as e're they were.

Truman. Marriages indeed should be repair'd to as commonly Nunneries are, for handsome retreats and conveniences, not for Prisons, where those that cannot live without 'em may be safe, yet sometimes venture too abroad a little.

Mrs. Goodv. But never Sir without a Lady Abbess or a Confessor at least.

Trum. Might I Madam, have the honour to be your Confessor, I should be very indulgent and lavish of Absolution to so pretty a Sinner.

Mrs. Goodv. See, Mr. *Goodvile* and Madam *Camilla* I believe are at staid already.

Trum. And poor *Ned Valentine* looks as pensively as if all the sins of the Company were his own.

Mrs. Goodv. See Mr. *Caper* your Mistress.

Cap. Ha *Camilla*! Sir your Servant, may I have the honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

Goodv.

Goodv. No Sir, Death! surely I have Fools that rest and harbour in my house, and they are a worse plague then Buggs and Mothes: shall I never be quiet?

Val. Sir Noble, Sir Noble, have a care of your Mistribs! do you see there?

Sir Noble. Hum—ha—where? oh—— [Wakes and rises.

Saunt. Nay, faith Madam, *Harry Caper's* as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittiy't Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town. *Harry*, I shall marry her.

Sir Nob. Marry Sir! whom will you marry Sir? you lye. Sweet Heart come along with me, I'll marry thee my self presently.

Viñ. You, Sir Noble! —what d'ye mean? [She squeaks.

Sir Noble. Mean! honourably, honourably, I mean honourably. These are Rogues my Dear, arrant Rogues. Come along. — [Ex. *Sir Nob. Viñ.*

Cap. Ha, *Saunter.*——

Saunt. Ay *Caper*, ha! Let us follow this drunken Knight.

Cap. I faith, and so I will—I don't value him this! [Cuts.

[Ex. *Cap. and Saunt.*

L. Sq. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll swear my Cousin *Sir Noble* is a strange pleasant Creature. Dear Madam, let us follow and see the sport. *Mr. Truman* will you walk? Oh dear, 'tis violent hot. [Exeunt.

Val. I'll withdraw too, and at some distance observe how matters are carried between *Goodvile* and *Camilla*. [Exit.

Goodv. Are you then Madam resolv'd to ruine me? Why should all that stock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deserve the gleanings of it? I love you——

Cam. And all the Sex besides. That ever any man should take such pains to forswear himself to no purpose!

Goodv. Nay, then there's hopes yet, if you pretend to doubt the truth of my love; 'tis a sign you have some inclinations at least that are my Friends.

Cam. This *Goodvile* I see is one of those spruce polish'd Fools, who have so good an opinion of themselves, that they think no woman can resist 'em, nor man of better sence despise 'em. I'll seem at present to comply, and try how far 'twill pass upon him.

Goodv. Well Madam, have you consider'd on't? will the stone in your heart give way?

Cam. No Sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever 'twas.

Goodv. And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with my self? Hah?

Cam. At your own discretion Sir, though I should be loth to see so proper a handsom Gentleman come to an ill end.

Goodv. Good charitable Creature! But Madam, know I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my revenge shall be to love you still; gloat on and loll after you where ere I see you; in all publick meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and so plain, that

that every Fop that sings 'em shall know 'tis you I mean.

Cam. So Sir, this is something: Could not you as well have told me you had been very ill-natur'd at first? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; besides, 'tis a thousand times better then vowing and bowing, and making a deal of love and noise, and all to as little purpose as any thing you say else.

Goodv. Right exquisite Tyrant! I'll set a watch and guard so strict upon you, you shall not entertain a well-drest Fool in private, but I'll know it; Then in a lewd Lampoon publish it to the Town; till you shall repent and curse the hour you ever saw me.

Cam. Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel man!

Goodv. Hah, how's that? am I then mistaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I ask ten thousand pardons; curst damn'd sot that I was! I have ruin'd my self now for ever.

Cam. Well Sir, should I now forgive you all, could you consent to wrong your Lady so far? you have not yet been married a full year: How must I then suspect your love to me, that can so soon forget your faith to her?

Goodv. Oh Madam, what do you do? the name of a Wife to a man in love is worse then cold water in a Fever: 'Tis enough to strike the Distemper to my heart and kill me quite, my Lady quoth a!

Cam. Besides, *Valentine* you know is your Friend.

Goodv. I grant it, he is so; A Friend is a thing I love to eat and drink and laugh withall: Nay more, I would on a good occasion lose my life for my Friend; but not my pleasure. Say where and when it shall be?

Cam. Never, I dare not.

Goodv. You must by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand Walk in the lowest Garden.

Camil. I won't promise you; can't you trust my good nature?

Goodv. Charming Creature! I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between *Truman* and *Victoria*, my hopes are compleated.

Cam. Haste! haste! away Sir, I see *Valentine* coming.— [Ex, *Goodv.*

Enter *Valentine*.

Val. Madam, you are extremely merry; I am glad Mr. *Goodvite* has left you in so good a humour.

Cam. Ay Sir, and what may please you more, he is parted hence in as good a humour as he has left me here.

[Enter *Lady Squeamish*, Bridget at the Door.

L. Sq. *Valentine* and *Camilla* alone together! Now for an opportunity to be reveng'd! ah how I love malice!

Val. Ungratefull'st of women!

Cam. Foolishest of men! Can you be so very silly to be jealous? for I find you are so: What have you ever observ'd since first your knowledge

of me that might persuade you I should ever grow fond of a man, as notoriously false to all Women; as you are unworthy of me? *[Aside.]*

L. Squ. Has *Valentine* been false to her too? nay, then there is some pleasure left yet; to think I am not the only Woman that has suffer'd by his baseness.

Val. What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an hour only for a little harmless raillery or so; an honour I could never obtain without hard suit and humble supplication.

Cam. Alas! how very Politick you are grown! you would pretend displeasure to try your power. No—I shall henceforth think you never had a good opinion of me, but that your Love was at first as ill grounded as your fantastickall Jealousy is now.

Val. What specious pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am easy and good natur'd, willing to believe and be deceiv'd:—what, not a word?

Camill. Though I can hardly descend to satisfy your distrust, for which I hardly value you and almost hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did discourse with him, and of love too; nay more, granted him an appointment, but one I never meant to keep, and promised it only to get rid of him. This is more than I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted such an opportunity as this to check your pretences, which I found grew too unruly to be kept at a distance.

Val. Tho' I had some reason to be in doubt, yet this true resentment and just proceeding has convinc'd me. For *Goodvile* is a man I have little reason to trust, as will appear hereafter, and 'twas my knowledge of his baseness made me run into so mean a distrust of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again discard me for ever.

Cam. Yes: But the next time I shall happen to discourse with a Gentleman in private, I shall have you listening at the door or eves-dropping under the window. What, distrust your friend the honourable worthy Mr. *Goodvile*!—fie, how can you be so ungenerous?

Val. There is not such another Hypocrite in the World: He never made Love but to delude, nor Friendship but for his ends:—Even his own Kinswoman, and charge *Victoria* he has long since corrupted, and now would put her on his best Friend *Truman* for a Wife.

Cam. I cannot but laugh to think, how easily he swallow'd the cheat: He could not be more transported at possession, then he was with expectation, and he went away in a greater Triumph then if he had conquer'd the *Indies*.

Val. Where did you promise him?

Cam. In the left hand walk in the lower Garden.

L. Squ. So in the left hand walk in the lower Garden: I heard that. *[Aside.]* But Mr. *Valentine* you may chance to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleasant.

Val. And when?

Cam. Anon when it begins to grow dark.

L. Squ.

L. Squ. Enough, I know the time and place; and Madam Camilla, I shall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to night. Alas poor inconsiderable Creature, how this makes me loath her!

Camil. Now would this News be more welcom to her Ladiship Madam Squeamish, then a new Fashion, a new Dance, or a new Song: How many Visits would she make on the occasion! not a Family in Town would be at rest for her, till she had made it a Jest. From the Mother of the Maids, to the Attorney's Wife in Holborn.

Val. But for some private reasons I would have kept it from her, and from Madam Goodvile too. There are Affairs to be carry'd on to Night, which the least Accident may interrupt.—Besides, I have thought upon't, and will so contrive the matter, that Goodvile shall keep his Assignment, and her Ladiship her self supply the place of the much expected charming Camilla.

Cam. But would you Sir do me such an Injury as to make me break my word with Mr. Goodvile? that were inhumane.

Val. Good Conscionable Creature have patience, and don't you think of paying Debts too fast,—there's an Account yet between you and I which must be made even; and I think I had best secure it now I have you in my custody.

Cam. Ay but Sir, if I part with any thing, I shall expect to have something to shew for't.

Val. Nay, if I don't offer as lusty security and conditions as any man, let me lose all I lay claim to, that's fair. [Exeunt.

L. Squ. So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extremely surprizing. Bridget go home, and fetch me the Morning-Gown I had last made in imitation of Camilla's, for perhaps I shall go a Masquerading to Night, or it may be not, but fetch it nevertheless.

Bridg. Madam, won't the other serve? you may remember you left it at my Lady Foplove's t'other Night; that's nearer.

L. Squ. Impertinent Creature! and wouldst thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I say: And d'ye hear, bring me a Mask with an Amber-Bead, for I fear I may have Fits to Night.

Bridg. I never knew her without fantastical ones I am sure, for they cost me many a weary Errand. [Ex.

Enter Victoria.

L. Squ. Oh my dear Victoria! the most unlookt for happiness! the pleasant accident! the strangest discovery! the very thought of it were enough to cure melancholy. *Valentine and Camilla, Camilla and Valentine, ha, ha, ha.*

Vitlo. Dear Madam, what is it transports you?

L. Squ. Nay, 'tis too precious to be communicated: hold me, hold me, or I shall dye with laughter—ha, ha, ha, *Camilla and Valentine, Valentine and Camilla, ha ha ha.*—O dear, my heart's broken.

Vitlo. Good Madam, refrain your mirth a little, and let me know the Story, that I may have a share in it.

L. Squ. An Affignation! an Affignation to Night in the lower Garden. — By strong good fortune I over-heard it all just now — but to think on the pleasant consequence that will happen, drives me into an excess of joy beyond all sufferance.

Visto. Madam, in all probability the pleasantst consequence is like to be theirs if any bodies, and I cannot guess how it should touch your Ladiship in the least.

L. Squ. Oh Lord, how can you be so dull? why, at the very hour and place appointed will I meet *Valentine* in *Camilla's* stead, before she can be there her self; then when she comes expose her infamy to all the world, till I have thoroughly reveng'd my self for all the base Injuries her Lover has done to me.

Visto. But Madam, can you indure to be so malicious?

L. Squ. That, that's the dear pleasure of the thing; for I vow I'd sooner die ten thousand deaths, if I thought I should hazard the least temptation to the prejudice of my honour.

Visto. But why should your Ladiship run into the mouth of danger? Who knows what scurvy lurking Devil may stand in readiness and seize your Vertue before you are aware of him?

L. Squ. Temptation? No I'd have you know I scorn Temptation: I durst trust my self in a Convent amongst a Kennel of Cramm'd Friers: Besides that ungrateful ill-bred fellow *Valentine* is my mortal aversion: more odious to me then foul Weather on a May-Day, or ill smell in a Morning.

Visto. Nay, now Madam you are too violent.

L. Squ. Too violent! I would not keep a waiting woman that should commend any one thing about him: Dear *Victoria* urge nothing in his behalf, for if you do, you lose my friendship for ever: Tho' I swear he was a fine Person once, before he was spoil'd.

Visto. I am sure your Ladiship had the best share in his spoiling then. [Aside.

L. Squ. No, were I inclin'd to entertain addressees, I assure I need not want for Servants: For I swear I am so perplext with *Billet Deux* every Day, I know not which way to turn my self: Besides there is no fidelity, no honour in Mankind: Oh dear *Victoria*! whatever you do, never let Love come near your heart: Though really I think true Love is the greatest pleasure in the World.

Visto. Would I had never known Love: My honour had not then lain at the mercy of so ungrateful a Wretch as *Goodville*, who now has certainly abandon'd and forgotten me.

L. Squ. Well, certainly I am the most unsteady restless humourfome woman breathing: Now am I so transported at the thoughts of what I have design'd, that I long till the hour comes, with more Impatience then — I'll swear I know not what to say — Dear *Victoria* ten thousand adieus — With me good success — Yet now I think on't I'll stay a little longer — I'll swear I must not neither — Well I'll go — No, I'll stay — Well, I am resolv'd neither to stand still — sit still — nor lie still — nor have one thought at rest — till the business be over. — I'll swear I am a strange Creature.

[Exit *L. Squ.*
Visto. Fare-

Victo. Farewel Whirligig.

Enter Goodvil.

Goodv. *Victoria* here! To meet with an old Mistress when a man is in pursuit of a fresh one, is a worse Omen then a Hare in a Journey. I'll step aside this way till she's past me, so, farewel Fubb.

[*Makes mouths. Exit Victo.*

Now for the lovely kind yielding *Camilla*! How I long for the happy hour! Swelling burning breasts, dying eyes, balmy lips, trembling joints, millions of kisses and unspeakable joys wait for me.

Enter Truman and Valentine.

Well, Gentlemen! Now you have left the Ladies, I hope there may be room near your hearts for a Bottle or two.

Trum. Dear *Goodvil* thou art too pow'rful to be deny'd any thing. 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a swift Glass or two now were seasonable and refreshing, to wash away the Toil and Fatigue of the Day.

Val. After a man has been disturb'd with the publick Impertinences and Follies he meets withall abroad, he ought to recompence himself with a Friend and a Bottle in private at Night.

Goodv. Spoken like men that deserve the life you enjoy: I'll in before and put all things in readines.

[*Ex. Goodvil.*

Val. This worthy Person for his honesty and sobriety, would have made a very good *Dutch* Burgomaster: But he is as damnable an *English* Friend and Gentleman as one would wish to meet withal.

Trum. *Valentine*, thou art too much concerned at him: Methinks *Camilla*'s Justice and the pleasant Cheat she has put upon him, should rather make thee despise and laugh at him as I do.

Val. *Truman*, thou indeed hast reason: And when I shall know the happy success of the revenge thou hast in store for him, I may do my Self and Him that Justice as scorn him, but am too angry yet.

Trum. Then to give thee ease (for I dare trust thee) know this very night I also have an Assignment with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper end of the Garden, the opposite walk to that where he expects to meet *Camilla*.

Val. Then I am at rest, let's in. I have nothing else to do but take care so to finish him, as that you shall fear no Interruption: At least he will be so full of his expectation of *Camilla*, that he'll never dream in what posture his own affairs stand in another place.

Trum. Away then: and may good luck attend us: Er'e yet two hours are past, his Wife's my own methinks already in that secure dark private Grotto.

Close in my arms, and languishing she lies,

With dying looks, short breath, and winking eyes;

And the supine dull Cuckold nothing spies.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE FOURTH ACT.

SCENE Night-garden.

Enter Goodvile at one Door, Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice following her at the other.

Goodv. SO, I think I came off in good time : 'hold ! now for *Camilla*, by *Jove* I think I am little better then drunk. Hah ! who's there, *Victoria* as I live ; nay it must be she as I said before. The poor Gipsy's jealous ; has had some intimation of my appointment with *Camilla* : I'll loof off and observe which way she steers.

Mrs. Good. *Lettice* I fear that's Mr. *Goodvile's* Voice, what ever you doe, if any cross accident happens, be sure you call me *Victoria*.

Good. Aye aye, 'tis *Victoria* ! Vigilant Devil ! but I'll take this way, and wait at the lower end of the Walk.

Mrs. Goodv. *Lettice* look well round you that no body see us, and then follow me.

Enter Truman.

Trum. Thus far all is well : how I pity poor *Valentine* ! yonder is he plying Bumpers as they call 'em, more furiously then a Foreign Minister that comes into *England* to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited something long though, who comes here ?

Enter Lettice.

Lett. 'Tis I, Sir, your Servant *Lettice*.

Trum. My little good natur'd Agent is it you ? where's thy Lady ? she's too cruell to let a poor Lover languish here so long in expectation : it looks as if she rather meant to make a tryall of my Patience, then my Love : is she coming ?

Lett. Well, I swear (as my Lady *Squeamish* says) you are a strange Creature. But I'll goe and tell her : Though I'll vow I utterly disowne having any hand in this Buiness ; and if any ill comes of it 'tis none of my fault.

Trum. No no, not in the least, prithee dispatch. How's this ! more company ! who comes there ?

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. 'Tis I, Jack Truman, your friend Valentine.

Trum. My dear encourager of Iniquity! what news? Where's Goodvile?

Val. No matter for Goodvile! here comes your Mistress.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, Valentine retires.

Trum. Now, now, now, what the Devil ailes me? how I shall quake and tremble?

Madam, dear Madam, where are you?

Mrs. Goodv. Mr. Truman, is't your voice? Lettice, you may goe in again if you will. — [Ex. Lettice.

Well, Sir, I'll vow Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp evening for a World.

Trum. I'll warrant you Madam, whilst you are in my possession, no cold shall hurt you: come, shall we withdraw to the Grotto?

Mrs. Goodv. Withdraw to the Grotto? blefs me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll swear you make my Heart ache.

Trum. Oh Madam! I have the best Cure for the passion of the Heart in the World. I have try'd it Madam, 'tis *Probatum*: come, come, let's retire, — do, make a disturbance and ruine your self and me, do!

Mrs. Goodv. Nay, I'll swear, Sir, you are insufferably rude; you had best make a noise and Alarm my Husband, you had, for hang me I shall cry out.

Trum. No, no, I'm sure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll use you so gently — hark! — don't you hear, there's some body coming.

Mrs. Goodv. Where, where, where? If we are seen we are undone for ever: well, I'll never give you such an advantage again.

Trum. I'm sure you would not, if I should let slip this. Come, come, delays are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

Mrs. Goodv. Ah Lord! you kill me! — what will become of me — ah — [Carries her in.

Val. Nay, faith, Madam, your condition is something desperate that's certain. 'Tis a pretty employment I am like to have here; but it is for the sake of my Friend and my Revenge: and two dearer Arguments there cannot be to perswade me to any thing.

Enter Malagene at some distance.

Malag. So, Jack Truman and Madam Goodvile have ordered matters pretty well; I'll say that for my Kinswoman, she lays about her handsomely; but certainly I hear another Voice this way: I'll withdraw. once again, there may be more sport yet.

Val. i.

Friendship in fashion.

Val. That should be *Goodvile* : I'll step behind this Tree, and see how he and her Ladyship behave themselves. This is like to be a night of as civil business as I have known a great while.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. Death, and the Devil ! how that puny Rogue *Valentine* has souced me ? if I should have overstay'd the time now and mist of my appointment with *Camilla* — *Truman* is reel'd home that's certain, and *Valentine* I believe has follow'd him by this time. *Camilla*, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting *Camilla*, where art thou ?

Enter Lady Squeamish.

L. Squ. That must be *Valentine*, nay, I am sure it is he ! how sneakingly will he look when he shall find his mistake ? but I'll take care if possible that no such thing shall happen, so mine be the pleasure, and *Camilla*'s the scandal ; I'll rush by him through the Walk into the Wilderness.
[*Runs cross the Walk.*

Goodv. That must be she, how swiftly she flew along, as if she fear'd to be too late, loosely attired and fit for Joys ! Now all the power of Love and good fortune direct me. [*Exit.*

Val. So, thanks to our Stars, he is safe ; though a Pox on't, methinks this dry pimping is but a scurvy employment : had I but a Sister or Kinswoman of his to keep doing withall, there were some comfort in it, — but here comes *Truman* and the Lady, I must not be seen. [*Ex.*

Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.

Trum. You shall not goe : Come but back a little, I have something more to tell you that nearly concerns us both : besides, Mr. *Goodvil*'s in the Garden, and if he should chance to meet us, what excuse could we make to him ?

Mrs. Goodv. But will you promise me *Victoria* shall never rob me of your Heart ? She does not deserve it I am sure half so well as I.

Trum. Kind tender hearted Creature I know it : nor shall she ever come so near it, as to know that I have one : — alas ! we talk too long, [*Noise.* I hear company coming, we shall be surpriz'd, and disappointed, and then I am undone.

Mrs. Goodv. I'll swear you make me tremble every Joynt of me : what would you have me doe ?

Trum. See, see, who are yonder.

{ *Exeunt Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.*

Enter

Enter Goodvile and Lady Squeamish.

Goodv. What a feast of delight have I had ! surely she was born only to make me happy ! her naturall and unexperienced Tenderneſs exceeded practis'd Charms : — Dear bleſt lovely *Camilla*, oh ! my Joys !

L. Squ. Ha, ha, ha !

Goodv. How's this ? my Lady *Squeamish* ! — Death and the Devil.

L. Squ. Truly ſweet Mr. *Valentine* the ſame : Now, Sir, I hope —
ugh gad ! Mr. *Goodvile* ! [*They ſtare at each other.*

Goodv. Have I been mumbling an Old *Kite* all this while inſtead of my Young *Partridge* ? a Pox o' my depraved palate that could diſtinguiſh no better.

L. Squ. Lord Mr. *Goodvile*, what ayles you ! — this was an unexpected Adventure ; but let me dye, it is very pleaſant : ha, ha, ha.

Goodv. A Pox on the pleaſures, and you too I ſay.

L. Squ. This malicious Devil *Camilla* has overreached me : — Well Mr. *Goodvile* you are the worthyeſt perſon ; — had I an only Daughter, I durſt truſt her with you, you are ſo very civil : — well, Innocence is the greateſt happineſs in the World.

Goodv. Right Madam, it is ſo, and you know we have been very innocent ; done no harm in the world, not we.

L. Squ. The Cenſorious World if they knew of this Accident, I know would be apt enough to ſpeak reproachfully ; but ſo long as I my ſelf am ſatiſfied in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a thing I deſy and ſcorn.

Goodv. Very Philoſophically ſpoken : — But, Madam, ſo long as the World is to be a ſtranger to our Happineſs, why ſhould we deny our ſelves the ſecond pleaſure of Congratulation ?

L. Squ. Alas, alas, Mr. *Goodvile*, you cannot ſay that you have had the leaſt advantage over my frailty : well, what might have happened if the ſtrict ſeverity of both our vertues had not ſecured us ?

Goodv. This affected Impudence of hers is beyond all the impertinence I ever knew her guilty of : — Vertue with a Pox ! I think I have reaſon to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Vertue found I about her.

L. Squ. But dear Sir, let us talk no more of it : though I am extreamly miſtaken if I ſaw not Mr. *Valentine* enter the Garden before me, and am as much miſtaken if a Lady was not with him too.

Goodv. Hell and Confuſion ! that muſt be *Viſtoria* : I thought indeed I ſaw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending ſhe came with a malicious deſign of diſcovering me, avoided her, — falſe to me with *Valentine* ?

L. Squ. I'll ſwear Mr. *Goodvile* I have long ſuſpected an Intrigue between you and Madam *Viſtoria*, and this Jealouſy has confirmed me, and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha.

Goodv. Death Madam! this is beyond all sufferance :—disappointed, and jilted by *Camilla*! abused by *Victoria*! and with *Valentine* too, *Tru-mans* friend, whom I thought should have marry'd her! — Shame and Infamy light upon the whole Sex! may the best of 'em be ever suspected, and the most cautious always betray'd.

L. Squ. Dear Mr. *Goodvile* be patient: let me dye, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or trusting men again: — Lord, I would not be poor Madam *Victoria*, to gain an Empire, I'll swear if you are not more moderate, you'll discompose me strangely: —how my heart beats!

Goodv. Patience! preach it to a galled Lyon: —no, I am sure she is not far off, and I will find her; surprize her in the midst of her Infamy and prostitution; —'Sdeath Madam, let me goe.

L. Squ. I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you shall not goe: —I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to stir: —oh my heart, here's *Malagene*.

Enter Malagene Singing Frank, Frank, Frank, &c.

Malag. Why how now *Frank*, what a pox, out of humour? Why Madam, what have you done to him; what have you done to him Madam? Lord how he looks! —why *Frank* I say, prethee bear up.

Goodv. Hark you Dog fool Coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent Tongue of yours or I'll cut it out; 'Sdeath you Buffoon I will.

Malag. No, but hark you dear heart, good words, good words do you hear, or I shall publish, by my Soul Joy, I shall.

Goodv. How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owles! I'll set my house o'fire rather then have it haunted and pester'd by such Ver-mine.

Malag. Faith *Frank* doe: I have not seen a House o'fire this great while, it would be a pretty Frolick, prethee let us about it presently.

L. Squ. Dear Mr. *Goodvile* you shall be perswaded: don't run your self into danger thus rashly.

Goodv. Do you hear then, Monsieur *Pimponio*, as you expect to live a quiet hour, run in and call for some Lights, and return with 'em instantly.

Malag. Say no more Dear Heart; I'll doe't: if mischief comes not of this the Devil's in't—but dear *Frank* stay till I come again, I'll be back in a Trice; take t'other turn with her Ladyship into the Wilderness; or any thing.

Ex. Malag.

L. Squ. Let me not live, this Mr. *Malagene* is a very obliging Person, and methinks Mr. *Goodvile* you use him too severely.

Goodv. I wish Madam he may deserve that Character of you: he is one of those Worldlings you were speaking of, that are apt to talk reproachfully: and I believe knows all that has pass'd between us to night, for he has a shrewd discerning Judgment in these matters.

L. Squ.

L. Squ. Lord Mr. *Goodvile* what can he say of me? I defy even Envy it self to doe me or my Honour any prejudice: though I wish I had let this Frollick alone to night.

Goodv. Frollick with a Pox! — if these be her Frollicks, what the Devil is she when she is in earnest? Oh he returns with the Lights: — look who are these? by Heaven the same.

Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.

Trum. Gently, gently Madam, for fear of an Ambuscade; I wonder I hear nothing from *Ned Valentine* since?

Mrs. Godv. See, see Sir, here's Mr. *Goodvile*: haste, haste down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

Trum. Fear not, trust all to my Conduct.

[*Exeunt.*

As Mrs. Goodvile is going away, Goodvile catches hold of her Gown — she claps on her Masque.

Goodv. Stay Madam *Victoria*, nay you may stay, 'tis in vain to flye, I have discovered all your falshood, I have: was mine a passion to be thus abused? I who have given you all my Heart! perfidious false Woman! — is your Lover too ashamed or afraid to shew himself? where is he? why comes he not forth?

Enter Truman.

Trum. Here I am Sir.

Goodv. Hah! *Truman*!

[*Mrs. Goodv. gets loose and Ex.*

Trum. Yes Sir, the same: ready both to acknowledge and justify my being here with *Victoria*, which I thought Sir, might have been allowed without any offence to Mr. *Goodvile*. That she is Innocent as to any thing on my part, I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to doe my own Honour Justice, and to demand of you on what grounds you appear so highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleas'd to commend to your friend for a Wife?

Goodv. Concern'd Sir! have I not reason to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinswoman under my charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unseasonable hour, might alarm a Man less tender of his reputation than I am.

Trum. Sir, this excuse won't serve my turn; nor am I so blind as not to be sensible (which I before suspected,) that *Victoria* has been long your Mistress: — A pox of the Honour of your Family, you had given her all your Heart you said; and your Passion was not a thing to be thus abused: nor Sir, is my Honour.

Goodv. No, but dear *Jack Truman*, thou art my Friend.

Trum. You would have made me believe so indeed; but the daubing was too coarse, and the Artificiall Face appeared too plain: — One would have thought Sir, that you who keep a generall Decoy here for Fools and

Coxcombs, might have found one to have recompenced a Cast Mistress withall, and not have indeavour'd the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend : but Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own mouth : I hope it will not be esteemed much ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr. *Malagene* and I, joyn forces to publish a little, as he calls it.

Malag. Faith *Jack Truman*, with all my heart ; now I have him on my side, I dare say any thing — *Frank Goodvile* — pugh.

Goodv. Sir, I shall require a better account of this hereafter.

L. Squ. Lord Mr. *Truman*, what ayles Mr. *Goodvile* ? how happen'd this difference ? — I'll swear I am strangely surprized.

Trum. Your Ladyship I suppose can best give an account how matters are with him : I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

L. Squ. Dear Sir, what do you mean ? I'll swear you are a scandalous Person.

Goodv. Sir, since you are so rough, be pleased not to concern your self with the Honour of this Lady ; you may have enough to doe if you dare justify your own to morrow.

Trum. If I dare ? — nay Sir, since you question it, I'll convince you presently ; — Draw. [*They fight.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. Hold, hold, what's the matter here ? — *Jack Truman*, *Frank Goodvile*, for shame put up.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Mrs. Goodv. Where is this perfidious false man ? where is Mr. *Goodvile* ? So Sir, I have found now the Originall of all my Misfortunes : I have a Rivall it seems ; *Victoria*, the happy *Victoria*, possesses all my Joys : what, have you been fighting too for the Honour of your Mistress ? — here, come kill me : would I had been lain in my Grave, e're I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

Goodv. 'Sdeath I thought she had been in her Chamber this hour at least : — 'Tis true my Dear, I must own a kindness for *Victoria*, as my Kinswoman ; but —

Mrs. Goodv. How ! dare you own it ? and to my face too ? matchless Impudence ! let me come at him, that I may tear out those hot lascivious glowing Eyes that wander after every Beauty in their way : — oh ! that I could blast him with a look ! — was my Love so despicable to be abandon'd for *Victoria's* ! The thought of it makes me mad : I'll indure it no longer, I will have Revenge or I will dye ! Oh !

Trum. Delicate Diffimulation ! How I love her !

Goodv. Dear Madam hear me speak — Madam, I say that —

Mrs. Goodv.

Mrs. Goodv. I know you cannot want an excuse, Diffimulation and Falshood have been your practice: — But that you should wrong me with *Victoria*, a Woman that for the sake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every thing that was ally'd to you was dear to me,) is an injury so great, that it distracts my Reason: — I could pardon any thing but my wrong'd Love.—Let me be gone; send me to a Nunnery; confine me to a charnel House, Vile Ungrateful Wretch, any thing but thy presence can endure.

Goodv. Is there every way so damn'd a Creature as a Wife? —
Lord Madam, do you know what you do?

Mrs. Goodv. I'll warrant it, you would perswade me I am mad: —
Would I had been born a Fool! I might then have been happy: Patiently have pass'd over the many tedious Nights I have indured in your absence: Contented my self with Prayers for your safety.

Mal. Oh! Lord, Prayers!

Mrs. Goodv. When you in the very instant were languishing in the Arms of a Prostitute.

Goodv. Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now: —
Curse on her what shall I do!

Mrs. Goodv. 'Tis a sign you believed me safe enough; you would not certainly else have had the Impudence to have brought a new Mistress under my Nose; — I see there how guilty she stands; — have you a stomach so hot that it can digest Carrion that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? Or was it the fantasticalness of your Appetite, to try how so course a Dish would relish, after being cloyed with better feeding? — Nay Sir I have been informed of all. —

Val. Has then your Vertuous Ladiship been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. Goodvil this Evening? [To La. Squeamish.

Goodv. Well, she has dealt with the Devil that's certain: — A Pox on't, I see there's no living for me in this side of the World: — Go, let the Coach be made ready; I'll into the County.

Mrs. Goodv. Nay Sir I know my presence has always been uneasy to you; Day and Night you are from me, or if ever you come home, 'tis with an aking Head, and heavy Heart, which *Victoria* only has Charms enough to Cure. This in the first year of our Marriage! Nay and to own it! Proclaim your own Falshood and my disgraceful Injury in the face of the World, when *Malagene* too, the Trumpet of all the Scandal in Town was by, to be a Witness: — 'Twas very discreetly done, and doubtless will be a Secret long.

Goodv. Whirr, — Nay since it is so, why the Devil should I strive to smother my good Actions? — Well, if you will have it so, Madam *Victoria* has been my Mistress, is my Mistress, and shall be my Mistress, and what a Pox would you have more? and so God b'ye to you.

Enter,

Enter Sir Noble, Caper, and Saunter.

S. Nob. How's this! Who's that speaks dishonourably of my Love, and Lady that shall be, *Victoria*? Before *George* she's a Queen, and whoever says to the contrary, I'll first make him eat my Sword, and then beat out his Teeth with the Hilt of it.

Cap. Oh! Dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in *Musquerade*; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they see no Company: *Jack Truman*, dear *Jack*, prithee go and take one frisk: — As I hope to be saved, there are Three or Four the finest Ladies, the delicatest shaped Women; I am sure I know 'em all.

Tru. Sir I wish you good Fortune, but I dare not venture, you know my Temper; I shall be very boisterous and mistake 'em for Whores, though if they be of your Acquaintance, I know they must be of Quality.

Cap. I Gad, and so they are, but Mum for that: — One of 'em is she that gave me this Ring; and the other presented me with a Gold enamelled Watch could not cost less than Thirty Guinies: — Trifles *Jack* which I have the Fortune to meet withal sometimes.

Saunt. Nay Sir you must not come off so, — *Victoria* your Mistress!

Goodv. Yes Sir, and how are you concern'd at it?

Saunt. Nay Sir I can be as civil as any body, — *Victoria* your Mistress!

Goodv. 'S death you Coxcomb, mind your singing, do you hear? and play the Fool by your self, or —

Saunt. Sing Sir? so I can, *Fa La Da La La*, &c. *Victoria* your Mistress!

Goodv. Yes Sir, I say my Mistress.

S. Nob. Ounds, then Draw.

Val. Hold Sir *Noble*, you are too furious; what's the matter?

Cap. Why how now *Saunter*? How dost doe dear Heart? — Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and —

Goodv. Was ever man so overwhelm'd with Fools and Blockheads? Why you ill-ordered Addle-pated wadling brace of Puppies: — You Fool, in the first place sing and be safe, — and you slight Grasshopper dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

Cap. Dance Sir? and so I think I can Sir, and Fence, and play at Tennis, and make Love, and fold up a Billet Doux, or any thing better than you Sir: Dance quoth a — there Sir.

Mrs. Goodv. Nay Sir *Noble*, not only so, but own'd and boasted of it to my Face: Told me —

S. Nob. Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable: and I'll eat his Heart for it.

Goodv. Dear raw Head and bloody Bones be patient a little: — See see you Beagles, Game for you, fresh Game; that great Towser has started it already, on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo.

[Thrusts 'em at his Wife, and Exit
L. Squ.

L. Squ. But Dear Mr. *Caper*, Masqueraders did you say? I'll swear I'll among 'em, shall I not have your Company? Oh! Dear Masqueraders! I'll vow I can stay no longer. [Exit hastily.]

Val. Curse on her, she's gone and has prevented me: — *Caper, Saunter*, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Masqueraders, for shame follow her; she'll take it ill you did not wait on her.

Saunt. Faith *Caper* and so she will. Well I am resolved to Marry *Victoria* for fear of the worst: — Madam your most Devoted Servant: I hope our difference with Mr. *Goodvil* to Night —

Mrs. Goodv. Dear Sir it needs no excuse.

Cap. My resentments Madam —

Tru. You are too Ceremonious Gentlemen, and my Lady will fear she has lost you.

Cap. Dear *Jack*, as I told thee before, I must bring thee acquainted with those Ladies.

Saunt. Prithee put on a Masque and come among us, *Jack*, Faith do.

Tru. Sirs, I'll wait on you in a moment.

Both. Dear Soul Adieu.

[Embracing him.]

[Exeunt Singing and Dancing.]

Tru. These Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good time, they were never seasonable before.

Mrs. Goodv. Diseases and Visitations are necessary sometimes to sweep away the noisome Crowds that infest and incumber the World.

Mal. As I have often said I must publish, I must spread; and so God b'ye to you. [Exit.]

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Oh! Madam, yonder's my Master raving for his Coach: Says he'll into the Country presently: Has given order to disperse the Company, what will you do?

Mrs. Goodv. Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him: — ha! ha! ha! into the Country? I'd as soon believe he would turn Capuchin.

Tru. But Madam 'twas inhumanly done, to come your self upon him: One would have thought that I had used him bad enough, for the wise mistake he made of *Victoria*.

Mrs. Goodv. I would not have mis'd it for the World: Now would he come on his Knees for Composition; and if I do not bring him to it within these four hours —

Tru. Why Madam, what will you do?

Mrs. Goodv. Put on all the notorious Affectations and ridiculous Impertinencies that ever the most eminent of our Sex have studied, or the Coxcombs of your Sex admired; then of a sudden seem to grow fond of both those Clincant Fools, which I am sure he of all things loaths; Yet do it too so forc'dly, that he himself shall find it only intended to give him vexation.

Tru. Have you then maliciously designed in spite of Nature, to keep me constant? *Mrs. Goodv.*

Mrs. Goodv. Which you will be sure to be! —

Tru. A Dozen new fresh young unseen Beauties, and the Devil himself in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me otherwise: I never really Lov'd or Liv'd till now: There is nothing I'de not wish to be, except the very Husband himself, rather then lose you.

Enter Valentine and Camilla.

Val. Jack Truman!

Tru. Well, Ned, what's the matter?

Val. Treason Truman; your being here with *Mrs. Goodvil* I fear is discovered; I heard some such thing whisper'd among the Masqueraders, and *Goodvil* himself seems suddenly alter'd; I would advise you to come and shew your self, and make the best on't.

Mrs. Goodv. Let me alone; I'll secure all I'll warrant you: I'm sure he can have no positive proofs: I'll instantly go and put all things in a confusion, contradict all the orders he has given for going into the Country; shut up my self in my Chamber, and not hear a word of him till he comes upon submission: — *Lettice* follow me to my Chamber presently.

[*Exit.*

Tru. Right exquisite Woman and Wife, good Luck attend thee.

[*Exit.*

Lettice. Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her business, and understands the managing of a Husband the best of any Woman in the World: I'll swear she is an ingenious person: Forty Ladies now at such an accident, would have been hurried and afraid, and the poor waiting Woman must have been sent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and inquire, but she shows all her changes in a motion.

Enter Goodvil.

Goodv. How now *Lettice*? where's your Lady?

Lettice. Within Sir, in her Chamber.

Goodv. Are you sure of it?

Lettice. Sir she commanded me to follow her thither but now.

Goodv. Is she alone there?

Lettice. Ay Sir, I'll assure you she seldome desires Company: — But I must hasten and follow her.

Goodv. Stay a little, are you sure she was in the House, before this disturbance hapned in the Garden?

Lettice. Sure Sir! why I my self was at the Chamber window with her when first she heard you exclaim against *Madam Victoria*! Poor Creature, I was afraid she would have fallen down dead on the floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, beg'd of her on my knees not to run out; but she would hear nothing, but spight of force broke from me, and came hither with all that

Impatience

Impatience and Rage, the too sensible resentment of your unkindness had rais'd in her.

Goodv. Get you in presently, do you hear? and take no notice of what I have said to you, as you tender your well-being.

Lettice. Yes Sir: — But if I conceal a word of it, may I never serve London Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country-Chamber-Maid, and kill fleas as long as I live.

Goodv. If I should have been in the wrong all this while, and mistaken my own Dear Wife for *Victoria*! — Ah! Curse on this hot head of mine! Pox on't it is impossible! Yet that mischievous Rogue *Malagene* was all the while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, and may-be's with me: — By this Light I am a Cuckold, an Arrant Rank stinking Cuckold.

Enter *Victoria*.

Vitlo. What will become of me! whither shall I fly to hide my misfortune? Oh! that I might never see the Light again, but be for ever conceal'd in these shades.

Goodv. Dear *Victoria* is it you? be free with me; were you really in the Garden before, to night, or no?

Vitlo. I have not been out of the House since it was dark, till this minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I am destitute where to conceal my self from the malicious Eyes and Tongues of those, to whom your baseness has given an opportunity of Triumphant over my Misfortune and ruin'd Honour.

Goodv. Be not so outrageous; I'll reconcile all yet.

Vitlo. Which way is it possible? By to Morrow morning your very Footmen will have it in their mouths; and *Malagene* that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the Scandal in Town, will be spreading it among his Coffee-House Companions, and at the Play whisper it to the Orange Women, who shall make a fulsome jest of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk, to Loll and Play, and be nauseously lewd with 'em in publick.

Goodv. I tell thee it shall not be; *Malagene's* my Creature, or at least, henceforth I'll make him so; I have reasons for it, and to believe also that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the same I mistook for you in the Garden to night.

Vitlo. 'Tis true, I was at the same time to see for her in her Chamber, and she was not there; but cannot believe her in the least guilty of what you seem to accuse her of.

Goodv. Confound her: — She's an exquisite Jilt, thorough paced, and practised in all the cunning Arts and Sleights of Falshood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes *Malagene*, he knows all, and I'll make him confess all, or I'll murder him.

Enter Malagene.

Well Sir what say you to this matter ?

Mal. Faith Bully I think my dear Kinswoman has maul'd you to some purpose ; I'll say this for her, she has the true blood of the *Malagene's* in her : To lol daralal, &c.

Goodv. What is't you mean Fool ? Be plain, and unfold your self.

Mal. Why you must know *Frank*, having a particular esteem for my Family, (the nearest Relation of which, I would go Fifty Miles to see hang'd) I do think her as very a — But no more, — Mum dear Heart, Mum, I say.

Goodv. What's that you say Sir ? what do you think my Wife ?

Mal. Ay, what, *Frank* ? what ? now.

Goodv. Nay Sir, that you must resolve me.

Mal. Why then I'll tell the *Frank* ; dost thou really think I love thee ?

Goodv. I know you'll say so Sir, because you fear me.

Mal. Then prithee do so much as lend me ten Guinies for a day or two.

Goodv. Oh Sir to the purpose, to the purpose ; be brief.

Mal. Nay then, Mum I say again.

Goodv. Will you never leave vexing me with your Impertinence ? Must I be always forc'd to use you ill, to bring you to good manners ?

Mal. Faith Child, I am loth to make mischief ; I have been a very wicked ill-natur'd Impudent Fellow, that's the truth on'r : But I find I lose my self by it : The very Poets themselves that were wont to stand in awe of me, care not a louse for me now ; and there's not a common Whore in Town, but calls me Rogue and Rascal to my Face, as Impudently, as if I were her Pimp.

Goodv. Therefore Sir resolve to turn honest, and be just to your Friend.

Mal. The Devil take me *Frank*, if thou art not a very Impertinent Fellow : — Know ! why who should know better than yourself ? Hah !

Goodv. Here are Five Guinies for you, upon Condition you make a fall and true Relation of all you have discover'd this night.

Mal. I'll do't ; down with your dust.

Goodv. What will not this Rakehell do to borrow money ? I knew him make Love to a Chamber-Maid till he had borrowed Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a time.

Mal. Well *Frank Goodvil*, you may think as you please of me ; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honest Fellow in my heart : — You would have me deal freely with you, you say, in this Business ?

Goodv. I would so Sir, or I shall deal very roughly with you.

Mal. And you lent me these Five Guinies to that purpose ?

Goodv. You are much in the right Sir.

Mal. Then to make short of the matter ; thou art as arrant a poor silly Cuckold as one would wish to drink withal, and Confound me if I shall not be asham'd of thy Company.

Goodv.

Goodv. Confounded VVhore! — Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em!

Mal. Nay nay Man, since 'tis so, never be angry for the matter: what a Pox, you thought to put the Mistress upon *Truman*! *Truman* has put the Cuckold upon you; *Valentine* has been Pimp in the business; and the Devil take me if I don't think my self the honestest Fellow amongst you.

Viçio. Now Sir consider what a wretched thing you have made me.

Goodv. No more; I'm thine, and here I seal my heart to thee for ever.

Mal. Well *Frank*, can I serve thee any further in this Business?

Goodv. That Sir, is as time shall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my purpose, I know you are a Rascal not to be trusted: Therefore observe it, if you offer to stir beyond the Limits I set you, at that very instant I'll Murder you.

Mal. Prithce talk not to me of Limits and Murdering, I hope you take me Sir (under the Rose) for no Fool: And what a Pox do you think to make of me?

Goodv. A Spaniel to Hunt and Set the Game I mean to take: Oh! *Malagene*, there will be mischief *Malagene*, and new ripe fresh Scandal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou lovest, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

Mal. I Faith, and so I do with all my heart : But *Frank* I don't know how this Business will be brought about well : I have promised to meet Two or Three hearty old Souls to Morrow at Dinner, to Swear and Drink, and talk Baudy and Treason together for an hour or Two, they are all Atheists, and very honest Fellows.

Goodv. Oh Sir you may be hang'd in good time! But for this present occasion I must use you: *Victoria*, do you with all your utmost Art dissemble but the least knowledg of what has happen'd to night: And Sir do you keep still that lying sneering ugly merry Face which you always wear when you design Mischief: I'll pretend this morning to pursue my Design of going into the Country; then when they are in the height of their pleasures and assurance of their safety, return and surprize 'em.

Viclio. But do you believe Sir that you can utterly abandon all sense of your past Love and Tenderness for a Woman, who has been so Dear to you? You will be apt to relapse again.

Goodv. I will sooner return to my Vomit: I am rather glad of the occasion to be rid of so troublesome uneasie a burden: A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been worn too long, hangs loose and awkwardly on a Man, and grows a Scandal to him that wears it. *HW 1666.1A.1.111*

Vicio. But can you then resolve to quit and disown her for ever?

Goodv. For ever my *Victoria!* ~~and~~ No more; but straight go to thy Cham-
ber and wait for the happy Issue: — You Sir keep close to me: — ~~Quit~~ Quit
her! as chearfully, ~~as I would a~~ ~~Shoe that wrings me.~~ ~~That how looely~~
I shall I move, ~~I should have thought~~ ~~Heaven and Earth~~

into the pleasant fields of love, where I can never
 T. M. That half led me out of the crooked forward

*Free and unbounded, taste the sweets of Life !
Love where I please, and know no more the strife
That's bred by that Domestick Plague, call'd Wife.*

[Exeunt.]

THE FIFTH ACT.

SCENE Victoria's Chamber.

Enter Victoria.

Victo. NOW I am satisfi'd I must be wretched ! Oh Love ! Unhappy Women's Curse, and Men's slight Game to pass their idle time at : I find too in my self the Common companion of Infamy, Malice. Has *Goodvile's* Wife ever wrong'd me ? Never. Why then should I conspire to betray her ? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that false perjur'd Man ; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'll play false with him, make my self privy to his whole Design of surprizing *Truman* and his Wife together : Then like a true Mrs. betray his Counsels to her, That she like a true Wife may spight of his Teeth deceive him quite, And so I have the pleasure of seeing him a seal'd stigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold : 'Twill at least be some ease to me. Here he comes equip't and prepar'd for the pretended Journey.

Enter Goodvil and Boy.

Goodv. Go bid the Coachman hasten, and get all things ready : I am uneasy till I am gone. 'Tis time we were set out.

The Wolves have prey'd, and look the gentle Day

Before the Wheels of Phœbus all about

Dapples the Drowsie East with Spots of Gray.

Wife ! Adieu dear Wife. Ah my *Victoria*, up already ? so diligent to wish me a happy Journey ? Certainly my good Angel is like Thee, and whensoever I err must meet me in thy shape. And with such softness smile and direct me.

Victo. As those whom Will with the Wisp bewitches.

Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches.

Goodv. No : Thou hast led me out of the crooked froward Road of Matrimony, into the pleasant easie path of Love, where I can never leave my

my way, and must be always happy: But where's Malagene?

Visto. Below with Sir Noble. Whilst the Butler was asleep they stole the Key from him: And there they are with the Fat-Red-Fac'd-Fidler that plays upon the Base, sitting Cross-leg'd upon the Floor, stript to their Shirts, and drinking Bawdy-Healts.

Goodv. That fulsome Rogue will ruin all our Business. See here what I have discover'd just now in the private Corner of a Window, (a place I suppose appointed for the purpose!) I found this Billet to my sweet Wife.

Reads. *If Goodvil goes out of Town this morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet, Truman.*

Now if I am not a Cuckold let any honest Wittall judg, ha, ha, ha. How it pleases me! Blood! Fire! and Daggers!

Visto. But Sir! what do you resolve on?

Goodv. As I told Thee, instantly to pretend a Journey out of Town, and return and surprize 'em; for I am sure they'll not be long asunder when I am out of the way: Oh! this Billet is a very honest Billet, and I know won't lie. But why should I spend my Time in talking of what but vexes me, when pleasures are so near me? Come my *Victoria* take me to thy arms, a moments Joy with Thee, would sweeten Years of Cares. The Devil—

Enter Mrs. Goodvil, and Lettice.

Mrs. Goodv. Good morning to you Sir.

Goodv. Good night to you Madam.

Mrs. Goodv. How so Sir?

Goodv. Why good night or good morrow, 'tis all one; Ceremony is the least thing I take care of: You see I am busie.

Mrs. Goodv. I must confess, considering the humble Duty of a Wife, 'tis something rude in me, to interrupt you, but I hope when you know my intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil leave of you: I find you are preparing for the Country Sir.

Goodv. Ay! A little Air will be very seasonable at present Madam, I shall grow rank else, and all the Company I keep will smell me out.

Mrs. Goodv. Oh what joy will fill each neighbouring Village! to hear our Landlords Honour's coming down. The Bells shall jangle out of Tune all Day; and at night the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the name of the whole Parish to bid his Patron welcome into the Country, and invite himself the next Lords Day to Dinner.

Goodv. I am glad to see you so pleasant Madam.

Mrs. Goodv. Then the next Morning our Tenants dainty Daughter is sent with a Present of Pippins of the largest Size, cull'd by the good old Drudg her Mother, which she delivers with a Curt'sie, and blushes in expectation of what his VVorship will bestow upon her.

Goodv.

Goodv. Oh Madam, let not any thoughts of that Nature disturb you, I shall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only please my self when I am there sometimes to contemplate your Ladiships Picture in the Gallery.

Mrs. Goodv. Then come the Country Squires, and their Dogs, the cleanlier sort of Creatures of the Two: Straight w^{are} invited to the noble Hunt, and not a Deer in all the Forest's safe.

Goodv. No Madam: No horned Beast shall suffer for my pleasure: I am lately grown a Philosopher, Madam; and find, we ought not hurt our fellow Creatures.

Mrs. Goodv. What is the reason that you use me thus?

Goodv. What is't I would not do to purchase quietness? Your injurious suspicions of me were tolerable, but the wrongs your Jealousie has done *Victoria* —

Mrs. Goodv. I jealous of *Victoria*! No. Tho' my passion last night made me extravagant, when I discover'd you with that naughty Lady *Squeamish* which I can easily forgive, if you'll but promise to forget her: For I am confident it was your first Transgression.

Goodv. Very quaint and pretty.

Mrs. Goodv. Yet I am too well satisf'd of *Victoria*'s Vertue, for she's my Friend, and though I should see her in your Arms I could not harbour such a thought. No, *Victoria*, you must love me, and I'll love you; you shall call me your Love, and I'll call you my Dear, and we'll always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together; and when Mr. *Goodvil*'s out of Town, we'll lie together.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir the Coach is ready.

Goodv. You think Madam, you have a fine easie Fool to play withal, but the gayness of your Face is too thin to hide the rancour of your Heart; and so my Dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this minute to look on you.

Mrs. Goodv. Are you then inexorable? Relentless, cruel Man!

Goodv. Good easie melting kind-hearted Woman farewell. [Exit.

Mrs. Goodv. Ah wretched me.

Lettice. My Lady Swoons, Dear Madam *Victoria* hasten, and bring my Master back again, you can do anything with him. [Ex. *Victoria*.

Mrs. Goodv. No no, *Lettice*! Let him alone, art thou sure he's gone?

Lettice. I hope so Madam.

Mrs. Goodv. Then so soon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be sure you go your self to Mr. *Truman*, and tell him if he has nothing else to do he may come hither to Day.

Enter *Victoria*.

Viola. There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his House is infected,

fect'd, and that no man that values his Health will stay in it. My Lady *Squeamish* too is arriv'd just as he left the Door: I am sure she'll come in, will you see her Madam?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh I am sick at the very name of her: Let all the Doors be barr'd against her, and Gunpowder under each Threshold-place, ready to blow her up, if she but offer an entrance. *Lettice*, lend me your hand a little: I'll to my Chamber instantly: Oh my Head! [Ex. with *Lettice*.

Viola. This management of hers so charms me, that I can almost forget all the mischief she has done me: 'tis true she reproacht me, but 'twas done so handsomely that I had doubly deserv'd it to have taken notice of it.

Enter *L. Squeamish*.

L. Squea. Oh Dear *Victoria*, what will become of me! I am lost and undone for ever: Oh I shall die, I shall die; the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is false to me.

Viola. What ails your Ladiship? Surely she's distracted?

L. Squea. Oh *Goodvil*, *Goodvil*! the false, cruel, remorseless *Goodvil*! I came just as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not speak to me, would hardly see me, but away he drove, and smiling mockt my sorrows.

Viola. Alas! Her Ladiship is passionate, as I live very passionate.

L. Squea. So *Theseus* left the Wretched *Ariadne* on the shoar, so fled the false *Aeneas* from his *Dido*.

Viola. What could you expect less of him, Madam? Falseness is his province: Your Ladiship should have made choice of a civil sober discreet Person, but *Goodvil* you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

L. Squea. That, that has been my ruine, it was therefore I ador'd him, what Woman would doat on a dull melancholy Ass, because she might be sure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the joy of my Soul, Oh how I doat on a Spark! I could live and die with a Spark. *Victoria*, I make you a Confident, and you must pardon me for robbing you of Mr. *Goodvil*: Come come, I know all.

Viola. Your Ladiship knows more then all the World besides.

L. Squea. And as I was saying, A Spark is the Dearest thing to me in the World; I have had acquaintance I think with all the Sparks. Well, one of 'em that you know was a sweet Person: Oh he danc'd and sung and drest to a Miracle, and then he spoke *French* as if he had been bred all his life time at *Paris*, and admir'd every thing that was *French*: Besides he would look so languishingly, and lisp so prettily when he talkt; and then never wanted discourse: I'll swear he has entertain'd me two hours together with the description of an Equipage.

Viola. That must needs be very charming.

L. Squea. But Mr. *Goodvil* was a Wit too: Oh I never had a Wit before, for to speak the Truth, now I think on't better, all my Lovers have been a little Foolish I'll swear, ha, ha, ha. [Sir Noble and Malagene at the Door drunk, Malag.

Malag. Scour, scour, scour.

Sir Nob. Down goes the Main-Mast, down, down, down. [*They enter.* *Malagene* roar, roar, and ravish, here are punks in beaten Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant, first-rate Punks, you Rogue.

Victor. How came these Ruffians here?

Sir Nob. Ruffians! do you know who you talk to Madam? I am a civil, sober, discreet person; and come particularly to embrace thy lovely Body.

Malag. Look you Madam, make no noise about this matter. This is a person of quality and a friend of mine, therefore pray be civil.

L. Squ. Has Mr. *Goodvile* left no Footmen at home to cudgell such Fops? Fogh—how like drunken journey-men Tailors they look?

Malag. Journey-men Madam! hold there! none of your Ladyships Journey-men, that's one comfort! woe to the poor Devil that is I say.

L. Squ. Were Mr. *Goodvile* at home you durst not talk thus, you scandalous fellow.

Malag. *Goodvile* you say—hark you my Dear, were he here in person, I would first of all decently kick him out of doors, then turn up thy Keel and discover here to thy Kinsman what a leaky Vessel thou art?

Sir Nob. Why, what is that *Goodvile*? will he Wrestle? or will he box for 50 l. Look you, this fellow is my Pimp. 'Tis true his Countenance is none of the best: but he's a neat Lad and keeps good Company.

Malag. Hark you *Knight*! you'll beare me out in this Business *Knight*? For under the Rose I have apprehension, that this Carcase of mine may suffer else.

Sir Nob. No more of that Rogue! no more. Take notice good people, this Civil Person shall marry my Sister; she is a pretty hopefull Lady—Truly she is not full thirteen—but she has had two Children already, Odd's heart.

Vict. Ridiculous Oaff!

Sir Nob. Come, let us talk Baudy.

Vict. I'll call those shall talk with you presently.

[*Ex. Vict.*]

Sir Nob. Wheugh—she's gone.

L. Squ. Beast! Bruit! Barbarian! Sot!

Sir Nob. Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now? Madam, as I hope to be—

{*Runs against her and almost beats her backward.*}

L. Squ. Oh help! I am murdered! oh my Head!

Sir Nob. Nay Lady that was no fault of mine: you shall see I'll keep my distance, and (as I was saying) if I have offended—

{*Keels against a Table and throws down a China Jarr, and severall little China Dishes.*}

L. Squ. Oh insufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and Basket to carry out this Swine to a Dunghill.

Sir Nob. Look you Madam, no harm! no harm! you shall see me be-
have

have my self notably yet—as for example—suppose now—suppose this the Door.

[Goes to the Door.

Very well; thus then I move.— } Steps forwards and leaves his Peruke on
one of the Hinges.

Hah, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

Enter Servants.

1. *Serv.* Such as we are Sir, you shall find us at your service.

Sir Nob. Murder, murder, murder.—

Malag. Where there is such odds, a man may with Honour retire and
steal off.

[Exit Malag.

Enter Caper and Saunter.

Cap. Where is this Rascall? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how dare you come hither Sir, to affront Ladies and Persons of Quality?

Sir Nob. Sir, your humble servant: did you see my Perriwig?

Cap. Sir, you are an Ass; and never wore Perriwig in your life: Jer-
nè what a Bush of Bryars and Thorns is here? The Main of my Lady
Squeamish's Shock is a Chedreux to it.

Sir Nob. Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honest fellow
and a Barber, and one that lov'd Musick and Poetry.

Saunt. How Sir!

Cap. But, Sir, come close to the business; how durst you treat Ladies
so rudely as we saw you but now? Answer to that, and tell not us of Mu-
sick and Poetry.

Sir Nob. Why, he had all *Westminster* Drollery and *Oxford* Jest at his
Fingers ends. And for the Cittern, if ever *Troy Town* were a
Tune, he master'd it upon that Instrument, when he was our Butler in the
Country: an old Maid of my Grandmothers took great delight in him
for it.

Saunt. But, Sir, this is nothing to our Business.

Sir Nob. Business! hang Business! I hate a Man of Business: If you'll
drink or Whore, break Windows, or commit murder, I am for you.

Cap. Sir, will you fight?

Sir Nob. Fight! with whom? for what?

Cap. With me.

Saunt. With me.

Sir Nob. Ay Sir, with all my heart; I love fighting Sir.

Saunt. But will you Sir? dare you?

Cap. Ay Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

Sir Nob. Why, you sweet perfum'd *Jessamine-Knaves*! you Rogues in
Buckram! were there a Dozen of you I'd beat you out of your Artificiall
Sweetness into your own naturall Rankness; you *Stinkards*! shall I draw
my *Cerberus* and cut you off you *Gaudy Popinjays*?

Cap. This Fellow's mad, *Saunter* ! stark mad by *Jerico* : Dear *Knight*, how long hath thou been in this pickle ? this Condition, *Knight* ? hah ?

Sir Nob. What Pickle ? what Condition, you Worms ?

Saunt. Ay, ay, 'tis so, the poor Devil must to *Bedlam* : *Bedlam*, *Knight*, the Mad-man's Hospitall.

Sir Nob. What will become of you then you Vermin ? There's never a Hospitall for Fools yet ; Mercy on me if there were ! how many handsome Fellows in this Town might be provided for ?

*{ Fiddles play
within.*

Cap. Hey day ! Fiddles !

Saunt. Madam *Goodvile* hearing we were here, hath sent for 'em on purpose to regale us.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, Lady Squeamish with the Fiddles playing, Saunter falls to sing the Tune with 'em, and Caper Dances to it. Lettice.

Mrs. Goodv. Let my Servants take care that all the Doors stand open : I'll have entrance deny'd to no one Fool in Town. Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* here ? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revells of the day ; I long to enjoy the Freedome I am Mistress of. *Lettice*, try your Vow.

L. Squ. Oh Madam ! this gallant Spirit ravishes me. Dear Mr. *Caper*, you and Mr. *Saunter* were born to be happy ! Madam *Goodvile* has resolv'd to Sacrifice this Day to pleasure — what shall we do with our selves ?

Cap. Do Madam ! We'll dance for ever.

L. Squ. Oh ay Dance.

Saunt. And Sing.

L. Squ. And Sing.

Both. And Love.

L. Squ. Oh ay Love ! but Madam *Goodvile*, have you resolved to wear the Willow, — and be very Melancholy — ha, ha, ha — Fiddles ! where are you ? I cannot endure you out of my sight.

Mrs. Goodv. Willow ! hang it, give it to Country Girls that sigh for Clowns ; and Melancholy is a Disease for Bank-rupt Beauty : I have yet a stock of Youth and Charms, unfully'd by the hands of Age or Care,

And whilst that lasts what Woman would despair ?

Sir Nob. In the mean time I'll scout out for a Doxy of my acquaintance hard by, return in Triumph, and let *Victoria* go hang and despair.

Sings.

To love is a pleasure Divine,

Yet I'll never sigh or be sad,

They are Coxcombs that languish and pine,

So long as Whores are to be had. — To darrell, darolds.

L. Squ.

L. Squ. Oh secure that deform'd Monster, that Rebell of mine: fellowes take care of him and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him sensible of his Enormities.

Sir. Nob. Slaves! Avaunt! if my Lady will have it so, I'll walk soberly into the Garden and consider of what is past. [*To love is a pleasure, &c*

[*Ex. Sir Noble.*

Mrs. Goodv. Lettice!

Lett. Madam.

Mrs. Goodv. Is Mr. Truman come?

Lett. He'll be here presently Madam.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Page. A Letter for your Ladiship.

Mrs. Good. Who brought it?

Page. A Porter brought it to the door Madam: but said, he had no orders to stay for an answer.

[*Ex. Page.*

Mrs. Goodv. A Womans hand!

Reads. Mr. Goodvil's Journy out of Town is but a pretence: He is jealous of you and Mr. Truman, you will find him anon return'd in hopes to surprize you together. Though he has trusted me with the secret, and oblig'd me to assist him in it: yet I would endeavour by this discovery to perswade you that I am your real Servant,

Victoria.

Postscript,

Beware of Malagene, for he's appointed the Spy to betray you. This is generously done, Victoria, and I'll study to deserve it of Thee: Now if I plague not this wise jealous Husband of mine, let all Wives curse me, and Cuckolds laugh at me! Fiddles! lead in! Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter pray wait on my Lady, and entertain her a little: I'll follow you presently.

L. Squ. Come Mr. Caper, will you walk?

Cap. A Coranto Madam?

L. Squ. Ay ten thousand ten thousand, Mr. Saunter, I would be always near you Two! Oh for a Grove now, and a purling Brook with that delightful charming voice of yours: Come! let us walk and study which way to divert our Selves.

Cap. Allons! for Love and Pleasure: By these Hands —

Saunt. By those Eyes —

L. Squ. Oh no more! no more, I shall be lost in happiness!

[*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Goodv. So: this Consort of Fools shall be the Chorus to my Farce: Now all the Malice, Ill-nature, Falshood and Hypocrisie of my Sex inspire me. Lettice! see Camilla be sent for instantly, she shall join with

me in my Revenge, she has Reason ; Mr. *Valentine* I suppose will be here with Mr. *Truman*.

Enter Mr. Truman.

Trum. And think you Madam, he durst not answer a fair Ladies Challenge without a Second ?

Mrs. Goodv. You would pretend I'll warrant you to be very stout. You *Hectors* in Love are as arrant Cheats as *Hectors* in fighting, that bluster, rant, and make a noise for the present ; but when they come to the Business, prove errant Dastards, and good for nothing.

Trum. But Madam you should find I dare do something, would you but be civil and stand your ground.

Mrs. Goodv. What think you though of a Cut-throat Husband now behind the hangings ? what would become of you then ?

Trum. Whilst I have such Beauty on my side, nothing can hurt me.

Mrs. Goodv. Then Sir prepare your self, Mr. *Goodvil* is really jealous and mistrusts all or more then has past between us. His Journey out of Town was but a pretence, but we shall see him instantly in expectation to catch us together.

Trum. Fear him not Madam, these Moles that work under ground are as blind as they are busie : Let him run on in his dull Jealousie, whilst we still find new windings out, and lose him in the Maze.

Mrs. Goodv. Then if you wish to preserve me yours, join with me to Day in my design, which is, if possible, to make him Mad, work him up to the height of furious suspicion, and at that moment when he thinks his jealousy most just, baffle him out of it : And let the World know how dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant thing a Wife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

Trum. But Mr. *Goodvil*, Madam, has VVit, and so good an opinion of it too.

Mrs. Goodv. 'Tis that shall be his ruin : were he a Fool he were not worth the trouble of deceiving.

Trum. Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and prosper. But what must be my part ?

Mrs. Goodv. To secure *Malagene*. That ill-natur'd Villain has betray'd us, and is appointed by *Goodvil* chief Instrument in the Discovery : He has Cowardize enough to sell his Soul to buy off a Beating : He never told truth enough to be believ'd once so long as he lives. Get him but in your power, and he shall own more Villanies then ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the necessity of our affair can invent to put upon him.

Trum. And I'll be sure of him, or may I never taste those lips again, but be condemn'd to cast Mistresses in the side-box at the Play-house, or what is worse, take up with a Sempstress, and drudge for Cuffs and Crevats.

Enter

Enter Malagene.

Mrs. Goodv. Here he comes!

Trum. Oh Monsieur Malagene welcome!

Mal. Jack Truman your humble Servant.

Trum. Whither so fast I beseech you Sir! a word with you, a word with you.

Mal. Why! can I do any thing for Thee? Hast thou any Business for me? Prithee what is it?

Trum. Sir! You must lie for me.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

Trum. Nay Sir you must!

Mal. Any thing in a civil way or so Jack! but nothing upon Compulsion Lad! Prithee, let me do nothing upon Compulsion, prithee now!

Trum. Then Sir to be brief, this is the Business! Goodvil I hear has been informed by you of what past in the Garden last night, how durst you be so Impudent as to pry into my Secrets, where I was concern'd?

Mal. Why look you Jack, Curiosity you know! and a natural Inclination which I have —

Trum. To Pimping.

Mal. Confound me Jack thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well man —

Trum. What did you know?

Mal. Why I knew thee to be an arch Wagg and an honest Fellow! Ah Rogue prithee kiss me! the Rogue's out of humour.

Trum. No Sir! I dare not use you so like a Friend, you must deserve it better first.

Mal. Look you Jack, the truth of the Business is, I am bespoke: But the Love I have to see the bus'ness go forward, may persuade me to much.

Trum. Then presently resolve entirely to disown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave Goodvil. or promise to your self that where ever next I meet you, I'll cut your Throat upon the spot.

Mal. But hark you Jack, how shall I come off with the business? I shall be kickt and us'd very scurvily: For the truth is, I did tell —

Trum. What did you tell?

Mal. Why I told him you Knave. I won't tell! you little cunning Curr, I told him all man!

Trum. All Sir!

Mal. Ay hang me like a Dogg, all. But Madam you must pardon me, there was not a word of it true.

Trum. And what do you think to do with your self?

Mal. Do? why I'll deny it all again man, every word of it, as Impudently as ever I at first affirm'd it: May be he'll kick me, and beat me, and use me like a Dog man — That's nothing, nothing at all, Man, I do not value it this!

[Pulls out a Jew's Trump and plays.]

Trum.

Friendship in fashion.

Trum. And this Sir, you'll stand to.

Mal. If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Bawdy-house-door: in the mean time I'll retire and peruse a young Lampoon, which I am lately the happy Father of.

Trum. Nay Sir! you are not to stir from me!

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Oh Madam! shift for your self. Madam *Victoria* sent me to tell you that my Master is return'd, and that he pretends to come as a Masquerader.

Mal. VVell! since it must be so, I'll deny all indeed! what an excellent Fellow might I have been? Some men now with my stock of honesty, and a little more gravity, would have made a Fortune. VVell: I have been a lazy Rogue; and never knew till now that I was fit for Bus'ness.

Mrs. Goodv. Mr. *Goodvil* in Masquerade say you?

Lettice. Yes Madam, and two VVomen with him, Madam, they are just now alighted.

Mrs. Goodv. VVomen with him! nay then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. *Truman*, do you retire with *Malagene*. I'll stay here and receive this *Machiavel* in disguise. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of affectation, all the Rev'enge, the counterfeit Passions, pretended Love, pretended Jealousie, pretended Rage, and in sum the very Genius of my Sex to my assistance.

[*Enter Goodvil and others Masqued.*
So! here they come: Now this throw for all my future Peate. Who waits there?

[*Enter Servants.*
Goodv. Madam! you'll excuse this freedom.

Mrs. Goodv. You oblige me by using it: Let all the Company know that these Noble Persons of Quality have honoured me with their Presence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and see the Banquet prepar'd; and let Mr. *Truman* come to me instantly, I cannot live a minute, a moment without him.

Goodv. Delicate Devil!

Mrs. Goodv. Sir! let me beg your patience for a moment, whilst I go and put things in Order fit for your reception.

[*Ex. L. Goodvile.*

Goodv. Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have ordered be ready when I call for 'em. *Truman*, I see, is a man of punctual affliction; and my VVife is a Person very adroit at these matters; some hot-brain'd, Horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats; but I am resolv'd to turn a Civil, Sober, discreet Person, and hate blood-shed: No: I'll manage the matter so temperately that I'll catch her in his very Arms, then civilly Discard her, Begg and Baggage, whilst you my dainty Doxies take possession of her Priviledges, and enter the Territories with Colours flying.

1. Wom. And shall I keep my Coach, Mr. *Goodvile*?

Goodv.

Goodv. Ay and Six, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou shalt every morning swoop the Exchange in Triumph to see what gawdy Bawble thou canst first grow fond of: And after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twirling Fop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a noise, hear no Play, and show himself; thou shalt, my *Bona Roba*.

2. Wom. But Mr. *Goodvile*, what shall I do then?

Goodv. Oh! thou! Thou shalt be my more peculiar Punk, my House-keeper, my Necessary Sin; manage all th' affairs of my Estate and Family, Ride up and down in my own Coach attended by my own Footmen; Nose my VVife where ere you meet, and if I had any, breed my Children. Oh what a delicious Life will this be!

1. Wom. Hear you Sir; the Fiddles?

[*Fiddles without.*

Goodv. Oh the Procession's coming, put on your Vifors and observe the Ceremony.

Enter Truman, Mrs. Goodvile, Caper, Saunter, L. Squeamish, Camilla, with Fiddles, a Letter.

Mrs. Goodv. Mr. *Caper*, Mr. *Saunter*, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company, command me any thing, command my House, that, and all freedom are yours.

Cap. Masques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happiness! Sir your humble Servant, by your leave, Madam shall you and I toose and tumble together in the drawing room hard by for half an hour or so? Hah? [*Cons.*

Saunt. Fa toldara, toldara, &c. Ah Madam what do you wear a Masque for? Have you never a Nose, or but one Eye? Let me see how you are furnished?

2. Wom. Sir, if I want any thing 'tis to be doubted you cannot supply me.

Goodv. So! sure, this must come to something anon!

Mrs. Goodv. Ah were but Mr. *Goodvile* here now, what a happy Day might this be! But he is Melancholy and Forlorn in the Country, summoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that shining Pelf that must support me in my pleasures.

Goodv. Is he then Madam so kind a Husband?

Mrs. Goodv. Oh the most indulgent Creature in the VVorld! what Husband but He, Mr. *Truman*, would have so seasonably withdrawn and left me Mrs. of such Freedom? To spend my Days in Triumph as I do, to Sacrifice my Self, my Soul, and all my Sense to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

Cam. Heav'ns Madam you'll provoke him beyond all patience.

Mrs. Goodv. Who Mr. *Goodvil*! which way shall it reach his knowledge? no, we'll be as secret —

Trum. As we are happy. So subtilly lay the Scene of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himself and *Malageme* to boot, well hired to the Business, shall ne'r discover us.

Mrs. Goodv.

Mrs. Goodv. Oh discover us! a Husband discover us! were he indeed as jealous as he has reason, I could no more apprehend discovery then a kindness from him.

Goodv. This impudence is so rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you so Madam?

Mrs. Goodv. Oh a Ghost! a Ghost! save me, save me. Mr. Truman, see see Mr. Goodvil's Spirit? sure some base Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghost is come to revenge it on me.

Goodv. No Madam, fear nothing. I am a very harmless Goblin, though you are a little shockt at the sight of me.

Gap. Ha, ha, ha, Goodvile return'd? Dear Frank!

Saunt. Honest Goodvile, thou seest dear Soul we are free here in thy absence.

Goodv. I see you are Gentlemen, and shall take an opportunity to return the Favour. Footmen be ready.

Mrs. Goodv. But is it really Mr. Goodvile then? let me receive him to my Armes; welcome ten thousand, thousand, thousand times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the Gallery do?

Goodv. Oh Madam, it lookt so very charmingly, that I had no power to stay longer from the Dear Loving-Originall.

Mrs. Goodv. So, now begins the Battle.

Goodv. Well Madam, and for your Sett of Fools here: to what end and purpose have you decreed them in this new Modell of your Family? I hope you have not design'd 'em for your own Use?

Mrs. Goodv. Why Sir, methinks you should not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to pass away the time withall, since you had taken your Dearer Conversation from me.

Goodv. No Madam, I understand your Diet better: a Fool is too squobb and tender a Bit for your fierce Appetite: you are for a Substantiall Dish, a man of Heat and Honour, such as Mr. Truman I know is, and I doubt not will do me reason.

Trum. Ay Sir, when ever you'll demand it.

Mrs. Goodv. Nay Sirs, no quarrelling I beseech you, what would you be at Sir?

Goodv. At rest Madam, like an honest Snail shrink up my horns into my Shell, and if possible hold a quiet possession of it.

Mrs. Goodv. I hope I have done nothing that may disturb your quiet Sir.

Goodv. Nothing Madam, nothing in the least; how is it possible that any thing should disturbe me! a Sot, a Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a meer Utensil, a Block for you to fashion all your falsehood on, whilst I must still be stupid, bear my office and never be disturb'd, I.

Mrs. Goodv. So, now your Heart is opening; and for your ease I'll give it a little vent my self: you are jealous, alas jealous of Truman, are you?

Goodv. And I have no reason Madam, though I come and catch you in his Arms, rowling and throwing your Wanton Eyes like Fire-balls at his Heart;

Heart ; oh what an Indulgent Creature's Mr. *Goodvile* ! so seasonably to withdraw and leave you Mistress of such Freedom : To spend your Days in Triumph as you do, to sacrifice your self, your Soul and Sense to him ; the Lord of all your Joyes, your Conqueror and Protector.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I am glad to find my Plot so well succeed : I knew of your Jealousy last night, knew too your journey out of Town was but a pretence in hope to return and surprize me with *Truman*. I was inform'd too of your return but now, and your disguise I knew you through it so soon as I saw you, and therefore I acted all that Fondness to *Truman* before your face. It was all the revenge I had within my power.

Goodv. Can you deny your being with *Truman* in the Garden last night ? were you not there so openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might see ?

Mrs. *Goodv.* What Fool ? what Villain have you dares accuse me ?

Goodv. One, who though he rarely told truth before, will be sure to do it now ; *Malagene* your Kins-man, *Malagene*, a hopefull Branch of your own stock.

Trum. The Rascall dares not own it.

Goodv. But he shall Sir, though you protect him.

Trum. 'Twas basely done to set a Spy upon your Friend, after the trick you had plaid me with *Victoria*.

Goodv. Basely done !

Trum. Yes, basely Sir.

Goodv. Death, you lye Sir ! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side ?

Cap. Nay, look you *Frank* ! you had better be patient. Here shall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

Enter Valentine.

Val. What again quarrelling ? *Goodvile*, this must not be, *Truman* is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage, shall make you satisfaction.

Saunt. Ay, ay, prithee man, take some other time and don't quarrell now and spoil good Company.

Goodv. Death ! you dancing, talking, metled, frisking Rogues stand off ! oh I had forgot—*Footmen*, where are ye ?

Enter Footmen.

Here, take away these Butterflies, and do speedy execution upon 'em as I order'd, do it instantly.

[*They seize 'em.*]

Cap. Nay *Frank* ! what's all this for ?

Saunt. Nay *Goodvile*, prithee, now as I hope to live.

K

Enter

Enter Malagene.

Goodv. Away with 'em—— [*Ex. with Cap. and Saunter.*
Now for *Malagene*— Oh, here he comes Madam, who will refresh your Memory! Speak Sir, as you tender Life and Limb, whom did you see together in the Garden last night?

Malag. Ha! —no body!

Goodv. Were not *Truman* and my Wife there to your knowledge privately?

Malag. Ha, ha, ha—Child! no.

Goodv. Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whispering in the Grotto together?

Malag. No.

Goodv. Hell and Devils! this fellow has been tamper'd withal and instructed to abuse me. This is all Contrivance, a study'd Scene to fool me of my Reason.

Enter Foot-men.

Here, take him hence and harness him with the other two, till he confess the Truth.

Mrs. Goodv. He shall not go, touch him who dares: must People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuse me falsely? Ah Mr. *Goodvile*, how have I deserv'd this at your hands? let not my good name be ravish'd from me, if you have resolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly and put me out of pain.—— [*Malag. runs away.*

Goodv. Nay Madam, here is that shall yet convince—see here a Letter from your Lover left for you in a private Corner, hear me read it. And if you have modesty enough left, blush.

Reads. *If Goodvile goes out of Town this morning, let me know of it that I may wait on you and tell you the rest of my Heart. For you do not know how much I love you yet,*

Truman.

Mrs. Goodv. Death and destruction! it was all my own Contrivance, mixed with your jealousy, I sought all ways to vex you. I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and left it in a place where you might be sure to find it. To convince you farther, see here a Caution sent me just before by one whom you have trusted and loved too much for my quiet: peruse it and when you have done, consider how you have used me and how I have deserv'd it, Oh.

[*Gives Victoria's Letter.*

Goodv.

Goodvile Reads.

Journey out of Town — is a pretence, — return and surprize — believe by this discovery — Your Servant Victoria.

Victoria, has she betray'd me? nay then, I pronounce there is no Trust nor Faith in the Sex. By Heav'n in every condition they are all Jilts, all false from the Bawd to the Babe.

Mrs. Goodv. Now Sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this minute never expect I'll see your Face again: no, I'll leave you to be happy at your own choice. Love where you please, and be as free as if I ne'r had had relation to you. I shall take care to trouble you no more, but wish you may be happier then ever yet I made you.

Goodv. Stay Madam.

Mrs. Goodv. No Sir, I'll be gone, I will not stay a moment longer; Inhuman, Cruel, false Traitor! wer't thou now languishing on thy Knees, prostrate at my Feet, ready to grow mad with thy own guilt, I would not stop nor turn my Face to save thee from Despair.

Goodv. You shall.

Mrs. Goodv. For what?

Goodv. To let the World see how much a Fool I can be: art thou Innocent?

Mrs. Goodv. By my Love I am, I never wrong'd you; but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet. What Mouth will not be full of my dishonour? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me when they'd upbraid Mankind for baseness: oh that I could dissemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment perswade you still all your Jealousies were just, and I as Infamous as you are cruel. [Ex. in a rage.

Goodv. Get thee in then and talk to me no more, there's something in thy Face will make a Fool of me, and there's a Devil in this Business, which yet I cannot discover. *Truman*, if thou hast enjoyed her, I beg thee keep it close, and if it be possible let us yet be friends.

Trum. 'Tis not my fault if we be Foes.

Goodv. But now to my Fools, bring 'em forth and let us see how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh Dear *Valentine*! how does the fair *Camilla*?

Val. Faith Sir, she and I have been dispatching a trifling affair this morning, commonly call'd Matrimony.

Goodv. Marry'd! nay, then there is some comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the snare — *Valentine*! look to her, keep her as secret as thou wou'dst a Murder, had'st thou committed one: trust her not with thy dearest Friend, She has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

Enter Caper and Saunter, their Hands ty'd behind 'em, Fools Caps on their Heads. Caper with one Leg ty'd up, and Saunter Gagg'd.

See here these Rogues how like themselves they look. Now, you poultry Vermin, you Rats that run squeaking from House to House, up and down the Town; that no man can eat his Bread in quiet for you. Take warning of what you feel, and come not near these Doors again on perill of hanging. Here, discharge them of their punishment, and see 'em forth the Gates.

Enter Lady Squeamish, Sir Noble, and Victoria.

L. Squ. Oh Gallants your humble Servant. Dear Mr. *Goodvile* be pleas'd to give my Kinsman *Sir Noble*, Joy : He has done himself the Honour to marry your Cousin *Victoria*, whom now I must be proud to call my Relation, since she has accepted of the Title of my Lady *Clumsey*.

Sir. Nob. Ay Sir, I am Marry'd, and will be drunk again too before Night as simply as I stand here.

Goodv. Sir Noble marry'd? to *Victoria* too? nay then in spite of Misfortunes—

*This Day shall be a Day of Jubilee.
Good People all that my sad Fortune see,
I beg you to take warning here by me;
Marriage and hanging go by Destinie.
Especially you gay Young marry'd Blades,
Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Masquerades.*

But first

[*Ex. omnes.*

FINIS.

T H E
E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. Barrey.

W E L L Sirs, if now my Spouse and I shoud part,
To which kind Critique shall I give my heart?
Stay, let me look, not one in all the place
But has a scurvey froward damming Face.
Have you resolv'd then on the Poets fall?
Go ye're ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all.
The Marry'd Sparks I know this Play will curse
For the Wifes sake, but some of 'em have worse.
Poets themselves their own ill luck have wrought,
You ne're had learnt, had not their quarrels taught.
But as in the disturbance of a State,
Each factious Maggot thinks of growing great:
So when the Poets first had jarring fits,
You all set up for Critiques, and for Wits:
Then straight there came, which cost you Mothers pains,
Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your brains:
Libels like spurious Brats run up and down,
Which their dull Parents were asham'd to own;
But vented 'em in others names, like Whores
That lay their Bastards down at honest Doors.
For shame leave off this higling way of Wit,
Railing abroad, and roaring in the Pit.
Let Poets live in peace, in quiet write,
Else may they all to punish you unite;
Join in one Force, to study to abuse ye;
And teach your Wives and Misses how to use you.

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THE
ORPHAN
OR, THE
Unhappy-Marriage.
A
TRAGEDY.
As it is Acted
At His ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
Duke's Theatre.

Written by *THO. OTWAY.*

*Qui Pelago credit magno, se favore tollit ;
Qui Pugnis & Castra petiti, praeringitur Auro ;
Filiis Adulator pilleo jaceo Ebrim Ostro ;
Es qui sollicitas Nuptas, ad pramia peccat :
Sola pruinosis horres Faunidia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat Artes. Petron. Arb. Sat.*

L O N D O N.

Printed for R. Bentley, at the Post-House, in Russel-street,
in Covent-Garden. 1696.

THE
RAPHAN



OR THE
Unhappy-Marriage

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted
At His ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE

Duke's Theatre

Written by THO. OTWAY

Printed by J. Smith, at the Post-Office, in Pall-mall, London.

LONDON.

Printed for R. Bentley, at the Post-Office, in Pall-mall, London.

To her Royal Highness the Dutchess.

M A D A M.

AFTER having a great while wish't to write something that might be worthy to lay at your Highnesses Feet, and finding it impossible: Since the World has been so kind to me to Judge of this Poem to my advantage, as the most pardonable fault which I have made in its kind; I had sinn'd against my self, if I had not chosen this Opportunity to implore (what my Ambition is most fond of) your Favour and Protection.

For though Fortune would not so far bless my endeavours, as to encourage them with your Royal Highnesses Presence, when this came into the World; Yet, I cannot but declare it was my design and hopes, it might have been your divertisement in that happy season, when you return'd again to chear all those eyes, that had before wept for your Departure, and enliven all hearts that had droopt for your absence: When Wit ought to have pay'd it's Choicest Tributes in, and Joy have known no Limits, then I hop'd my little Mite would not have been rejected; though my ill Fortune was too hard for me, and I lost a greater Honour, by your Royal Highnesses Absence, than all the Applauses of the World besides can make me Reparation for.

Nevertheless, I thought my self not quite unhappy, so long as I had hopes this way yet to recompence my disappointment past: When I consider'd also, that Poetry might claim right to a little share in your Favour: For *Tasso*, and *Ariosto*, some of the best, have made their Names Eternal, by transmitting to after-Ages the Glory of your Ancestors: And under the spreading of that shade, where two of the best have planted their Lawrels, how Honoured should I be, who am the worst, if but a branch might grow for me.

The DEDICATION.

I dare not think of offering any thing in this Address, that might look like a Panegyrick, for fear least when I have done my best, the World should condemn me, for saying too little, and you your self check me, for meddling with a Task unfit for my Talent.

For the description of Virtues, and Perfections so rare as yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate, as skilful a Hand; the Features must be drawn very fine, to be like, hasty dawbing would but spoil the Picture, and make it so unnatural, as must want false lights to set it off: And your Virtue can receive no more Lustre from Practises, then your Beauty can be improv'd by Art; which as it Charms the bravest Prince that ever amaz'd the World with his Virtue: So, let but all other Hearts inquire into themselves, and then Judge, how it ought to be prais'd.

Your Love too, as none but that great Hero, who has it, could deserve it, and therefore, by a particular Lot from Heav'n, was destin'd to so extraordinary a blessing, so matchless for it self, and so wondrous for it's Constancy, shall be remembred to your Immortal Honour, when all other Transactions of the Age you live in shall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask Pardon for the fault I have been all this while Committing. Wherefore I beg your Highness to forgive me this presumption, and that you will be pleas'd to think well of one who cannot help resolving with all the Actions of Life, to endeavour to deserve it: Nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted that I may through yours never want an Advocate in his Favour, whose Heart and Mind you have so entire a share in; it is my only Portion and my Fortune; I cannot but be happy, so long as I have but hopes I may enjoy it, and I must be Miserable, should it ever be my ill Fate to lose it.

This with Eternal wishes for your Royal Highness's Content, Happines, and Prosperity, in all Humility is presented by

Your most obedient and devoted Servant.

THO. OTWAY.

The Persons Represented in the Tragedy.

M E N.

Acasto, A Nobleman retired
from the Court, and living
privately in the Country. By Mr. Gillow.

Castalio, } By Mr. Betterton.

His Sons.

Polydore, } By Mr. Jo. Williams.

Chamont, A young Souldier
of Fortune. By Mr. Smith.

Ernesto, } Servants in the Fa- By Mr. Norris.

Paulino, } mily. By Mr. Wiltshire.

Cordelio, Polydore's Page. By the little Girl.

Chaplain. By Mr. Percival.

W O M E N,

Monimia, The Orphan, left un-
der the Guardianship of old
Acasto. By Mrs. Barry.

Serina, Acasto's Daughter. By Mrs. Boteler.

Florella, Monimia's Woman. By Mrs. Osborn.

SCENE, BOHEMIA.

Prologue.

TO you, great Judges in this Writing Age,
The Sons of Wit, and Patrons of the Stage,
With all those humble thoughts, which still have sway'd
His Pride, much doubting, trembling and afraid
Of what is to his want of merit due,
And aw'd by every Excellence in you,
The Author sends to beg you would be kind,
And spare those many faults you needs must find,
You to whom Wit a Common Foe is grown,
The thing ye scorn, and publickly disown;
Though now perhaps y' are here for other ends,
He swears to me, ye ought to be his Friends:
For he ne're call'd ye yet inspid Tools;
Nor wrote one line to tell ye you were Fools:
But says of wit ye have so large a store,
So very much, you never will have more.
He ne're with Libel treated yet the Town,
The names of Honest men bedaw'd and shown,
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless life
Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife:
Satyr's the effect of Poetries disease;
Which, Sick of a lew'd Age, she vents for Ease,
But now her only strife should be to please;
Since of ill Fate the baneful Cloud's withdrawn;
And happiness again begins to dawn,
Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
That always drove Fears hence, ne're brought 'em home,
Oft has he plow'd the boist'rous Ocean-o're,
Yet ne're more welcome to the longing shoar,
Not when he brought home Victories before.
For then fresh Lawrels flourish't on his Brow,
And he comes Crown'd with Olive-branches now,
Receive him! Oh receive him as his Friends;
Embrace the Blessings which he Recommends;
Such quiet as your Foes shall ne're destroy;
Then shake off Fears, and clap your hands for Joy.

THE
ORPHAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Paulino and Ernesto.

Paul. **T**his strange *Ernesto*, this severity
Should still reign pow'rful in *Acasto's* mind,
To hate the Court where he
Was bred and liv'd,

All Honours heap'd on him that Pow'r cou'd give.

Ernest. 'Tis true, he came thither a private Gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a Family
Ancient and Noble as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are justly his;
He purchas'd them in War; thrice has he led
An Army against the Rebels, and as often
Return'd with Victory; the world has not
A truer Souldier, or a better Subject.

Paul. It was his Virtue at first made me serve him;
He is the best of Masters as of Friends
I know he has lately been invited thither;
Yet still he keeps his stubborn purpose, cries,
He's old, and willingly would be at rest:
I doubt there's deep resentment in his mind,
For the late slight his Honour suffer'd there.

Ern. Has he not reason? When for what he had born
Long, hard, and faithful Toyl, he might have claim'd
Places in Honour, and employment high;
A huffing shining flatter'ing cringing Coward,
A Canker-worm of Peace was rais'd above him.

Paul. Yet still he holds just value for the King
Nor ever Names him but with highest reverence.

'Tis

The ORPHAN.

'Tis noble that——

Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praise,
Speak things of him might Charm the Ears of Envy.

Paul. Oh may he live till Nature's self grow old,
And from her Womb no more can bleis the Earth!
For when he dies, farewell all Honour, Bounty,
All generous encouragement of Arts,
For charity her self becomes a Widow.

Ern. No, he has two Sons that were ordain'd to be
As well his Virtues, as his Fortunes Heirs.

Paul. They're both of Nature mild, and full of sweetness.
They came Twins from the Womb, and still they live,
As if they would go Twins too to the Grave:
Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each others joys as griefs partaking;
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Ern. Never was Parent in an Off-spring happier,
He has a Daughter too, whose blooming Age,
Promises Goodness equal to her Beauty.

Paul. And as there is a Friendship 'twixt the Brethren,
So has her Infant Nature chosen too
A faithful Partner of her thoughts and wishes,
And kind Companion of her harmless pleasures.

Ern. You mean the Beauteous Orphan, fair *Monimia*?

Paul. The same, the Daughter of the brave *Chamont*.
He was our Lords Companion in the Wars,
Where such a wondrous Friendship grew between 'em
As only Death could end: *Chamont's* Estate
Was ruin'd in our late and Civil discords;
Therefore unable to advance her Fortune,
He left his Daughter to our Master's care;
To such a care as she scarce lost a Father.

Ern. Her Brother to the Emperour's Wars went early,
To seek a Fortune or a noble Fate;
Whence he with Honour is expected back,
And mighty marks of that great Prince's Favour.

Paul. Our Master never would permit his Sons
To lance for Fortune in th' uncertain World,
But wants to avoid both Courts, and Camps,
Where Dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave noble honest gallant Man,
To throw her self away on Fools and Knaves.

Ern. They both have forward, generous active Spirits,
'Tis daily their Petition to their Father,

To send them forth where Glory's to be gotten ;
They cry they're weary of their lazy home,
Restless to do some thing that Fame may talk of.
To day they chas'd the Boar, and near this time
Should be return'd.

Paul. Oh that's a Royal sport !
We yet may see the old man in a morning,
Lusty as health come ruddy to the Field,
And there pursue the chace as if he meant
To o'retake time and bring back Youth again.

[*Ex. Ern. and Paul.*

Enter Castalio, Polydor, and Page.

Cast. *Polydor* ! our sport
Has been to day much better for the danger ;
When on the brink the foaming Boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,
The desperate savage rush'd within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

Polyd. But then ———

Cast. Ay then my brother, my Friend *Polydor*,
Like *Perseus* mounted on his winged Steed
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leapt
To save *Castalio*. 'Twas a God-like Act.

Polyd. But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
Oh my heart danc't to see your danger past !
The heat and fury of the Chace was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but Joy.

Cast. So, *Polydor*, methinks we might in War
Rust on together ; Thou shoud'st be my Guard,
And I be thine ; what is't could hurt us then ?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And d'ye of rank diseases here at home ?

Pol. No, let me purchase in my Youth Renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old ;
I would be busie in the world and learn,
Not like a course and useles dungle weed
Fixt to one spot and rot just as I grow.

Cast. Our Father
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries it is not safe that we should taste it ;
I own I have Duty very pow'rful in me ;
And tho' I'd hazard all to raise my Name,

B

Yet

Yet he's so tender and so good a Father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.

Pol. Castilio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you, can satisfy:
Will you be free and candid to your Friend?

Cast. Have I a thought my *Polydor* should not know?
What can this mean?

Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest bonds of Faithful Friendship,
To shew your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your sins to Heaven.

Cast. I will.

Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the suffrance of a tender Friend.

Cast. As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
The Artift's hand, that Ministers his Cure.

Pol. That's kindly said. You know our Fathers ward
The fair *Monimia*; is your Heart at peace?
Is it so guarded that you could not love her?

Cast. Suppose I should.

Pol. Suppose you should not, Brother.

Cast. You'd say, I must not.

Pol. That would iound too roughly
'Twixt Friends and Brothers, as we two are.

Cast. Is Love a Fault?

Pol. In one of us it may be:
What if I Love her?

Cast. Then I must inform you,
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the Claim,
But will preserve the Birth-right of my Passion.

Pol. You will.

Cast. I will.

Pol. No more, I've done.

Cast. Why not?

Pol. I told you I had done;
But you *Castilio* would despoire it.

Cast. No:

Not with my *Polydore*; though I must own
My Nature obstinate and void of suffrance.
Love rains a very Tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guards
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendship,
I am so much in love, and Fond of thee.

Pol. Yet you would break this Friendship?

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Cast. Not for Crown.

Pol. But for a Toy you would, a Woman Toy,

Unjust *Castalis*.

Cast. Printhee, where's my fault?

Pol. You love *Minimia*.

Cast. Yes.

Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your Rival.

Cast. No, sure we're such Friends,
So much one man, that our affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.

Pol. I dote upon *Minimia*.

Cast. Love her still;

Win, and enjoy her.

Pol. Both of us cannot.

Cast. No matter

Whose chance it proves, but let's not quarrel for't.

Pol. You would not wed *Minimia*, would you?

Cast. Wed her!

No! were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vaineſt of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Womans pride could waſte,
She ſhould not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry?
When I am old and weary of the World,
I may grow deſperate
And take a Wife to mortify withall.

Pol. It is an elder Brothers duty ſo
To propagate his Family and Name:
You would not have yours dye and bury'd with you?

Cast. Meer Vanity, and ſilly Dotage all;
No, let me live at large, and when I dye.

Pol. Who ſhall poſſeſs th' Eſtate you leave?

Cast. My Friend,

If he ſurvives me, if not, my King,
Who may beſtow't again on ſome brave man,
Whoſe Honesty and Services deſerve one.

Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.

Cast. By yon Heaven, I love
My *Polydore* beyond all worldly Joys,
And would not ſhock his quiet to be bleſt
With greater happineſs than man e're taſted.

Pol. And by that Heaven eternally I ſwear,
To keep the kind *Castalis* in my heart.

Whoſe ſhall *Minimia* be?

Cast. No matter who's

Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?

Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;
But th' opportunity shall now be thine;
My self will bring thee to the Scene of Love;
But have a care, by Friendship I conjure thee,
That no false Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
Urge all thy pow'rs to make thy Passion prosper,
But wrong not mine.

Pol. Heav'n blest me if I do.

Cast. It's prove thy Fortune. *Polydor*, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the Arts of fine persuasion!)
Trust me and let me know thy Love's success;
That I may ever after stifle mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than Rest
To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold,
To great men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride,
Rather than wrong *Castalis*, I'd forget her.
For if ye Pow'rs have happiness in store,
When ye would shower down joys on *Polydor*,
In one great blessing all your bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a Friend.

[Ex. *Cast.* *Pol.* *Mon.* *Page.*

Enter *Monimia*.

Mon. So soon return'd from hunting? This fair Day
Seems as if sent to invite the world abroad.
Past not *Castalis* and *Polydor* this way?

Page. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure some ill Fate's upon me,
Distrust and heaviness sits round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my timorous Soul.
Why was I not slain in my peaceful Grave
With my poor Parents? And at Rest as they are?
Instead of that I am wand'ring into cares.
Castalis! Oh *Castalis*! Thou hast caught
My Foolish heart; and like a tender Child,
That trusts his play-thing to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near *Cordelio*, I must chide you, Sir,

Page. Why, Madam, have I done you any wrong?

Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder;
Sat by my Bed, and sung me pretty Songs;
Perhaps I've been ungrateful, here's Money for You;
Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oftener?

Pag. Madam, I'de serve you with my Soul;
But in a morning when you call me to you,
As by your bed I stand and tell you stories,
I am aſham'd to ſee your ſwelling Breasts,
It makes me bluſh, they are ſo very white.

Mon. Oh men for flattery and deceit renown'd!
Thus when y'are young, ye learn it all like him,
Till as your years increaſe, that ſtrengthens too,
T'undo poor Maids and make our ruin eaſie.

Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou haſt oft heard
Their friendly Converſe, and their boſome ſecrets,
Sometimes at leaſt, have they not talkt of me?

Pag. Oh Madam! Very wickedly they have talkt:
But I'm afraid to name it, for they ſay
Boys muſt be whipt that tell there Maſters ſecrets.

Mon. Fear not, *Cordelio*! it ſhall ne're be known;
For I'll preſerve the ſecrets as 'twere mine.

Polydor cannot be ſo kind as I.
I'll furniſh thee for all the harmleſs ſports
With pretty Toys, and thou ſhalt be my Page.

Pag. And truly, Madam, I had rather be ſo.
Methinks you love me better then my Lord,
For he was never half ſo kind as you are!
What muſt I do?

Mon. Inform me how th' haſt heard
Caſtalis, and his Brother uſe my name?

Pag. With all the tenderneſs of Love,
You were the Subject of there laſt diſcourſe.
At firſt I thought it would have Fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot the other coold,
And yielded to the frailty of his Friend;
At laſt, after much ſtrugling 'twas reſolv'd.

Mon. What good *Cordelio*?

Pag. Not to quarrel for you.

Mon. I would not have 'em, by my deareſt hopes,
I would not be the argument of ſtrife.
But ſurely my *Caſtalis* won't forſake me,
And make a Mockery of my eaſie Love.
Went they together?

Pag. Yes to ſeek you, Madam.

Caſtalis promis'd *Polydor* to bring him,
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his wiſhes.

Mon. Am I then grown ſo cheap, juſt to be made
A common ſtake, a prize for love in jeſt?

Was not *Castalis* very loth to yield it,
Or was it *Polydor's* unruly Passion,
That heightened the debate?

Pag. The fault was *Polydor's*,
Castalis play'd with love, and smiling shew'd
The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.
He said no Womans smiles should buy his Freedom;
And Marriage is a mortifying thing.

Mon. Then I am ruin'd, if *Castalis's* false,
Where is there Faith, and Honour to be found?
Ye Gods, that Guard the Innocent, and guide
The Weak; protect, and take me to your care.
Oh! but I love him: There's the Rock will wrack me!
Why was I made with all my Sexes softness,
Yet, want the Cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll see *Castalis*, tax him with his falsehoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, protest my wrongs;
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter Castalis and Polydor.

He comes, the Conquerour comes! lye still, my Heart,
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.

Cast. Madam, my Brother begs he may have leave
To tell you something that concerns you nearly;
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My Lord *Castalis*!

Cast. Madam!

Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably? What means this usage?
Why am I left with *Polydor* alone?

Cast. He best can tell you. Business of importance
Calls me away, I must attend my Father.

Mon. Will you then leave me thus?

Cast. But for a moment.

Mon. It has been otherwise; the time has been,
When business might have stay'd, and I been heard.

Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
That I must go——

Mon. Then go, and if't be possible for ever.
Well, my Lord *Polydor*, I guess your business,
And read the ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.

Pol. If to desire you more than Misers Wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life,

[*Ex. Cast.*]

The ORPHAN.

9

If softest Wishes, and a heart more true,
Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,
Speak an ill Nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of Love, my Lord, I must not bear it.

Pol. Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent?
Desire first taught us words? Man when created
At first alone, long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his Vassal-Beasts;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first talk was Love.

Mon. The first created pair, indeed, were blest;
They were the only Objects of each other;
Therefore he Courted her, and her alone;
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where
There's roving Room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever: Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear eyes, for every glance they send
Darts through my Soul, and almost gives enjoyment.

Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more,
Than ever I can hope to think to pay.
There always was a Friendship 'twixt our Families;
And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your Father's Pity, and his Bounty took me
A poor and helpless Orphan to his care.

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish Verrue, 'tis a cheat,
And those who taught it first, were Hypocrites.
Come, these soft tender Limbs were made for yielding.

Mon. Here on my knees by Heavens blest power I swear,
[Kneels.

If you persist, I never henceforth will see you
But rather wander, through the World a Beggar,
And live on sordid scraps at proud Mens Doors;
For though to Fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My Mother's Vertues and my Father's Honour.

Pol. Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right, y're always false,
Or silly; even your Dresses are not more
Fantastick than your Appetites! you think
Of nothing twice! Opinion you have none.

To

To day y'are nice, to morrow not so free,
 Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
 Now please, now not; and all you know not why.
 Vertue you affect, inconstancy's your practice,
 And when your loose desires once get dominion,
 No hungry Churle feeds courser at a Feast;
 Every rank Fool goes down—

Mon. Indeed, my Lord,
 I own my Sexes follies, I have 'em all,
 And to avoid its fault must fly from you,
 Therefore believe me, could you raise me high,
 As most fantastick Womans wish could reach,
 And lay all Nature's Riches at my feet,
 I'de rather run a Salvage in the Woods
 Amongst bruit Beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
 As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
 So I might still enjoy my Honour safe
 From the destroying wiles of faithless men. [*Ex. Mon.*]

Pol. Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd man,
 To chringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
 Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
 The lusty Bull ranges through all the Field,
 And from the Herd singling his Female out,
 Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
 It shall be so, I'll yet possess my Love,
 Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours.
 Then when her roving thoughts have been abroad,
 And brought in wanton wishes to her heart;
 I'th' very minute when her Vertue nods,
 I'll rush upon her in a storm of Love,
 Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
 Surfeit on Joys till even desire grow sick;
 Then be long Absence liberty regain,
 And quiet forget the pleasure and the pain.

[*Ex. Pol. and Page*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Acasto, Castalio, Polydor, Attendants.

Acast. **T**O day has been a Day of Glorious sport,
 When you, *Castalio*, and your Brother left me,
 Forth from the Thickets rush another Boar;

So

So large, he seem'd the Tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,
They seem'd a Grove of spears upon his Back;
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Best to observe which way he'd lead the Chace,
Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his Prey;
Till brandishing my well poys'd Javelin high,
With his cold Executing arm, I struck
The ugly brindled Monster to the heart.

Cast. The Actions of your life were always wond'rous.

Acast. No flattery, Boy! an honest man can't live by't,
It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves
Use to Cajole and soften Fools withal;
If thou hast flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't,
Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

Pol. Why there?

Acast. 'Tis, next to Money, currant there,
To be seen daily in as many forms,
As there are sorts of Vanities, and Men;
The superstitious States-man has his sneer
To smooth a poor man off with that can't bribe him;
The grave dull fellow of small business sooths
The Humorist, and will needs admire his Wit:
Who without spleen could see a hot-brain'd Atheist
Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon,
Or a Grave Councillor meet a smooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the hand, and praise his good Complexion.

Pol. Courts are the places where best manners flourish.
Where the deserving ought to rise and Fools
Make show. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
To see a gawdy Coxcomb shine, when I
Have seen enough to sooth him in his follies,
And ride him to advantage as I please? —

Acast. Who merit ought indeed to rise i' th' world,
But no wise man that's honest should expect.
What man of sense would rack his generous mind,
To practise all the base Formalities
And Forms of business, force a grave starch'd face,
When he's a very Libertine in's heart?
Seem not to know this or that man in publick,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the scene of some brave Fellows Ruin.
Such things are done —

Cast. Your Lordships wrongs have been

So great that you with Justice may complain;
But suffer us whose younger minds ne're felt
Fortunes deceits, to Court her as she's fair.
Were she a Common Mistress, kind to all,
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.

Acast. Go to, y'are Fools, and know me not, I've learn'd
Long since to bear revenge, or scorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer;
You both would fain be Great, and to that end
Desire to do things worthy your Ambition;
Go to the Camp, Preferment's noblest Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find
Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,
Almost in every Band: How many men
Have spent their blood in their dear Countries service,
Yet now pine under want, while selfish slaves,
That even would cut their throats, whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly Locusts eat the Honey up,
Which those industrious Bees so hardly toyl'd for?

Cast. These Precepts suit not with my Active mind,
Methinks I would be busie.

Pol. So would I,
Not loyter out my life at home, and know
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.

Acast. Busie your minds then, study Arts and Men:
Learn how to value Merits though in Rags,
And scorn a proud ill manner'd Knave in Office.

Enter Serina, Monimia, and Maid.

Ser. My Lord, my Father!

Acast. Blessings on my Child,
My little Cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, Sir, most glad and welcome News,
The Young *Chamont*, whom you've so often wish'd for,
Is just arriv'd and entring.

Acast. By my Soul,
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome,
Let me receive him like his Father's Friend.

Enter Chamont;

Welcome, thou Relick of the best lov'd man,
Welcome from all the Turmoils, and the Hazards,
Of certain danger, and uncertain fortune;

Welcome

Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears.

Cham. Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you,
Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
That I shoul talk of nothing else all day.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham. Oh my Sister! let me hold thee
Long in my Arms, I've not beheld thy Face
These many days by night I've often seen thee
In gentle Dreams, and satisfied my Soul
With fancy'd Joy, till morning cares awak'd me.

Another Sister, sure it must be so;
Though I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
And tells me she has claim and interest there.

Acst. Young Souldier, you've not only study'd War,
Courtship I see has been your Practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter.

Cham. Is she your Daughter? then my heart told true!
And I'm at least her Brother by Adoption.
For you have made your self to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have leave to love her.

Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me, men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an Art of Love.
Is *Chamont* so? No, sure he's more than man,
Something that's near Divine, and Truth dwells in him.

Acst. Thus happy, who would envy pompous Pow'r,
The Luxury of Courts, or wealth of Cities?
Let there be Joy through all the house this day!
In every Room let plenty flow at large,
It is the Birth-day of my Royal Master.
You have not visited the Court, *Chamont*,
Since your Return?

Cham. I have no business there,
I have not slavish Temperance enough
To attend a Fav'rites heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

Acst. This you could do.

Cast. I'd serve my Prince.

Acst. Who'd serve him?

Cast. I would, my Lord.

Pol. And I, both would.

Acst. Away.

He needs not any Servants such as you!
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!

He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth :
 So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath ;
 So just, that were he but a private man,
 He could not do a wrong. How would you serve him ?

Cast. I'de serve him with my Fortune here at home,
 And serve him with my person in his wars,
 Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Dye for him,
 As every true born loyal Subject ought.

Acast. Let me embrace you both. Now by the Souls
 Of my brave Ancestors, I'm truly happy,
 For this be ever blest my Marriage day,
 Blest be your Mothers memory that bore you,
 And double blest be that auspicious Hour,
 That gave the Birth. Yes, my aspiring Boys,
 Ye shall have business, when your Master wants you,
 You cannot serve a Nobler, I have serv'd him,
 In this old body yet the marks remain
 Of many wounds. I've with his Tongue proclaim'd
 His right, even in the face of rank Rebellion,
 And when a foul mouth'd Traytor once prophan'd
 His sacred name, with my good-Sabir drawn,
 Ev'n at the head of all his giddy rout,
 I rush'd and Clove the Rebel to the Chine

Enter Servants.

Ser. My Lord, the expected Guests are just arriv'd.

Acast. Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.

Cham. My Lord, I stand in need of your assistance
 In something that concerns my Peace and Honour.

Acast. Spoke like the Son of that brave man I lov'd ;
 So freely friendly we converse together.

What e're it be with confidence impart it,
 Thou shalt command my Fortune and my Sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your Friendship nor your Justice :
 Your Bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
 My Orphan Sister, must not be forgotten :

Acast. Prithce no more of that ; it grates my Nature.

Cham. When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
 One Fate surpriz'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em :
 My Father with his dying breath bequeath'd
 Her to my Love : My Mother, as she lay
 Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
 Took me in her fainting Arms, wept, and embrac'd me,

Then

Then press me close, and as she observ'd my Tears,
Kiss 'em away, said she, *Cham* my Son,
By this and all the Love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of *Mamma*, watch her Youth,
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour.
Perhaps kind Heaven may raise some friend;
Kiss me again; so blest us, and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.

Acast. It speaks an honest Nature.

Cham. The Friend Heaven rais'd was you, you took her up
An Infant to the desert world expos'd;
And prov'd another Parent.

Acast. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my Fears.

Acast. Then why this Argument?

Cham. My Lord, my Nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

Acast. Go on.

Cham. Great Spirits bear misfortunes hardly,
Good Offices claim Gratitude, and Pride
Where Pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
May us (rather then be thought behind-hand)
Pay over-price.

Acast. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?

Cham. No, but I fear her weakness

May make her pay a debt at any rate;
And to deal freely with your Lordships goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

Acast. Then first charge her; and if the offence be found

Within my reach; tho' it shou'd touch my Nature,

In my own Off-spring, by the dear remembrance

Of thy brave Father whom my heart enjoy'd in,

I'd prosecute it with severest Vengeance.

Cham. I thank you from my Soul.

Mon. Alas, my Brother!

What have I done? and why do you abuse me?

My heart quakes in me; in your settled Face

And clouded Brow methinks I see my Fate:

You will not kill me!

Cham. Prithce, why dost talk so?

Mon. Look kindly on me then, I cannot bear

Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me;

My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough

I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing

But use me gently like a loving Brother,

And

And search through all the Secrets of my Soul.

Cha. Fear nothing, I will shew myself a Brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving Brother;
Y'ave not forgot our Father's name.

Mon. I shall never.

Cha. Then you'll remember too, he was a man
That liv'd up to the standard of his Honour;
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth.

He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkness from the World, and hidden;

He could not have forgiven it to himself;
This was the only Portion that he left us;

And I more glory in't, then if possesst
Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools,

'Twas a large Trust, and must be manag'd nicely;
Now if by any chance *Mamma*,

You have soyld this Gem, and taken from it's value;
How will y' account with me?

Mon. I challenge Envy, Malice, and all the Practices of Hell,
To censure all the Actions of my past

Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!

Cha. I'll tell thee then; Three Nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my Bed, all darkness round me,

A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my Face, and trembling seiz'd my Limbs,

My Bed shook under me, the Curtains started,
And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd

The form of Thee thus Beauteous as thou art,
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand

A wanton Lover, which by turns caus'd thee
With all the Freedom of unbounded pleasure

I snatch'd my Sword, and in the very Moment
Darted it at the Fantome, straight it left me:

Then rose and call'd for Lights, when, O Dire Omen!
I found my weapon had the Arras pierc'd,

Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How th' unhappy *Theben* slew his Father!

Mon. And for this Cause my Virtue is suspected;
Because in Dreams your Fancy has been ridden,

I must be tortur'd waking!

Cha. Have a care,
Labour not to be justified too fast,

Hear all, and then let Justice hold the scale;
What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me

Through

Through a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,
 And meditated on the last nights Vision,
 I spy'd a wrinkled Hagg, with Age grown double,
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to her self;
 Her eyes with scalding Rheume were gall'd and red;
 Cold palfie shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
 The tatter'd Remnant of an old strip'd Hanging,
 Which serv'd to keep her Carkets from the Cold,
 So there was nothing of a-piece about her;
 Her lower weeds were all o're coarsely patch'd
 With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness;
 I askt her of my way, which she inform'd me;
 Then crav'd my Charity, and bad me hasten
 To save a Sister: At that word I started.

Mon. The common cheat of Beggars every day!
 They flock about our doors, pretend to Gifts
 Of Prophecy, and telling Fools their Fortunes.

Cha. Oh! But she told me such a Tale, *Monimia*,
 As in it bore great circumstance of truth;
Castalio and *Polydor*, my Sister.

Mon. Hah!

Cha. What alter'd! does your courage fail you!
 Now by my Father's Soul the Witch was honest;
 Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
 Thy Honour at a sordid Game.

Mon. I will,
 I must; so hardly my Misfortune loads me,
 That both have offer'd me their Love, most true.

Cha. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest Vows
 Have prest my heart, if e're in thought I yielded
 To any but *Castalio*!

Cha. But *Castalio*!

Mon. Still will you cross the Line of my Discourse!
 Yes, I confess that he has won my Soul
 By generous Love and honourable Vows,
 Which he this day, appointed to compleat,
 And make himself by holy Marriage mine.

Cha. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd
 Thy Virtue white without a blot untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchast, may Heaven reject my Prayers!
 Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cha. Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me

Then

Then all the Comforts ever yet blest man,
 And let not Marriage bait thee to thy Ruine.
 Trust not a man; we are by Nature false;
 Dissembling, subtle, cruel and unconstant.
 When a Man talks of Love, with caution trust him;
 But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee;
 I charge thee let no more *Castalio* fool thee.
 Avoid it as thou would'st preserve the peace
 Of a poor Brother, to whose Soul th' art precious.

Mon. I will!

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as *Great Ones*.
 When *Mer* it begs, then shalt thou see how soon
 His heart will cool, and his pains grow eases. [Ex. *Cham.*

Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him severely;
 For, oh *Castalio*! thou too much hast wrong'd me,
 In leaving me to *Polydor's* ill usage.
 He comes, and now for once, oh Love stand Neuter;
 Whilst a hard part's perform'd! For I must tempt,
 Wound his soft Nature, though my own Heart akes for't. [Ex.]

Enter *Castalio*.

Cast. *Monimia*, *Monimia*, she's gone:
 And seem'd to part with anger in her Eyes;
 I am a Fool, and she has found my Weakness;
 She uses me already like a Slave,
 Fast bound in Chains to be chastis'd at will:
 'Twas not well done to trifle with my Brother:
 I might have trusted him with all the secret,
 Open'd my silly heart and shewn it bare,
 But then he loves her too; but not like me,
 I am a doating honest Slave, design'd
 For Bondage, Marriage bonds, which I've sworn
 To wear: it is the only thing I e're
 Hid from his knowledge; and he'll sure forgive
 The first Transgression of a wretched Friend
 Betray'd to Love and all its little follies.

Enter *Polydor*, and *Page* at the door.

Pol. Here place your self, and watch my Brother thoroughly:
 If he should chance to meet *Monimia*, make
 Just observation of each word and action;
 Pass not one circumstance without remark:
 Sir, 'Tis your office, do't and bring me word. [Ex. *Pol.*

Enter

Enter Monimia.

Cast. *Monimia*, My Angel, 'twas not kind
To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every Place is desert,
And I, methinks, am Salvage and forlorn,
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my Soul.

Mon. Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithless men!
'Tis thus the false *Hyena* makes her moan,
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den;
Your Sex are so, such false dissemblers all,
With sighs and complaints y'entice poor Womens hearts,
And all that pity you, are made your Prey.

Cast. What means my Love? oh, how have I deserv'd
This language from the Sovereign of my Joys!
Stop, stop, those Tears, *Monimia*, for they fall
Like baneful dew from a distempered Sky,
I feel 'em chill me to the very heart.

Mon. Oh, you are false, *Castalio*, most forlorn,
Attempt no farther to delude my Faith,
My heart is fixt, and you shall shake't no more.

Cast. Who told you so? What Hell-bred Villain durst
Prophane the Sacred Business of my Love?

Mon. Your Brother knowing on what terms I'm here
Th' unhappy Object of your Father's Charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of Love,
And durst affront me with his brutal Passion.

Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I,
False to my Brother and unjust to Thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

Mon. And was your Love so very tame to shrink,
Or rather then lose him, abandon me?

Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his heat and to conceal my Happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;
Talkt as he talkt, and granted all he ask't;
Lest he in Rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia* lost.

Mon. Could you then do this to me, can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of your self.

And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cast. Is this *Monimia*? surely no! till now
I ever thought her Dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his Heart with Woman's surely lost:
You were made Fair on purpose to undo us,
Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne're distrust the poyson that it hides.

Mon. When Love ill plac'd would find a means to break.

Cast. It never wants pretences nor excuse.

Mon. Man wherefore was a Lord-like Creature made,
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty Aspect given him for command,
Easily softn'd, when he would betray:
Like conquering Tyrants, you our Breasts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forrage for a while,
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and waste.
If so, *Castalis*, you have serv'd my heart,
I find that Desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne're recover Peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind?
Since you will drive me from you, I must go;
But, oh *Monimia*, when th' hast banish'd me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull,
As artful Woman for her ends would chose,
Shall never dote as I have done: For oh!
No Tongue my Pleasure nor my Pain can tell:
'Tis Heav'n to have Thee, and without thee Hell.

Mon. *Castalis*! stay! we must not part. I find
My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace;
These little Quarrels Love must needs forgive,
They rouse up drowsie thoughts, and wake my Soul.
Oh! charm me with the Musick of thy Tongue,
I'm ne're so blest, as when I hear thy Vows,
And listen to the Language of thy Heart.

Cast. Where am I! surely Paradise is round me!
Sweets planted by the hand of Heaven grow here,
And every Sense is full of thy Perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a mad-mans Frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;
But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
Might make him rage again with Love, as I do.
To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, oh!
Thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece!
Sure framing the Heav'n took unusual care,

As its own Beauty it design'd thee Fair ;
And form'd thee by the best lov'd Angel there.

[Ex.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Polydor, and Page.

Pol. **W**ere they so kind? Express it to me all
In words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.

Pag. At first I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, *Castalis* grew disturb'd,
Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd submission, though Love all the while
The Rebel plaid, and scarce could be contain'd.

Pol. But what succeeded?

Pag. Oh 'twas wondrous pretty!
For of a sudden all the Storm was past,
A gentle calm of Love succeeded it;
Monimia sigh'd and blusht, *Castalis* swore;
As you, My Lord, I well remember, did
To my young Sister in the Orange Grove,
When I was first prefer'd to be your Page.

Pol. Happy *Castalis*! Now, by my Great Soul,
M'ambitious Soul, that Languishes to Glory,
I'll have her yet, by my best hopes I will.
She shall be mine in spite of all her Arts.
But for *Castalis* why was I refus'd?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play,
Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durst not do't.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Halt to compliance brought by me, surpriz'd
Her sinking Vertue till she yielded quite:
So Poachers basely pick up tir'd Game,
Whilst the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
Boy!

Pag. My Lord!

Pol. Go to your Chamber and prepare your Lute;
Find out some Song to please me, that describes
Womens Hypocrisies, their subtle wiles,
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies,
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds,
The sum of all their follies, and their falshoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh the unhappiest Tydings Tongue e're told!

Pol. The matter!

Serv. Oh! your Father, my good Master,
As with his Guests he set in mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the Gobling round the joyful Board,
A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs;
His Eyes distorted grew; His Visage pale!
His speech forsook him; Life it self seem'd fled,
And all his Friends are waiting now about him.

Enter Acasto leaning on Tivo.

Acast. Support me, give me Air, I'll yet recover,
'Twas but a slip decaying Nature made,
For she grows weary near her Journeys end.
Where are my Sons? come near, my *Polydor*,
Your Brother! where's *Castalia*?

Serv. My Lord,
I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house,
He or *Monimia* are not to be found.

Acast. Not to found, then where are all my Friends? 'tis well,
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
M'unnannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome hour,
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks
Would live and dye with all Friends about me.

Enter Castalio.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest Fathers Life,
Bless it with long and uninterrupted days!
Oh! may he live till time it self decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Acast. Thank you, *Castalio*; give me both your hands,
And bear me up, I'd walk: So, now methinks
I appear as great as *Hercules* himself,
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.

Cast. My Lord, your Chaplain.

Acast. Let the good man enter.

Chap. Heaven guard your Lordship, and restore your health!

Acast. I have provided for thee if I dye,
No fawning! 'tis a scandal to thy Office.
My Sons, as thus united ever live,

And

And for the Estate, you'll find when I am dead
I have divided it betwixt you both
Equally parted, as you shared my love;
Only to sweet *Monimia*, I've bequeath'd
Then thousand Crowns, a little Portion for her,
To wed her honourable as she's born.
Be not less Friends because you're Brothers; shun
The man that's singular, his minds unsound,
His Spleen o're-weighs his Brains, but above all
Avoid the politick, the factious Fool,
The busie, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave;
The quaint smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason;
Calls sawcy loud Suspicion, publick Zeal,
And Mutiny the Dictator of his Spirit:
Be very careful how ye make new Friends,
Men read not Morals now, 'twas a Custom,
But all are to their Father's Vices born:
And in their Mothers Ignorance are bred.
Let Marriage be the last mad thing ye do,
For all the Sins and follies of the past.
If you have Children, never give them knowledge,
'Twill spoil their Fortune, Fools are all the fashion.
If y'ave Religion, keep it to your selves,
Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
And laugh ye out on't, never shew Religion
Except ye mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,
And cheat believing Fools that think ye honest.

Serim. My Father!

Acast. My heart's Darling!

Serima. Let my Knees

Fix to the Earth. Ne're let my Eyes have rest,
But wake and weep till Heaven restore my Father!

Acast. Rise to my Arms, and thy kind prayers are answer'd.
For thou'rt a woundrous extract of all Goodness,
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.

Chamont!

Cham. My Lord may't prove not an unlucky Omen!
Many I see are waiting round about you:
And I am come to ask a Blessing too,

Acast. May'st thou be happy!

Cham. Where?

Acast. In all thy wishes!

Cham. Confirm me so, and make this Fair One mine,
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtship;
And know not how to deal Love out with Art.

Onsets in Love seem best like those in War,
Fierce, resolute, and none with all the force,
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my Soul.

Acast. What says *Serina*? canst thou love a Souldier?
One born to Honour and to Honour bred;
One that has learnt to treat ev'n Foes with kindness;
To wrong no good man's Fame, nor praise himself.

Serin. Oh! name not Love, for that's ally'd to joy,
And joy must be a stranger to my heart,
When you're in danger. May *Chamont's* good Fortune
Render him lovely to some happier Maid!
Whilst I at Friendly distance see him blest,
Praise the kind Gods, and wonder at his Vertues.

Acast. *Chamont*, pursue her, conquer and possess her,
And, as my Son, a third of all my Fortune
Shall be thy Lot.

But keepthy Eyes from wandring man of frailty,
Beware the dangerous Beauty of the wanton,
Shun their enticements; Ruin like a Vulture
Waits on their Conquests: Falsehood too's their business,
They put false Beauty off to all the World;
Use false endearments to the Fools that love 'em,
And when they marry to their silly Husbands,
They bring false Vertue, broken Fame, and Fortune.

Mon. Hear ye that, my Lord?

Polyd. Yes, my fair Monitor, old men always talk thus.

Acast. *Chamont*, you told me of some doubts that press'd you.
Are you yet satisfied that I am your Friend?

Cham. My Lord, I would not lose that satisfaction
For any blessing I could wish for.

As to my tears already I have lost 'em;
They ne're shall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acast. I thank you, Daughter you must do so too.
My Friends, 'tis late,

For my disorder seems all past and over,
And I methinks begin to feel new health.

Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

Acast. Yes, I'll to Bed; old men must humour weakness.
Let me have Musick then to lull and chase
This melancholy thought of Death away.

Good-night! my Friends, Heaven guard ye all! good-night!

To morrow early we'll salute the day,
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time,

[*Ex. all but Chamont and Chaplain.*

Cham.

Cham. Hift, hift, Sir Gravity, a word with you.

Chap. With me, Sir?

Cham. If you're at leasure, Sir? we'll waste an hour.

'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be Charity

To lend your Conversation to a Stranger.

Chap. Sir, you are a Souldier?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a Souldier,

And had been one my self, but my Parents

Would make me what you see of me, yet I am honest

For all I wear black.

Cham. And that's a wonder,

Have you had long dependance on this Family?

Chap. I have not thought it so, because, my time's

Spent pleasantly, My Lord's not haughty nor imperious,

Nor I gravely whimsical, he has good Nature,

And I have manners;

His Son's too are civil to me, because

I do not pretend to be wiser then they are;

I meddle with no man's business but my own;

I rise in a morning early, study moderately,

Eat and drink chearfully, live soberly,

Take my innocent pleasures freely,

So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the Family.

Cham. I'm glad you are so happy:

A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful.

Knew you my Father the old *Chamont*?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why? didst thou love him?

Chap. Every body lov'd him; besides he was my Masters Friend.

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very Notion.

If thou didst love my Father, I could think

Thou wouldst not be an Enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no man's For.

Cham. Then prithee tell me;

Think'st thou the Lord *Cassatio* loves my Sister?

Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy Office

Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.

Then if thou art honest, use this Freedom kindly.

Chap. Love your Sister!

Cham. Ay, Love her.

Chap. Sir, I never askt him,

And wonder you should ask it me.

Cham. Nay, but th'art an Hypocrite, is there not one

Of all thy Tribe that's honest in your Schools?

The pride of your Superiours makes ye Slaves;
Ye all live loathsom sneaking servile lives;
Not free enough to practise generous Truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.

Chap. I would deserve a better thought from you.

Cham. If thou would'st have me not condemn thy Office
And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou its worst Professour;
Inform me; for I tell thee, Priest, I'll know.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wronged her.

Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care: For this may lay
A Scene of mischief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou?

Chap. Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a secret worth a Monarch's Fortune:
What shall I give thee for't? thou dear Physician
Of sickly Souls unfold this Riddle to me,
And comfort mine.

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly,

Cham. Nay, then again thou'rt honest: Would'st thou tell me?

Chap. Yes, if I durst.

Cham. Why what affrights thee?

Chap. You do,

Who are not to be trusted with the Secret,

Cham. Why, I am no Fool.

Chap. So indeed you say.

Cham. Prithee, be serious then.

Chap. You see I am so,

And hardly shall be mad enough to Nighr,
To trust you with my Ruine.

Cham. Art thou then

So far concern'd in't? What has been the Office?

Curse on that formal steady Villains Face!

Just so do all Bawds look; Nay, Bawds, they say!

Can pray upon occasions, talk of Heav'n,

Turn up their Gogling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,

Dissemble, lye, and preach like any Priest.

Art thou a Bawd?

Chap. Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

Cham. Be just then.

Chap. So I be to the trust
That's laid upon me.

Cham. By the reverenc'd Soul
Of that Great honest man that gave me Being,
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my Honour,

And

And if I e're reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good Sword ne're do me right in Battle;
May I ne're know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and Pious men like thee!

Chap. I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

Cham. Wilt thou?

Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you—

Cham. It never shall.

Chap. Swear then.

Cham. I do by all

That's dear to me, by th' Honour of my Name,

And that Power I serve, it never shall.

Chap. Then this good day, when all the house was busie,

When mirth and kind rejoycing fill'd each Room,

As I was walking in the Grove I met them.

Cham. What met them in the Grove together? tell me.

How? walking, standing, sitting, lying? hah!

Chap. I by their own appointment met them there,

Receiv'd their Marriage Vows, and joyn'd their hands.

Cham. How! married?

Chap. Yes, Sir.

Cham. Then my Soul's at peace:

But why would you delay so long to give it?

Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find

With old *Acasto*, may be I was too Cautious

To trust the secret from me.

Cham. What's the cause

I cannot guess, though 'tis my Sister's Honour.

I do not like this Marriage

Hud'd i' the dark and done at too much Venture:

The business looks with an unlucky Face.

Keep still the secret; for it ne're shall 'scape me,

Not ev'n to them, the new match'd Pair. Farewel.

Believe my Truth and know me for thy Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Castalio, and Monimia.

Cast. Young *Chamont*, and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!

No matter what's contriv'd or who consulted,

Since my *Monimia*'s mine; tho' this sad Look

Seems no good boding Omen to her Bliss,

Else, prithee, tell me why that Look cast down?

Why that sad sigh as if thy heart were breaking?

Mm. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done.

The Heavenly Powers were sure displeas'd to day !
 For at the Ceremony as we stood,
 And as your Hand was kindly joyn'd with mine,
 As the good Priest pronounc'd the Sacred Words,
 Passion grew bigg and I could not forbear,
 Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my Soul.
 What should that mean?

Cast. Oh thou art tender all !

Gentle and kind, as sympathizing Nature !
 When a sad story has been told, I've seen
 Thy little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,
 Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds ;
 But now let fear be banish'd, think no more
 Of danger, for there's safety in my Arms ;
 Let them receive thee : Heav'n, grow jealous now,
 Sure she's too good for any Mortal Creature !
 I could grow wild, and praise thee ev'n to madness.
 But wherefore do I dally with my Bliss ?
 The Night's far spent and Day draws on apace ;
 To Bed my Love and wake till I come thither.

Pol. So hot my Brother ?

[Polydore at the Door.]

Mon. 'Twill be impossible :

You know your Father's Chamber's next to mine,
 And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

Cast. Impossible ? impossible ? alas !

Is't possible to live one hour without thee ?
 Let me behold those Eyes ; they'll tell me truth.
 Hast thou no longing ? Art thou still the same
 Cold Icy Virgin, No ; th'art alter'd quite.
 Hast, haste to Bed, and let loose all thy wishes.

Mon. 'Tis but one Night, my Lord, I pray be rul'd.

Cast. Try if th'ast Power to stop a flowing Tide,
 Or in a Tempest make the Seas be Calm ;
 And when that's done I'll Conquer my desires.
 No more, my Blessing. What shall be the sign ?
 When shall I come ? For to my Joys I'll steal,
 As if I ne're had paid my Freedom for them.

Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the Chamber door.
 And at that Signal you shall gain Admittance :
 But speak not the least word ; for if you should,
 'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Cast. Oh ! doubt it not *Monimia*, our Joys
 Shall be as silent as the Extatick bliss
 Of Souls, that by intelligence converse :
 Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown.

Thought

Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry Pow'r dissolv'd ;
Away, my Love ; first take this kiss. Now haste.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past.

[Ex. Mon.

My Brother wandering too so late this way !

Pol. Castalis !

Cast. My *Polydore*, how dost thou?
How does Our Father ? is he well recover'd ?

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to Rest ;
He's still as gay as if his life were young.
But how does fair *Monimia* ?

Cast. Doubtless well.
A Cruel Beauty with her Conquests pleas'd
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.

Pol. Is she the same *Monimia* still she was ?
May we not hope she's made of mortal Mould ?

Cast. She's not Woman else :
Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping ;
Wave in a barren desert stray'd too long.

Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And Loves sweet Manna cover all the field.
Met ye to day ?

Cast. No, she has still avoided me,
Her Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my Father.
I wish I'd never medled with the matter,
And would enjoyn thee *Polydore*——

Pol. To what ?

Cast. To leave this Peevish Beauty to her self.

Pol. What quit my Love ? as soon I'd quit my Post
In fight, and like a Coward run away.
No, by my Stars I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her Rescue in Another.

Cast. Nay she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and set the World at odds ;
But I have wondrous Reasons on my side,
That would perswade thee, were they known.

Pol. Then speak 'em.

What are they ? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now ? *Castalis* have a care ;
Use honest dealing with your Friend and Brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my Love so blinded,
But can discern your purpose to abuse me,
Quit your pretences to her.

Cast. Grant I do,

You love Capitulations, *Polydor*,
And but upon conditions would oblige me.

Pol. You say, you've Reasons. Why are they concealed?

Cast. To-morrow I may tell you,
It is a matter of such Circumstance,
As I must well Consult e're I reveal:
But, prithee, cease to think I would abuse thee,
Till more be known.

Pol. When you, *Castalio*, cease
To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think *Castalio* faithless to his Friend.
Did I not see your part this very moment.

Cast. It seems you've watch'd me then?

Pol. I scorn the Office.

Cast. Prithee, avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

Pol. That is henceforward making Leagues with you.

Cast. Nay, if y'are angry, *Polydor*, good Night.

Pol. Good Night, *Castalio*, if y'are in such haste
He little thinks I've overheard th' Appointment:
But to his Chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take possession of my Love.
This is the utmost Point of all my Hopes,
Or now she must or never can be mine,
Oh! for a means now how to Counterplot
And disappoint this happy Elder Brother.
In every thing we do, or undertake,
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in Birth.

Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord!

Pol. Come hither Boy.

'Thou hast a pretty forward Lying face,
And may'st in time expect preferment, canst thou
Pretend to secrecy, Cajole and flatter
Thy Masters follies and assist his pleasures?

Pag. My Lord I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful Boy.
Command, what e're's your Pleasure I'll observe.
Be it to run, or to watch, or to convey
A Letter to a Beauteous Lady's Bosom;
At least I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Pol.

Pol. 'Tis pity then thou should'st not be employ'd.
Go to my Brother, he's in's Chamber now
Undressing and preparing for his rest,
Find out some means to keep him up a while,
Tell him a pretty Story that may please
His Ear : Invent a Tale, no matter what
If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
To Bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
Whether he'll Hunt to Morrow. Well said *Polyder* ;
Dissemble with thy Brother : That's one Point ;
But do not leave him till he's in his Bed ;
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow, and do not quit him, but seem good
To do him little Offices of Service.
Perhaps at last it may offend him : then
Retire and wait till I come in. Away
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.
Pag. Doubt not, my Lord : he has been always kind
To me ; would often set me on his knees ;
Then give me Sweet-Meats, call me pretty Boy,
And askt me what the Maids talkt of at Night.
Pol. Run quickly then, and prosperous be thy Whither.

Here I'm alone and fit for mischief ; now
To cheat this Brother will be honest, that
I heard the King the order'd him to give.
Oh for the Art of *Proteus* but to change
The happy *Polyder* to blest *Cassius* !
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her Arms as well as he.
Then when I'm happily possess'd of more
Than Sense can think, all loosen'd into Joy,
To hear my disappointed Brother come,
And give the unregarded Signal ; Oh !
What a malicious pleasure will that be !
Just three soft strokes against the Chamber door
But speak not the least word, for if you should,
It is surely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a Mistress that contrives
With care to lay the business of her Joys !
One that has wit to charm the very Soul,
And give a double relish to delight !
Blest Heav'n, assist me but in this dear hour,
And my kind Stars be but propitious now
Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia! Monimia!

(Maid at the Window.) Whoe's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Maid, my Lord Castilio?

Pol. The same.

How does my Love, my Dear Monimia?

Maid. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay,

You've staid so long that at each little Noise

The Wind but makes, she asks if you are coming,

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be open'd.

Now boast, Castilio, triumph now and tell

Thy self strange stories of a promis'd Bliss.

It opens, hah! what means my trembling flesh!

Limbs, do your Office and support me well.

Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

Enter Castilio, and Page.

Pag. Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning,
Pray let us hunt.

Cast. Goo you're an Idle Prater,

I'll stay at home to morrow, if your Lord

Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: go leave me,

I must go to Bed.

Pag. I'll wait upon your Lordship,

If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

Cast. No, my kind Boy, the night is too far watted,

My Senses too are quite disrob'd of thought,

And ready all with me to go to rest.

Good night: commend me to my Brother.

Pag. Oh!

You never heard the last new Song I learn'd;

It is the finest, prettiest Song indeed,

Of my Lord and my Lady, you know who, that were caught

Together, you know where, My Lord, indeed it is.

Cast. You must be whipt, Youngster, if you get such

Songs as those are. What means

This Boys impertinence to Night?

Pag. Why, what must I Sing, pray, my dear Lord?

Cast. Psalms, Child, Psalms.

Pag. Oh dear me! Boys that go to School learn Psalms, but
Pages that are better bred Sing Lampoons.

Cast. Well, leave me, I'm weary.

Page. Oh ! but you promis'd me last time I told you what Colour my Lady *Monimia's* stockings were of, and that She garter'd them above Knee, that you would give me a little Horse to go a hunting upon, so you did. I'll tell you no more Stories, except you keep your word with me.

Cast. Well, go, you Trifler, and to morrow ask me.

Page. Indeed my Lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cast. Why, were thou instructed to attend me?

Page. No, no, indeed, indeed, my Lord, I was not; But I know what I know.

Cast. What dost thou know? Death! what can all this mean?

Page. Oh! I know who loves some body.

Cast. What's that to me, Boy?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cast. That is a wonder, prithee tell it me.

Page. That—tis—I know who—but will You give me the Horse then?

Cast. I will, my Child.

Page. It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you, but don't you Tell her I told you, She'll give me no more play things then. I heard her say so as she lay a bed, Man.

Cast. Talkt she of me when in her bed, *Cordelio*?

Page. Yes, and I sung her the Song you made too: And she did so sigh, and so look with her Eyes; And her Breasts did so lift up and down; I could have found In my Heart to have beat 'em, for they made me aham'd.

Cast. Hark, what's that Noise?

Take this, be gone, and leave me.

You Knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

Surely it was a Noise. Hiss—only Fancy.

For all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,

And the perpetual Motion standing still:

So much she from her work appears to cease,

And every warring Element at peace,

All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd;

The Fishes to their Banks or Ooze-repau'd,

And to the murmers of the Waters sleep;

The feeling Ayr's at rest and feels no noise,

Except of some soft Breaths among the Trees,

Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon 'em.

'Tis now that guided by my Love I go,

To take Possession of *Monimia's* Arms,

Sure *Polydore's* by this time gone to Bed.

At Midnight thus the *Unlucky* Reals untract,

To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,

[*Ex. Page.*]

And

And Fast his Eyes upon the shining Mammon:
 She hears me not, sure she already sleeps.
 Her wishes could not brook my so long Delay,
 And her poor Heart has beat it self to rest. [Knocks again]
 Monimia! my Angel—hah—~~not yet~~
 How long's the softest Moment of delay,
 To a Heart impatient of it's pangs like mine,
 In sight of ease and panting to the Goal. [Knocks again]
 Once more—

Maid. Who's there,
 That comes thus rudely to disturb our Rest?

Cast. 'Tis I.

Maid. Who are you, what's your Name?

Cast. Suppose

The Lord Castalis.

Maid. I know you not.

The Lord Castalis has no business here.

Cast. Hah! have a care, what can this mean?

Who e're thou art, I charge thee to Monimia fly;

Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.

Maid. Who e're ye are, you may repent this outrage;

My Lady must not be disturb'd. Good Night!

Cast. She must, tell her she shall, go I'm in haste,

And bring her tydings from the State of Love,

Th'are all in consultation met together,

How to reward my Truth, and Crown her Vows.

Maid. Sure the man's mad.

Cast. Or this will make me so,

Obeys me, or by all the wrongs I suffer,

I'll scale the Window and come in by force,

Let the sad Consequence be what it will,

This Creatures trifling folly makes me mad.

Maid. My Lady's answer is, you may depart,

She says she knows you: You are ~~Polish~~

Sent by Castalis as you were to day,

T'affront and do her violence again.

Cast. I'll not believ't.

Maid. you may Sir.

Cast. Curses blast thee!

Maid. Well 'tis a fine cool Evening, and I hope

May cure the raging Fever in your Blood.

Good night!

Cast. And farewell all that's just in Woman!

This is contriv'd, a studied Trick to abuse

My easie Nature, and torment my mind:

Make a Vile to his honour. Sure

Sure now sh' has bound me fast, and means to Lord it,
To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,
Till by degrees she shape me into Fool
For all her future uses. Death and Torment !
'Tis impudence to think my Soul will bear it.
Oh I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair :
'Tis well, *Mimima*, that the Empire's short ;
Let but to morrow, but to morrow come,
And try if all thy Arts appease my wrong ;
Till when be this detested place my Bed,
Where I will ruminate on Womans Ills,
Laugh at my self, and curse th' inconstant Sex.
Faithless *Mimima* ! Oh *Mimima* !

[Lies down.]

Enter Ernesto.

Ernesto. Either

My Sense has been deluded, or this way
I heard the sound of sorrow, 'tis late night,
And none, who's mind's at Peace, would wander now.

Cast. Who's there ?

Ern. A Friend.

Cast. If thou art so, retire,
And leave this place, for I would be alone.

Ern. *Cast* ! My Lord, why in this posture,
Stretch'd on the Ground ? Your honest true old Servant,
Your poor *Ernesto* cannot see you thus ;
Rise I beseech you.

Cast. If thou art *Ernesto*,
As by thy honesty thou seems to be,
Once leave me to my folly.

Ern. I can't leave you,
And not the reason know of your disorders.
Remember how when young in my Arms
Have often born you, pleas'd you in your pleasures,
And fought an early share in your Affection.
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Cast. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. Why ?

Cast. Because my thoughts
Are full of Woman, thou poor Wretch are past 'em.

Ern. I hate the Sex.

Cast. Then I'm thy Friend, *Ernesto*.
I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman,
Woman the fountain of all Humane Frailty !

[Rises.]

What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
 Who was't betray'd the Capital? A Woman.
 Who lost *Mark Antony* the World? A Woman.
 Who was the Cause of a long ten years War,
 And laid at last *Old Troy* in Ashes? Woman.
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful, Woman.
 Woman to Man first as a Blessing giv'n,
 When Innocence and Love were in their Prime,
 Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
 But quickly Woman long'd to go astray,
 Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
 And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love,
 To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
 Her Soul, and for an Apple damp'd Mankind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Acasto solus.

Acast. **B**Left be the Morning that has brought me health,
 A happy rest has softned pain away,
 And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well.
 A heavy melancholly clogs my heart,
 I droop and sigh I know not why: Dark Dreams,
 Sick Fancy's Children have been overbusie,
 And all the Night plaid Farces in my Brains;
 Methought I heard the Midnight Raven cry;
 Wak'd with th'imagin'd Noise, my Curtains seem'd
 To start, and at my Feet my Sons appear'd
 Like Ghosts, all pale and stiff: I strove to speak,
 But could not; suddenly the Forms were lost,
 And seem'd to vanish in a bloody Cloud;
 'Twas odd, and for the present shook my thoughts;
 But was th'effect of my distemper'd blood;
 And when the Health's disturb'd, the Mind's unruly.

Enter Polydor.

Good Morning, *Polydor.*

Pol. Heaven keep your Lordship.

Acast. Have you yet seen *Cassio* to day?

Pol. My Lord, 'tis early day, he's hardly risen.

Acast.

Acast. Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chappel.

[*Ex. Pol.*]

I cannot think all has gone well to Night ;
For as I waking lay (and sure my sense
Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Cassio's Voice ; but it seem'd low and mournful,
Under my Window too I thought I heard it ;
M'untoward fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every thing ; and I will search the truth out.

Enter Monimia, and her Maid.

Already up *Monimia* ! you rose
Thus early surely to out-shine the Day !
Or was there any thing that cross'd your rest !
They were naughty thoughts that wou'd not let you sleep.

Mon. Whatever are my thoughts, my Lord, I've learnt
By your Example to correct their ill,
And Morn, and Evening, give up th'Account.

Acast. Your Pardon, Sweet one, I upbraid you not ;
Or if I would, you are so good I could not.
Though I'm deceiv'd, or you are more fair to Day ;
For Beauty's heighten'd in your Cheeks, and all
Your Charms seem up, and ready in your Eyes.

Mon. The little share I have's so very mean,
That it may easily admit Addition ;
Though you, my Lord, should most of all beware
To give it too much praise, and make me proud.

Acast. Proud of an Old Man's praises ! No, *Monimia* !
But if my Prayers can do you any good,
Thou shalt not want the largest share of 'em :
Heard you no Noise to Night ?

Mon. Noise ! my good Lord !

Acast. Ay ! about Midnight.

Mon. Indeed, my Lord, I don't remember any.

Acast. You must sure ! went you early to rest ?

Mon. About the wopted hour. Why this Enquiry ?

Acast. And went your Maid to bed too ?

[*Aside.*]

Mon. My Lord, I guess so ;
I've seldom known her disobey my Orders.

Acast. Sure Goblins then, Fairyes haunt the dwelling ;
I'll have inquiry made through all the House,
But I'll find out the Cause of these Disorders.
Good Day to thee, *Monimia*—I'll to Chappel.

[*Ex. Acasto.*]

Mon. I'll but dispatch some orders to my Woman,

And wait upon your Lordship there:
 I fear the Priest has plaid us false; if so,
 My Poor *Castalis* loses all for me;
 I wonder though, he made such haste to leave me:
 Was't not unkind, *Elorilla*! surely 'twas!
 He scarce afforded one kind parting word,
 But went away so cold: The kiss he gave me
 Seem'd the forc'd Complement of fated Love.
 Would I had never marry'd!

Maid. Why?

Mon. Methinks

The Scene's quite alter'd; I am not the same;
 I've bound up for my self a weight of Cares,
 And how the burden will be born, none knows.
 A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false;
 And should *Castalis* e're prove so to me;
 So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
 'Twould ruin, and distract my rest for ever.

Maid. Madam, he's coming.

Mon. Where, *Elorilla*? where?

Is he returning? To my Chamber lead;
 I'll meet him there: The Mysteries of our Love
 Should be kept private, as Religious Rites,
 From the unhallow'd View of Common Eyes.

[*Ex. Mon. and Maid.*]

Enter Castalis.

Cast. With'd Morning's come! And now upon the Plains
 And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
 The happy Shepherds leave their Homely Huts,
 And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born day.
 The lusty *Swain* comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
 Of Healthful Viands, which, when hunger-calls,
 With much content, and appetite he eats,
 To follow in the Fields his daily Toil,
 And dress the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits:
 The Beasts that under the Warm Hedges sleep,
 And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
 And looking towards the Neighb'ring Pastures, raise
 The Voice, and bid their fellow Brutes Good morrow:
 The Cheerful Birds too, on the tops of Trees,
 Assemble all in Quires, and with their Notes
 Salute and welcome up the rising Sun.
 There's no Condition sure so curst as mine;

I'm marry'd: 'Sdeath! I am sped. How like a Dog
Lookt Hercules, thus to a Distaff chain'd?
Monimia! oh *Monimia*!

Enter Monimia, and Maid.

Mon. I come,
I fly to my ador'd *Castalis*'s Arms,
My wish'd Lord. May ever Morn begin
Like this; and with our Days our Loves renew.
Now I may hope y're satisfy'd——

[Looking languishingly on him.]

Cast. I am
Well satisfy'd, that thou art—— Oh——

Mon. What? speak:
Art thou not well, *Castalis*? Come lean
Upon my Breasts, and tell me where's thy pain.

Cast. 'Tis here! 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart,
'Tis every where; It rages like a madness;
And I most wonder how my Reason holds;
Nay, wonder not, *Monimia*, the Slave
You thought you had secur'd within my Breast;
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there like a Lord at large.

Mon. Am I not then your Wife, your Lov'd *Monimia*?
I once was so, or I've most strangely dream'd.
What ayles my Love?

Cast. What e're thy Dreams have been,
Thy waking thoughts ne're meant *Castalis* well.
No more, *Monimia*, of your Sexes Arts,
They are useless all: I'm not that pliant Tool,
That necessary Utensil you'd make me,
I know my Charter better——I am Man,
Obstinate Man; and will not be enslav'd.

Mon. You shall not fear't: Indeed my Nature's ease;
I'll ever live your most obedient Wife,
Nor ever any privilege pretend
Beyond your will; for that shall be my Law;
Indeed I will not.

Cast. Nay, you shall not, Madam,
By yon bright Heaven, you shall not; all the day
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forsake thee;
Till by Afflictions and continued Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely Household Drudge;
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made

Subservient to all my looser pleasures,
For thou hast wrong'd *Castalia*.

Mon. No more:

Oh kill me here, or tell me my offence,
I'll never quit you else; but on these Knees,
Thus follow you all day, till th'are worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.

Castalia. ———

Cast. Away, last night, last Night.

Mon. It was our wedding Night.

Cast. No more, forget it.

Mon. Why? do you then repent?

Cast. I do.

Mon. Oh Heaven!

And will you leave me thus? help, help, *Florella*.

[*He drags her to the Door, and breaks from her.*]

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.

Oh my heart breaks ——— I'm dying, Oh ——— stand off,

I'll not indulge this womans weakness; still

Chast, and fomented, let my heart swell on,

Till with its injuries it burst, and shake

With the Dire blow this Prison to the Earth.

Maid. What sad mistake has been the cause of this?

Mon. Castalia: Oh! how often has he swore,
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
E're he would falsifie his Vows to me,
Make haste, Confusion, then: Sun lose thy light,
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth;
For my *Castalia's* false ———

Maid. Unhappy Day!

Mon. False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather;
Cruel as Tygers o're their trembling prey.
I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood;
Must I be long in pain?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. In tears, *Monimia*!

Mon. Who e're thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd Despair.

Cham. Lift up thy Eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the story of thy Wrongs; and then
See if my Soul has rest till thou hast justice.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham.

Cham. Yes, *Monimia*, if thou think'st
That I deserve the Name, I am thy Brother.

Mon. Oh *Castalis* !

Cham. Hah !

Name me that Name again ! My Soul's on fire
Till I know all : There's meaning in that Name.
I know he is thy Husband : Therefore trust me.
With all the following truth ———

Mon. Indeed *Chamons*,
There's nothing in it but the fault of Nature :
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,
I know not why.

Cham. You use me ill, *Monimia* ;
And I might think with Justice most severely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your Brother.

Mon. Truly I am not to blame : Suppose I'm fond,
And grieve, for what as much may please another :
Should I upbraid the dearest Friend on Earth
For the first fault ? you wou'd not do so : Wou'd you ?

Cham. Not, if I'd cause to think it was a Friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing ?
I ne're conceal'd my Soul from you before :
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther,
For every probing pains me to the Heart.

Cham. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be prevented.
Where's your new Husband ? Still that thought disturbs you.
What, only answer me with tears ? *Castalis* !

Nay, now they stream,
Cruel unkind *Castalis* ! is't not so ?

Mon. I cannot speak, grief flows so fast upon me,
It chokes and will not let me tell the cause.
Oh !

Cham. My *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
As honour to my name : Dear as the light
To eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of blindness.
Why wilt thou not repose within my Breast
The anguish that torments thee ?

Mon. Oh ! I dare not.

Cham. I have no Friend but thee : we must confide
In one another : Two unhappy Orphans,
Alas, we are ; and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks it is a part of me that suffers.

Mon. Oh shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting,
I am satisfi'd, *Chamons*, that thou wou'dst scorn me ;
Thou wou'dst despise the abject lost *Monimia*,

No

No more wouldst praise this Beauty ; but
 When in some Cell distracted, as I shall be,
 Thee'st me lye ; these unregarded Locks
 Matted like Furies Tresses ; my poor Limbs
 Chain'd to the Ground, and stead of the delights
 Which happy Lovers taste, my Keeper's stripes,
 A Bed of Straw, and a coarse wooden dish
 Of wretched sustenance. When thou see'st me,
 Prithee have Charity and pity for me.
 Let me enjoy this thought.

Cham. Why wilt rack
 My Soul so long, *Monimia* ? Ease me quickly ;
 Or thou wilt run me into madness first.

Mon. Could you be secret ?

Cham. Secret as the Grave. *

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your fury
 Within its bounds ? will you not do some rash
 And horrid mischief ? for indeed, *Chamont*,
 You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
 From a near Friend ; from one that has my Soul
 A Slave, and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm : but has *Castalis* wrong'd thee ?
 Has he already wasted all his Love ?
 What has he done ? quickly ; for I'm all trembling
 With expectation of a horrid Tale.

Mon. Oh ! could you think it !

Cham. What ?

Mon. I fear he'll kill me.

Cham. Hah !

Mon. Indeed I do, he's strangely cruel to me,
 Which if it lasts, I'm sure must break my heart.

Cham. What has he done ?

Mon. Most barbarously us'd me,
 Nothing so kind as he, when in my Arms,
 In thousand Kisses, tender sighs and joys,
 Not to be thought again, the night was wasted,
 At dawn of day, he rose and left his Conquest.
 But when we met, and I with open Arms
 Ran to embrace the Lord of all my wilbes,
 Oh then !

Cham. Go on !

Mon. He threw me from his Breast,
 Like a detested sin.

Cham. How !

Mon. As I hung too.

Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me like a slave upon the Earth,
And had no pity on my Cries.

Cham. How ! did he dash thee disdainfully away with scorn !

Men. He did ; And more I fear, will ne're be friends,
Though I still love him with unabated Passion.

Cham. What, throw thee from him !

Men. Yes, indeed he did.

Cham. So may this Arm
Throw him to the Earth, like a dead Dog despised,
Lameness and Leprosy, Blindness and Lunacy,
Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the name of Villain
Light on me, if, *Cassio*, I forgive thee.

Men. Nay, now, *Cham*, art thou unkind as he is ?
Didst thou not promise me thou wouldst be calm ?
Keep my distress conceal'd ? why shouldst thou kill him ?
By all my Love this Arm should do him Vengeance.
Alas, I love him still, and though I ne're
Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
Yet bless him, bless him (Gods) where e're he goes.

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Sure some ill Fate is towards me : in my house
I only meet with odours and disorder ;
Each Vassal has a wild distracted face ;
And looks as full of business as a block-head
In times of danger : Just this very moment

I met *Cassio* too—

Cham. Then you met a Villain.

Acast. Hah !

Cham. Yes, a Villain.

Acast. Have a care, young Soldier,
How thou'rt too-busie with *Acasto's* Fame ?
I have a Sword, my Arms good old Acquaintance,
Villain to thee—

Cham. Curse on thy scandalous Age
Which hinders me to rush upon thy Throat,
And tear the Root up of that Curst Bramble !

Acast. Ungratefull *Ruffian* ! sure my good old Friend
Was ne're thy Father ; nothing of him's in thee :
What have I done in my unhappy Age
To be thus us'd ? I scorn to upbraid thee, Boy,
But I could put thee in remembrance—

Cham. Do.

Acast. I scorn it—

Cham. No, I'll calmly here the story,

For I would fain know all, to see which Scale

Weights most—Hah, is not that good old

What have I done? I can't you forget this fully?

Acast. Why dost thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude overflowing

Of two much Passion; pray, my Lord, forgive me.

Acast. Mock me not, Youth, I can revenge a wrong.

Cham. I know it well, but for the thought of mine

Pity a mad man's frenzy and forget it.

Acast. I will, but henceforth, prithee, be more kind.

Whence came the Cause?

Cham. Indeed I've been too blame,

But I'll learn better; for you've been my Father.

You've been her Father too—

Acast. Forbear the Prologue—

And let me know the substance of thy Tale.

Cham. You took her up a little tender Flower,

Just sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost

Had nipt; and with a careful loving hand

Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,

Where the Sun always shines: there long she flourish'd,

Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,

Till at the last a Cruel Spoiler came,

Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its sweetness;

Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.

Acast. You talk to me in Parables, *Cham.*

You may have known that I'm no wordy man,

Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Knaves

Or Fools, that use 'm, when they want good sense;

But honesty

Needs no Disguise nor Ornament; Be plain.

Cham. Your Son—

Acast. I've two, and both I hope have honour.

Cham. I hope so too—but—

Acast. Speak.

Cham. I must inform you, *T.*

Once more *Castalis*—

Acast. Still, *Castalis*—

Cham. Yes,

Your Son *Castalis* has wrong'd—

Acast. Hah! wrong'd her?

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acast. I'm sorry for't.

Cham. Why sorry?

By yon blest Heaven there's not a Lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.

Acast. I'll not deny't.

Cham. You dare not by the Gods,
You dare not; all your Family combin'd
In one damn'd Falsehood to out-do *Castalis*,
Dare not deny't.

Acast. How has *Castalis* wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him: I say, my Sister's wrong'd;

Memmia my Sister born as high
And noble as *Castalis*——Do her Justice,
Or by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature.

I'll do't; heark you, my Lord, your Son *Castalis*
Take him to your Closet, and there teach him manners.

Acast. You shall have Justice.

Cham. Nay——I will have Justice.
Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?
My Lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your House's Honour) ask it of *Castalis*.

Acast. I will.

Cham. Till then farewell——

Acast. Farewel, proud Boy.

Memmia!

Mon. My Lord.

Acast. You are my Daughter.

Mon. I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Acast. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a Father.

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth
Is there so wretched as *Memmia*?

First by *Castalis* cruelly forsaken;

I've lost *Acaste*: his parting frowns

May well instruct me, rage is in his heart;

I shall be next abandon'd to my Fortune,

Thrust out a naked wanderer to the World,

And branded for the mischievous *Memmia*;

What will become of me? My cruel Brother

Is framing mischiefs too, for ought I know,

That may produce bloodshed, and horrid Murder;

I would not be the Cause of one man's Death.

To reign the Empress of the Earth: nay, more,

THE FORGER

I'd rather lose for ever my *Castalia*,
My dear unkind *Castalia*.

Enter Polydor.

Poll. *Monimia* weeping!

So Morning Dews on new-blown *Roses* Lodge,

By the Suns amorous heat to be exhale'd.

I come, my Love, to kiss all sorrow from thee.

What mean these sighs? and why thus beats thy Heart?

Mon. Let me alone to sorrow: 'Tis a cause

None e're shall know; but it shall with me die.

Pol. Happy, *Monimia*, no, to whom these sighs,

These tears, and all these languishings are paid.

I am no stranger to your dearest secret;

I know your heart was never meant for me;

That Jewel's for an Elder Brother's price.

Mon. My Lord.

Pol. Nay, wonder not, last Night I heard

His Oaths, your Vows, and to my torment saw

Your wild Embraces: Heard th' appointment made:

I did, *Monimia*, and I curst the found.

Wilt thou be sworn, my Love, wilt thou be ne're

Unkind again?

Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes:

Have you sworn constancy to my undoing?

Will you be ne're my Friend again?

Pol. What means my Love?

Mon. Away; what meant my Lord

Last night?

Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?

I hope *Monimia* was not much displeased.

Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a Prostitute,

To assault my Lodging at the dead of night,

And threaten me if I deny'd admittance?

You said you were *Castalia*—

Pol. By those eyes,

It was the same, I spent my time much better,

I tell thee, ill natur'd Fair One, I was posted

To more advantage on a pleasant Hill

Of springing Joy, and Everlasting Sweetness.

Mon. Hah—have a care.

Pol. Where is the danger near me?

Mon. I fear y're on a Rock will wreck your Quits,

And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever;

THE ORPHAN

A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.
Will you be kind and answer me one question?

Pol. I'd trust thee with my life, *Monimia*,
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart;
Till I had nothing in it left but Love.

Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you by the Gods, and Angels,
By the Honour of your names, that I should never
To tell me, *Polydor*, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last Night?

Pol. Within this room.
I triumph: Rest had been my Fate.

Mon. 'Tis done.
Pol. She faints: no help, who waits? a curse
Upon my Vanity that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence.

Confusion! we shall be surpris'd anon,
And consequently all must be betray'd;
Vow an eternal misery together,
Monimia! she breathes—*Monimia*—

Mon. Well,
Let mischief multiply: Let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my Soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the works of Nature!

Pol. What means all this?
Mon. Oh, *Polydor*, if all

The friendship e're you vow'd so good, *Castile*,
Be not a falshood, if you ever lov'd
Your Brother, you've undone your self and me.

Pol. Which way can Ruin reach the innocent's Riches,
As I am in possession of thy Sweetness?

Mon. Oh, I'm his Wife.
Pol. What says *Monimia*! I hate

Speak that again.
Mon. I am *Castile*'s Wife, *Monimia*!

Pol. His marriage wedded Wife?
Mon. Yesterday Sun

Saw it perform'd.
Pol. And then have I enjoy'd

My Brother's Wife.
Mon. As surely as we both

Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.

Pol.

The NONSENSE

Pol. Must we be miserable then? **Mon.** Oh!

Pol. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy.

Mon. Couldst thou be so? **Pol.** Happy with such a weight upon thy Soul?

Pol. It may be yet, **Mon.** I'll go try
To reconcile and bring it off to thee,
Whilst from the World I take my self away,
And waste my life in penance for my Sin.

Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me, **Pol.** heap a load
Of added Sins upon my wretched Head,
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy Brother,
And bring pollution to his Arms? **Pol.** Oh when shall I be mad indeed!

Pol. Nay, then
Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an Eternal misery together.

Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch?
Never grow fond of cheerful peace again?
Wilt with me study to be unhappy,
And find out ways how to increase affliction?

Pol. We'll institute new Arts unknown before,
To vary plagues and make 'em look like new ones.
First, if the Fruit of our detested Joy,
A Child be born, it shall be murder'd.

Mon. No.
Sure, that may live.

Pol. Why?
Mon. To become a thing
More wretched than in Babes, so be branded
With all our Infamy, and Curse in Birth.

Pol. That's well contriv'd, then thus let's go together
Full of our guile, distracted where to roam,
Like the first Wretched Pair expell'd their Paradise.
Let's find some place where Adders nest in Winter,
Loathsome and Venomous; where poisons hang
Like Gums against the Walls; where Witches meet
By night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of desperation,
Desire shall languish like a withering Flower,
And no distinction of the Sex be thought of,
Horror shall fright me from those pleasing hours,
And I'll no more be caught with Beauties' charms,
But when I'm dying, take me in thy Arms.

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Castalia *lying on the ground*

S O N G.

*Come, all ye Youths, whose Hearts are red
By cruel Beauties' Pride
Bring each a Garland on his head,
Let none his Sorrows bide,
His hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest Tales of Love;
And see, when your Complaints
If all your Wounds can equal mine.*

2.
The Happiest Mortal who is dead
My heart no Sorrows hath;
Pay the Pain with which I live;
But ask not whence I live;
Tis if a tempting Fair you find
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as Heaven, whose stamp she bears,
Think of my Fate, and shun her snares.

*Castal. See where the Deeds of men are shown
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
Brother and Sister mingled all together;
No discontent they know, no discontent;
Wildness and freedom, pleasant Springs,
Calm Harbours, and the softest of the air;
Enjoy their portion; If they see a man
How will they turn together all and gaze
Upon the Monster—
Once in a Season too they take the same
Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,
And in that Folly drudges all the year:*

Enter Acasto.

Acast. Castalia! Castalia!
Cast. Who's there
So surprised but to name Castalia?

Acast.

THE ORPHAN

Acas. I hope my message may succeed.

Cal. My Father,

'Tis Joy to see you, though where sorrow's nourish'd

Acas. I'm come, in Beauties Cause, you'll guess the rest

Cal. A Woman! if you love my power of mind,

Name not a Woman to me; but to think

Of Women were enough to taint my Brain,

Till they foment to madness! Oh! my Father.

Acas. What ayles my Boy?

Cal. A Woman is the thing

I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.

Acas. Forget *Monimia*!

Cal. Shee to chuse: *Monimia*!

The very sound's ungrateful to my sense.

Acas. This might seem strange; but you I've found will
Hide your Heart from me, you dare not trust your Father.

Cal. No more *Monimia*.

Acas. Is she not your Wife?

Cal. So much the worse, who loves to hear of Wife?
When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name

Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife.

But a new married wife's a seeming mischief.

Full of her self: Why, what a deal of horror

Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yesterday?

Acas. *Calistio*, you must go along with me,

And see *Monimia*.

Cal. Sure my Lord but mocks me,

Go see *Monimia*! Pray, my Lord, excuse me;

And leave the Conduct of this part of Life

To my own Choice.

Acas. I say, no more disputes,

Complaints are made to me that you have wrong'd her;

Cal. Who has complain'd?

Acas. Her Brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd,

And in such terms they've warn'd me.

Cal. What terms? her Brother! Heaven!

Where learnt he that?

What does she send her Hero with defiance?

He durst not sure affront you;

Acas. No not much,

But—

Cal. Speak, what said he?

Acas. That thou wert a Villain:

Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.

Cal. Shame on the ill-manner'd Brute:

Your age secur'd him, he durst not else have said so.

Acast. By my Sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely,
Though I have past my word she shall have Justice.

Cast. Justice? to give her Justice wou'd undo her:
Think you this Solitude I now have chosen,
Left joys just opening to my sense, sought here
A place to curse my Fate in, measured out
My Grave at length, with to have grown one piece
With this cold Clay, and all without a cause?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. Where is the Hero famous and renown'd
For wronging Innocence, and breaking Vows;
Whose mighty spirit, and whole stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?

Acast. I guess, *Chamont*, you come to seek *Castalia*.

Cham. I come to seek the Husband of *Minimie*.

Cast. The Slave is here.

Cham. I thought e're now to 'ave found you
Atoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont*;
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him;
Minimie, young Lord, weeps in this heart;
And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn
From her poor Eyes, are drops of Blood from hence.

Cast. Then you are *Chamont*?

Cham. Yes I hope no Stranger
To great *Castalia*.

Cast. I've heard of such a Man
That has been very busie with my Honour:
I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
And here return the Villain back again
You sent me by my Father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you.

Acast. By this good Sword, who first presumes to violence
Makes me his Foe—
Young Man, it once was thought
I was fit Guardian of my House's Honour;
And you might trust your share with me—For you
Young Soldier, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me;
I promis'd you to do *Minimie* right,
And thought my word a Pledge, I would not forget;
But you I find wou'd fright us to Performance.

Cast. Sir, in my younger years with Care you taught me,

H

That

That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour;

Oppose not then the Justice of my Sword,

Lest you should make me jealous of your love.

Cham. Into my Father's arms thou fly'st for safety.

Because thou know'st the place is sanctuary

With the Remembrance of an ancient Friendship.

Cast. I am a Villain, if I will not seek thee

'Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs.

Done me by that ungrateful Father thou bleed'st for.

Cham. She wrong'd thee! by the Fury in my heart,

Thy Father's Honour's not above *Monimia's*;

Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Vertue fairer.

Acast. Boy, don't disturb the Ashes of the dead

With thy capricious Follies: The remembrance

Of the lov'd Creature, that all'd these Arms

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Cast. It shall not.

Cham. No, nor shall

Monimia, though a helpless Orphan, destitute

Of Friends and Fortune, though the unhappy Sister

Of poor *Chamont*, whose Sword is all his Portion,

Be oppress'd by thee, thou proud imperious Tyrant.

Cast. Hah! let me free.

Cham. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Serin. Alas! alas!

The cause of these disorders, my *Chamont*?

Who is't has wrong'd thee?

Cast. Now where art thou fled

For shelter?

Cham. Come from thine, and see what safeguard

Shall then betray my fears.

Serin. Cruel *Castalia*,

Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't alight me

Chamont, let once *Serina* calm thy Breast,

If any of thy Friends have done thee injuries,

I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take

This opportunity to mew your Vainry,

Let's meet some other time, when by our selves

We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.

Cham. Till then, I am *Castalia's* Friend.

Cast. *Serina*,

Farewel,

Farewel, I wish much happiness attend you.

Serin. *Chamont's* the dearest thing I have on Earth;
Give me *Chamont*, and let the world forsake me.

Cham. Witness the Gods, how happy I am in thee!

No beautiful Blossom of the Fragrant Spring,

Though the fair Child of Nature newly born,

Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind *Cassio*,

Suppose I should a while lay by my passions,

And be a beggar in *Monimia's* Cause,

Might it be heard?

Cass. Sir 'Twas my last request.

You would, though you I find will not be satisf'd:

So in a word, *Monimia* is my scorn;

She basely sent you here to try my fears,

That was your business.

No artful Prostitute, in Falshood's practice,

To make advantage of her Concomitant Follies,

Could have done more—Disquiet *you* her for't.

Cham. Farewel.

Cass. Farewel—My Father, you seem troubled.

Acast. Would I had been absent when this boisterous Brave

Came to disturb thee thus: I'm griev'd I hinder'd

Thy just resentment—But *Monimia*—

Cass. Damn her.

Acast. Don't curse her.

Cass. Did I?

Acast. Yes.

Cass. I'm sorry for't.

Acast. Methinks, as if I guess the fault's but small,

It might be pardon'd.

Cass. No.

Acast. What has she done?

Cass. That she's my Wife, may Heav'n and you forgive me.

Acast. Be reconciled then.

Cass. No.

Acast. Go see her.

Cass. No.

Acast. I'll send an bring her hither.

Cass. No.

Acast. For my sake,

Cassio, and the quiet of my age.

Cass. Why will you urge a thing my Nature starts at?

Acast. Prithce forgive her.

Cass. Lightning, swift shall blast me.

I tell you were she prostrate at my Feet, I

Full of her Sexes best dissimul'd sorrows,
And all that wondrous Beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it should never open.

Enter Florio

Flor. My Lord, where are you? *Oh Cast.*

Acast. Heark.

Cast. What's that?

Flor. Oh shew me quickly, where's *Cast.*

Acast. Why, what's the business?

Flor. Oh the poor *Monimia*!

Cast. Hah!

Acast. What's the matter?

Flor. Hurry'd by despair

She flies with fury over all the house,

Through every Room of each Apartment crying,

Where's my *Cast.* give me my *Cast.*

Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted.

Cast. Hah! will she? does she name *Cast.*

And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly

To the poor lovely Mourner. *Oh my Father.*

Acast. Then wilt thou go? blessings attend thy purpose.

Cast. I cannot hear *Monimia*'s Soul's in sadness,

And be a man, my heart will not forget her,

But do not tell the world you saw this of me.

Acast. Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy Love.

Cast. Oh I will throw m' impatient Arms about her,

In her soft bosom sigh my Soul to peace,

Till through the panting breast she finds the way

To mould my heart, and make it what she will.

Monimia! Oh!

[*Ex. Acast. Cast.*]

Enter Monimia.

Mon. Stand off, and give me Room,

I will not rest till I have found *Cast.*

My wishes Lord, comely as rising day,

Amidst ten thousand eminently known.

Flowers spring where e'er he tread, his Eyes

Fountains of brightness cheering all about him

When will they shine on me? — *Oh stay my Son*

I cannot dye in peace till I have seen him.

Cast.

Castalia re-Enters.

Cast. Who talks of dying with a Voice so sweet,
That life's in love with it?

Mon. Heark! 'tis he that answers:
So in a Camp, though at the dead of night,
If but the Trumpets cheerful noise is heard,
All at the signal leap from downey rest,
And every heart awakes, as mine does now.
Where art thou?

Cast. Here, my Love.

Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.

Cast. Have I been in a Dream then all this while?
And art thou but the shadow of *Memmia*?
Why dost thou fly me thus?

Mon. Oh! were it possible that he could drown
In dark Oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy.

Cast. Is't then so hard, *Memmia*, to forgive
A fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.

Which way shall I Court thee?

What shall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And satisfy thy lovely pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee,
Yet prithee, Tyrant, break not quite my heart?

But when my task of Penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with Love.

Mon. If am dumb, *Castalia*, and want words,
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness;
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I so have wrong'd.

Cast. Thou hast not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee?

Cast. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, *Castalia*;
But wilt e'er long stumble on horrid danger.

Cast. What means my Love?

Mon. Couldst thou but forgive me?

Cast. What?

Mon. For my fault last night; Alas, thou canst not.

Cast. I can, and do.

Mon. Thus Crawling on the Earth.

Would

Would I that Pardon meet; the only thing
Can make me view the Face of Heaven with hope.

Cast. Then let's draw near.

Mon. Ah me!

Cast. So in the Fields,

When the destroyer has been out for prey,
The scatter'd Lovers of the Feather'd kind,
Seeking when danger's past to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach;
Till joying thus they bill, and spread their wings,
Murmuring Love, and Joy, their fears are over.

Mon. Yet have a care, be not too fond of peace,
Lest in Pursuance of the goodly quarry,
Thou meet a disappointment that distracts thee.

Cast. My better Angel, then do thou inform me,
What danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didst thou (prithce smile and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath the Window,
Quaking with fierce and violent desires,
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkness enclos'd, and the Winds whistl'd round me;
Which with my mournful sighs made such sad Musick,
As might have mov'd the hardest heart: Why wert thou
Deaf to my Cries and senseless of my pains?

Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear inquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my face that speaks
Wonderful change and horror from within me?

Cast. Then there is something yet which I've not known;
What dost thou mean by horror, and forbearance
Of more inquiry; tell me, I beg thee, tell me;
And do not betray me to a second madness.

Mon. Must I?

Cast. If labouring in the pangs of death
Thou wouldst do any thing to give me ease;
Unfold this riddle e're my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.

Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor *Monimia* tell you this,
We ne're must meet again—

Cast. What means my destiny?
For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee:
Ne're meet again!

Mon. No, never.

Cast. Where's the pow'r
On Earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so,

Thou

Thou art my heart's inheritance, I serv'd
A long and painful, faithful slavery for thee,
And who shall rob me of the dear bought blessing?

Mon. Time will clear all, but now let this content your mind;
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd,
(With torment I must tell it thee, *Castalio*)
Ever to be a stranger to thy Love,
In some far distant Country waste my life,
And from this day to see thy Face no more.

Cast. Where am I? sure I wander midst Inchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest;
But, oh *Monimia*, art thou indeed resolv'd,
To punish me with everlasting absence;
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already;
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the Seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the Vessel sails away,
Where all the Treasure of my Soul's embark'd;
Wilt thou not turn—Oh could those eyes but speak
I should know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em;
They swell, they press their beams upon me still;
Wilt thou not speak? if we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please my self withal whilst my heart's breaking.

Mon. A poor *Castalio*!

Cast. Pity, by the Gods,
She pities me; then thou wilt go Eternally?
What means all this? why all this to plague
A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to Atomes, why so much ado
With me? think me but dead and lay me soon.

Enter Polydor.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to my self,
What Dog would bear't that knew but his Condition?
We have little knowledge, and that makes us Cowards;
Because it cannot tell us, what's to come.

Cast. Who's there?

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cast. My Brother *Polydor*!

Pol. My Name is *Polydor*!

Cast. Canst thou inform me?

Pol. Of what?

Cast.

Cast. Of my *Monimia*.

Pol. No. Good-day.

Cast. In haste?

Methinks my *Polydor* appears in Tadmec.

Pol. Indeed and so to me does my *Castalis*.

Cast. Do I?

Pol. Thou dost.

Cast. Alas! I've wondrous reason;
I'm strangely alter'd, Brother, since I saw thee;

Pol. Why?

Cast. Oh, to tell thee would but put thy heart
To pain, let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck; I would repose
Within thy friendly bosom all my Follies
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because th' are mine.

Pol. Be not too credulous, consider first
Friends may be false. Is there no Friendship false?

Cast. Why dost thou ask me that? does this appear
Like a false Friendship, when with open Arms
And streaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breast?
Oh 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort.

Pol. I fear, *Castalis*, I have none to give thee.

Cast. Dost thou not love me then?

Pol. Oh, more than life
I never had a thought of my *Castalis*

Might wrong the Friendship we had vow'd together.

Hast thou dealt so by me?

Cast. I hope I have.

Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder?

Cast. Oh, *Polydor*, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my Friend
Knows any thing which he's asham'd to tell me;
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from *Polydor*?

Cast. Oh, much too oft,
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind affection of a Brother,
(For I am asham'd to call my self thy Friend)
Forgive me.

Pol. Well, go on.

Cast. Our Destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy Love;
Thou like a Friend a constant generous Friend,
In it's first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,

Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with *Sober* before thee!
And made a Contract I ne'er meant to keep.

Pol. How!

Cast. Still new ways I find'd to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a Stranger to my Passion;
Till Yesterday I wedded with *Mimosa*.

Pol. Ah, *Castalia*, was that well done?

Cast. No, to conceal it from thee, was much a fault.

Pol. A fault! when thou hast heard

The Tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it, then?

Cast. How my heart throbs!

Pol. First, for thy Friendship, Traytor,

I cancel; thus; after this day I'll ne'er

Hold trust, or converse, with the false *Castalia*.

This, witness Heav'n.

Cast. What will my Fate do with me?

I've lost all happiness, and know not why.

What means this, Brother?

Pol. Perjur'd, Treacherous Wretch,

Farewel.

Cast. I'll be thy Slave, and thou shalt use me

Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.

Cast. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing;

How from our Infancy we hand in hand

Have trod the Path of Life, in Love together;

One Bed has held us, and the same desires

The same Aversions still employ'd our thoughts;

When e'er had I a Friend, that was not *Polydorus*,

Or *Polydorus*, a Foe, that was not mine?

Ev'n in the Womb we embrac'd, and wilt thou now,

For the first fault, abandon, and forsake me.

Leave me amidst Afflictions to my self,

Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to *Mimosa*, in her Arms thou'lt find

Repose; She has the Art of healing sorrows.

Cast. What Arts?

Pol. Blind Wretch, thy Husband, there's a question.

Go to her fulsome Bed, and wallow there,

Till some hot Ruffian, full of Lust and Wine,

Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy Bargain.

Cast. Hold there, I charge thee.

Pol. Is she not ~~blind~~?

Cast. Where?

Pol. Ay, Where, I think that word needs no explaining.

THE ORPHAN

Cast. Alas, I can forgive, even this to thee,
But let me tell thee, **Polydor**, I'm griev'd,
To find thee guilty of such low Revenge,
To wrong that Virtue which thou couldst not ruin.

Pol. It seems I lye then.

Cast. Should the bravest man
That e're wore Conquering Sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of Liars:
My Friend may be mistaken.

Pol. Damn the Evasion;
Thou mean'st the worst, and he's a base-born Villain
That said I ly'd.

Cast. Do, draw thy Sword, and thrust it through my heart;
There's no Joy in life, if thou art lost.
A base born Villain!

Pol. Yes, thou never camest
From old **Acasto's** Loyns, the Midwife put
A cheat upon my Mother, and instead
Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me
Plac'd some coarse Peasants Cub, and thou art he.

Cast. Thou art my Brother still.

Pol. Thou ly'st.

Cast. Nay, then :

Yet I am Calm.

Pol. A Coward's always so.

Cast. Ah—ah—what rings home: Coward!

Pol. Ay, base born Coward, Villain.

Cast. This to thy heart then, though my Mother bore thee.

[**Pol.** Polydor draws his Sword, and runs on **Cast.**

Pol. Now my **Castio** is again my Friend.

Cast. What have I done? My Sword win thy Breath.

Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of Men,

Thou kindest Brother, and thou truest Friend.

Cast. Ye Gods, we're taught, that all your works are Justice,

Y'are painted merciful, and Friends to innocence:

If so, then why these plagues upon my head?

Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns, here lies thy Fate, **Castio**;

Th'are not the Gods, 'tis **Polydor** has wrong'd thee;

I've stain'd thy Bed, thy spotted Marriage Joy;

Have been polluted by thy Brother's Lust.

Cast. By thee!

Pol. By me; last night the horrid deed

Was done; when all things slept, but Rage and Lust.

Cast. Now, where's **Monimia**? Oh!

[**Pol.** Where? I think I think that word needs no explaining.

THE ORPHAN.

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Enter Monimia.

Mon. I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a Voice
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at feed before him.
But what mean's this? here's Blood.

Cast. Ay, Brother's Blood;
Art thou prepar'd for Everlasting pain?

Pol. Oh let me charge thee by th' External Justice,
Hurt not her tender life!

Cast. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye Powers above, with all your choicest Torments,
Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise cruelty upon her,
And treat Revenge some way yet never known.

Mon. That task my self have finish'd, I shall dye
Before we part; I've drunk a healing Draught
For all my Cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

Pol. Oh, she's innocent.

Cast. Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.

Pol. Hadst thou, *Castalia*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy;
But ignorant of that,
Hearing ch'appointment made, enrag'd to think
Thou hadst out-done me in successful Love,
I in the dark went and supply'd thy Place,
Whilst all the Night, midst our Triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*,
Embrac'd, Carest, and call'd me her *Castalia*.

Cast. And all this is the work of my own Fortune,
None but my self could e're have been so curs'd,
My Fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou fairest, goodliest Frame the God's e're made,
Or ever Human Eyes, and Hearts ador'd.
I've murder'd too my Brother.
Why wouldst thou study ways to damn me further,
And force the sin of Parricide upon me?

Pol. 'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent,
Forgive the barbarous trespass of my Tongue,
'Twas a hard violence; I could have dy'd
With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worst;

Nay, at each word that my Distraction utter'd,
My heart recoy'l'd, and 'twas half death to speak 'em.

Mon. Now, my *Castalia*, the most dear of men,

Wilt thou receive pollution to thy Bosom,
And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Cast. Oh I'm the unhappy wretch, whose cursed Fate
Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him,
Why then thus kind to me?

Mon. When I'm laid low in the Grave, and quite forgotten,
Maist thou be happy, in a Fairer Bride;

But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.

When I am dead, as presently I shall be;

(For the grim Tyrant grasps my heart already)

Speak well of me, and if thou find ill tongues

Too busie with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd,

'Twill be a noble Justice to the memory

Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy Love.

How my Head swims! I'm very dark: Good night.

Cast. If I survive thee, what a thought was that?

Thank Heav'n I go prepar'd against that Curse.

Enter Chamont disarm'd, and seiz'd by Acasto, and Servants.

Cham. Gape Hell; and swallow me to quick Damnation!

If I forgive your House, if I not live

An everlasting plague to thee, *Acasto*,

And all thy Race. Y'have o'repower'd me now;

But hear me, Heav'n! Ah, here's the Scene of Death,

My Sister, my *Monimia*: Breathless now,

Ye Powers above, if y'have Justice strike

Strike Bolts through me, and through the curst *Castalia*.

Acast. My *Polydore*,

Pol. Who calls?

Acast. How cam'st thou wounded?

Cast. Stand off thou hot-brain'd boistrous noisy Russian,

And leave me to my sorrows.

Cham. By the love

I bore her living, I will ne're forsake,

But here remain till my heart bursts with sobbing.

Cast. Vanish I charge thee, or —

Cham. Thou canst not kill me,

That would be kindness, and against thy Nature.

Acast. What means, *Castalia*? Sure thou wilt not pull

More sorrows on thy Aged Father's head:

Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad Cause

Of all this ruin.

Pol. That must be my Task ;
But 'tis too long for one in pains to tell ;
You'll in my Claves find the Story written
Of all our woes, *Castio's* innocent,
And so's *Monimia*, only I'm to blame:
Inquire no farther.

Cast. Thou, unkind *Chamont*,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come joyn with me and curse.

Cham. What ?

Cast. First thy self,
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth:
Confusion and disorder seize the World,
To spoil all trust and converse amongst men;
Twixt Families engender endless feuds,
In Countries needless fears, in Cities factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism:
Till all things move against the course of Nature;
Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Originals of Being lost.

Acast. Have Patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires; the Knave
That teach it laugh at ye, when ye believe 'em.
Strip me of all the common needs of Life,
Scald me with Laprosie, let Friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but curst to the degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Pol. Castio! Oh!

Cast. I come.

Chamont to thee my Birth-right I bequeath:
Comfort my Mourning Father, heal his griefs;

[*Acasto faints into the Arms of a Servant.*]

For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.
And for *Monimia's* sake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor *Serina*.
Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave

Thus with my Love, Farewel, I now am — nothing. [Dies.]

Cham. Take care of good *Acasto* whilst I go
To search the means by which the Fates have plagu'd us:
'Tis thus that Heaven its Empire does maintain,
It may Afflict, but Man must not Complain.

Epilogue.

You've seen one Orphan ruin'd here, and I
 May be the next, if old Acasto dye:
 Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find,
 Who 'tis would to the fatherless be kind,
 To whose protection might I safely go?
 Is there amongst you no good Nature? No.
 What should I do? should I the Godly seek,
 And go a Conventickling twice a Week?
 Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane pollution,
 Affect each Form and Saint-like Institution,
 So draw the Brethren all to Contribution,
 Or shall I (as I guess the Poet may
 Within these three days) fairly run away?
 No, to some City-Lodgings I'll retire,
 Seem very grave, and privacy desire:
 Till I am thought some Heiress rich in Lands,
 Fled to escape a cruel Guardians's Hands,
 Which may produce a Story worth the telling,
 Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-stealing.

E N I S.

A Catalogue of some Novels and Plays Printed for R. Bentley.

NOVELS.

- 1 **Z** Elinda, a fam'd Romance.
- 2 Happy Slave, in three Parts.
- 3 Count Brion.
- 4 Count Gabales.
- 5 Hatige, or the Amours of the King of Tamaran.
- 6 Mad. Lavatier and the King of France.
- 7 Madam and the Duke of Guise.
- 8 Mad. Colonna's Memoirs.
- 9 Queen of Majorca, two Parts.
- 10 Don Sebastian King of Portugal.
- 11 Heroine Musquetier.
- 12 Princess of Cleves.
- 13 Obliging Mistress.
- 14 Fatal Prudence.
- 15 Princess of Fez.
- 16 Disorders of Love.
- 17 Triumph of Love.
- 18 Victorious Lovers.
- 19 Almanzor and Almanzaida.
- 20 Earl of Essex and Qu. Elizabeth.
- 21 Neopolitan, or, the Defender of his Mistress.
- 22 Nicostратis.

- 23 Amorous Abbess.
- 24 Homais Queen of Tunis.
- 25 Pilgrim, in two Parts.
- 26 Meroveus, Prince of the Blood-Royal of France.
- 27 Life of the Duke of Guise.
- 28 Extravagant Poet.
- 29 Memoires Gallant.
- 30 Instruction for a Young Nobleman.

P L A Y S.

- 1 Tartuff, or the French Puritan.
- 2 Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom.
- 3 English Monsieur.
- 4 All mistaken, or the Mad Couple.
- 5 Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers.
- 6 The Plain-Dealer.
- 7 Sertorius, a Tragedy.
- 8 Nero, a Tragedy.
- 9 Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow.
- 10 Gloriana, or the Court of Augustus Caesar.
- 11 Alexander the Great.
- 12 Mithridates King of Pontus.
- 13 Oedipus King of Thebes.
- 14 Caesar Bogia.
- 15 Theodosius,

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|--|---|
| 15 <i>Theodosius, or the Force of Love.</i> | 39 <i>King Lear.</i> |
| 16 <i>Madam Fickle, or the Witty False One.</i> | 40 <i>Abdeltazar, or the Moor's Revenge.</i> |
| 17 <i>The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters.</i> | 41 <i>Town Fob, or Sir Tim. Tandery.</i> |
| 18 <i>Esquire Old Sap, or the Night-Adventurers.</i> | 42 <i>Rats en tout, a French Comedy.</i> |
| 19 <i>Fool turn'd Critick.</i> | 43 <i>Moor of Venice.</i> |
| 20 <i>Virtuous Wife, or Good Luck at last.</i> | 44 <i>Country Wife.</i> |
| 21 <i>The Fatal Wager.</i> | 45 <i>City Politicks.</i> |
| 22 <i>Andromache.</i> | 46 <i>Duke of Guise.</i> |
| 23 <i>Country Wit.</i> | 47 <i>Rehearsal.</i> |
| 24 <i>Calista, or the Chaste Nymph.</i> | 48 <i>King and no King.</i> |
| 25 <i>Destruction of Jerusalem, in two Parts.</i> | 49 <i>Philaster, or Love lies a Bleeding.</i> |
| 26 <i>Ambitious Statesman, or the Loyal Favourite.</i> | 50 <i>Maids Tragedy.</i> |
| 27 <i>Misery of Civil War.</i> | 51 <i>Grateful Servant.</i> |
| 28 <i>The Murder of the Duke of Gloucester.</i> | 52 <i>Strange Discovery.</i> |
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| 33 <i>Tamerlain the Great.</i> | 57 <i>Constantine.</i> |
| 34 <i>Mr. Limberham, or the Kind Keeper.</i> | 58 <i>Valentinian.</i> |
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| 37 <i>Essex and Elizabeth, or the Unhappy Favourite.</i> | 61 <i>Woman Bully.</i> |
| 38 <i>Virtue Betray'd, or Anna Bullen.</i> | 62 <i>Reformation.</i> |
| | 63 <i>Hero and Leander.</i> |
| | 64 <i>Love Tricks.</i> |
| | 65 <i>Julius Caesar.</i> |
| | 66 <i>Fatal Jealousie.</i> |
| | 67 <i>Monfieur Ragon.</i> |
| | 68 <i>Island Queen, or Mary Queen of Scotland.</i> |

THE
Souldiers Fortune.

A
COMEDY.

Acted by His

MAJESTIES

SERVANTS

AT THE

Theatre Royal.

Written by THOMAS OTWAY.

The Third Edition.

*Quem recitas meus est O Fidentina libellus,
Sed male cum recitas incipit esse tuis.*

L O N D O N

Printed for Richard Bentley, in Russel-Street near
Covent-Garden, 1695.

DEDICATION.

Mr. Bentley.

I Have often (during this Plays being in the Press) been importun'd for a Preface; which you, I suppose, would have speak something in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to please you, Mr. Bentley, I will as briefly as I can speak my mind upon that occasion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to your self, and next as a Preface to the Book.

And I am not a little proud, that it has happened into my thoughts to be the first who in these latter years has made an Epistle Dedictory to his Stationer: It is a Complement as reasonable as it is Just. For, Mr. Bentley, you pay honestly for the Copy; and an Epistle to you is a sort of an Acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Person of higher Rank and Order, it looks like an Obligation for Praises, which he knows he does not deserve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Money for.

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is possible, that as much as may be said in it's behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the Apish qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Issue; nay, I must confess my self a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, E'en let the Brat shift for it self, I say.

The Objections made against the merit of this poor Play, I must confess, are very grievous.

First, says a Lady that shall be nameless, because the world may think civilly of her; Fogh! oh Sherreu, 'tis so filthy, so bawdy, no modest Woman ought to be seen at it: Let me dye, it has made me sick: When the World lies, Mr. Bentley, if that very Lady has not easily digested a much ranker Morsel in a little Ale-house towards Paddington, and never made a Face at it: But your true Filz is a Creature that can extract Bawdy out of the chastest sense, as easily as a Spider can Poison out of a Rose: They know true Bawdy; let it be never so much conceal'd, as perfectly as Falstaff did the true Prince by instinct. They will seperate the true Metal from the Alloy let us temper it as well as we can; some Women are the Touch-stones of filthiness. Though I have heard a Lady (that has more modesty than any of those she Criticks, and I am sure more wit)

The DEDICATION.

wit) say, *She wonder'd at the impudence of any of her Sex, that would pretend to understand the thing call'd Bawdy. So, Mr. Bentley, for ought I perceive, my Play may be innocent yet, and the Lady mistaken in pretending to the knowledge of a Mystery above her; though, to speak honestly, she has had besides her Wit a liberal Education; and if we may credit the World has not buried her Talent neither.*

This is, Mr. Bentley, all I can say in behalf of my Play: Wherefore I throw it into Your Arms, make the best of it you can; praise it to your Customers; Sell ten thousand of them if possible, and then you will compleat the wishes of

Your Friend and Servant,

THO. OTWAY,

Dramatis Personæ.

Capt. Beaugard
Courtine

Sir Davy Dunce

Sir Jolly Fumble

Fourbin, A Servant to
Beaugard

Bloody-Bones.

Vermin A Servant to Sir
Davy

Lady Dunce

Sylvia

Maid.

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Nokes.

Mr. Leigh.

} Mr. Jevon.

Mr. Richards.

} A Boy.

Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Price.

A Constable, and Watch.

SCENE, London.

7

T H E Souldiers Fortune.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, and Fourbin.

A Pox o' Fortune! Thou art always teizing me about Fortune: Thou risest in a Morning with ill luck in thy Mouth; Nay, never eatest a Dinner, but thou sighest two hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damn'd, since the World's so wide.

Cour. As wide as it is, 'tis so throng'd and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honest man can hardly get a living in it.

Beau. Do, rail, *Courtine*, do, it may get thee Employment.

Cour. At you I ought to rail; 'twas your fault we left our Employments abroad to come home, and be Loyal, and now we as Loyally starve for it.

Beau. Did not thy Ancestors do it before thee, man? I tell thee, Loyalty and Starving are all one: The Old Cavaliers got such a trick of it in the Kings Exile, that their Posterity could never thrive since.

Cour. 'Tis a fine Equipage I am like to be reduc'd to; I shall be e're long as greasy as an *Alsatia* Bully; this a flopping Hat, pinn'd up on one side, with a sandy weather-beaten Perruque, dirty Linnen, and to compleat the Figure, a long scandalous Iron Sword jarring at my heels; like a —

Beau. Snarling thou meanest like it's Master.

Cour. My Companion's the worthy Knight of the most Noble Order of the Post: your Peripatetick Philosophers of the Temple-walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honest: Villains that undervalue Damnation, still forswear themselves for a Dinner, and hang their Fathers for half a Crown.

Beau. I am asham'd to hear a Souldier talk of starving.

Cour. Why, what shall I do? I can't steal! —

Beau. Though thou canst not steal, thou hast other vices enough for any Industrious young fellow to live comfortably upon.

Cour. What, wouldst thou have me turn Rascal, and run cheating up
B and

The Souldiers Fortune.

and down the Town for a livelihood? I would no more keep a Block-head company, and endure his Nauseous non-sense in hopes to get him, than I would be a drudge to an old Woman, with Rheumatick Eyes, hollow Teeth, and stinking-breath, for a pension: Of all Rogues I would not be a Foolmonger.

Beau. How well this niceness becomes thee! I'd fain see thee ee'n turn Parson in a pet, o' purpose to rail at all those vices which I know thou naturally art fond of: why surely an Old Ladies pension need not to be so despicable in the Eyes of a disbanded Officer, as times go, Friend.

Cour. I am glad, *Beaugard*, you think so.

Beau. Why thou shalt think so too man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and such Families, where formality's a scandal, and pleasure is the bus'ness, where the Women are all Wanton, and the Men are all Witty, you Rogue.

Cour. What some of your Worships *Wapping* acquaintance that you made last time you came over for recruits, and Spirited away your Landladies Daughter, a Volunteering with you into *France*.

Beau. I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in credit, and lewdness laudable, where thou shalt wallow in pleasures and preferments, revel all day, and every night lye in the Arms of melting beauty, sweet as Roses, and as Springs refreshing.

Cour. Prithee don't talk thus; I had rather thou would'st tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd; a Pox of Whores when a man has not Mony to make'em Comfortable.

Beau. That shall shower upon us in abundance, and for instance, know to thy everlasting amazement, all this dropt out of the Clouds to day.

Cour. Hah! Gold by this light! ———

Fourb. Out of the Clouds! ———

Beau. Ay, Gold! does it not smell of the sweet hand that sent it? smell ——— smell you Dog ———

[To Fourbin

Fourbin smells to the handful of gold, and gathers up some pieces in his Mouth.

Fourb. Truly, Sir, of Heavenly sweetness: and very refreshing.

Cour. Dear, *Beaugard*, if thou hast any good Nature in thee; if thou would'st not have me hang my self before my time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a bargain with him presently: Speak, speak, or I am a lost Man.

Beau. Why thou must know this Devil which I have given my Soul to already, and must I suppose have my body very speedily, lives I know not where, and may for ought I know be a real Devil, but if it be, 'tis the best natur'd Devil under *Beelzebubs* dominion, that I'll swear to.

Cour. But how came the Gold, then?

Beau. To deal freely with my friend, I am lately happen'd into the acquaintance of a very Reverend Pimp, as fine a discreet, sober, gray-bearded old Gentleman as one would wish; as good a natur'd publick Spirit-ed Person as the Nation holds; one that is never so happy as when he is bringing good people together, and promoting civil understanding betwixt

betwixt the Sexes: Nay, rather than want emplyment, he will go from one end of the Town to t'other to procure my Lords little Dog to be civil to my Ladies little languishing Bitch.

Cour. A very worthy Member of the Common-Wealth!

Beau. This noble Person one day — but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular account of the matter. Sweet Sir, if you please tell us the story of the first encounter betwixt you and Sir *Jolly Fumble*; you must know that's his Title.

Fourb. Sir, it shall be done——walking one day upon the *Piazza* about three of the Clock i'th' After-noon, to get me a Stomach to my dinner, I chanc'd to encounter a Person of goodly presence, and worthy appearance, his Beard and Hair white, grave and comely, his countenance ruddy, plump, smooth and chearful; who perceiving me also equipt as I am with a Mien and Air which might well inform him I was a Person of no inconsiderable quality, came very respectfully up to me, and after the usual ceremonies between Persons of parts and breeding had past, very humbly enquired of me what it was a Clock—I presently understood by the question, that he was a man of parts and business, told him, I did presume it was at most but nicely turn'd of three.

Beau. Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new, I think.

Fourb. The freedom of commerce increasing, after some little inconsiderable questions *pour passer le temps*, and so, he was pleased to offer me the courtesie of a glass of Wine: I told him I very seldom drank, but if he so pleas'd, I would do my self the honour to present him with a dish of meat at an eating House hard by, where I had an interest.

Cour. Very well: I think this Squire of thine, *Beaugard*, is as accomplished a Person as any of the employment I ever saw.

Beau. Let the Rogue go on.

Fourb. In short we agree'd and went together: As soon as we entred the Room, I am your most humble Servant, Sir, says he——I am the meanest of your Vassals, Sir, said I—I am very happy in lighting into the acquaintance of so worthy a Gentleman as you appear to be. Sir, said he again——Worthy, Sir *Jolly*, then came I upon him again on t'other side (for you must know by that time I had groapt out his Title) I kiss your hands from the Bottom of my heart, which I shall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

Cour. Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

Fourb. Nothing, he had nothing to say; his sense was transported with admiration of my parts; so we sat down, and after some pause, he desired to know by what title he was to distinguish the person that had so highly honoured him.

Beau. That is as much as to say, Sir, whose Rascal you were.

Fourb. Sir, you may make as bold with your poor Slave as you please——I told him those that knew me well were pleased to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a Cadet of that Ancient Family of the *Fourbinois*; and that I had had the honour of serving the great Monarch of France in his Wars in *Flanders*, where I contracted great Familiarity,

The Souldiers Fortune.

and Intimacy with a gallant Officer of the *English* Troops in that service, one Captain *Beaugard*.

Beau. Oh, Sir, you did me too much honour. What a true bred Rogue's this!——

Cour. Well, but the Mony, *Fourbin*, the Mony.

Four. *Beaugard*, hum *Beaugard*, says he! —ay it must be so, —a black man, is he not? —ay, says I, blackish —a dark brown —full Fac't — yes —a sly subtle observing eye? —the same —a strong built well made man? —right —a devilish fellow for a Wench, a devilish fellow for a wench, I warrant him; a thundring Rogue upon occasion, *Beaugard*! a thundring fellow for a Wench, I must be acquainted with him.

Cour. But to the mony, the mony, man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withal.

Beau. This civil Gentleman of the Chevaliers acquaintance comes yesterday morning to my Lodging, and seeing my Picture in Minature upon the Toylet, told me with the greatest extasie in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his acquaintance had some favourable thoughts of me, and I gad, says he, she's a Hummer, such a *bona Roba* ah-h-h. So without more ado begs me to lend it him till dinner (for we concluded to eat together) so away he scuttled with as great joy as if he had found the Philosophers stone.

Cour. Very well.

Beau. At *Lockets* we met again: where after a thousand grimaces, to shew how much he was pleas'd, instead of my Picture, presents me with the contents afore said; and told me the Lady desired me to accept of 'em for the Picture, which she was much transported withal, as well as with the Original.

Cour. Hah!——

Beau. Now, whereabouts this taking quality liès in me, the Devil take me *Ned* if I know: But the Fates *Ned*, the Fates!

Cour. A Curse on the Fates! Of all Strumpets Fortune's the basest, 'twas Fortune made me a Souldier, a Rogue in Red, the grievance of the Nation; Fortune made the peace just when we were upon the brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two Months pay: Fortune gave us Debentures instead of ready Mony, and by very good Fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natur'd Dog that bought it will never get a shilling for't.——

Beau. Leave off thy railing for shame, it looks like a Cur that barks for want of bones. Come Times may mend, and an honest Souldier be in fashion again——

Cour. These greasie, fat, unweildy wheeting Rogues that live at home, and brood over their bags, when a fit of fear's upon 'em, then if one of us pass but by, all the Family is ready at the door to cry, Heavens bless you, Sir, the Laird go along with you.

Beau. Ah good men, what pity 'tis such proper Gentlemen should ever be out of Employment.

Cour. But when the bus'ness is over, then every Parish Bawd that
geos

goes but to a Conventicle twice a Week, and pays but scot and lot to the Parish, shall roar out, fough, ye Lowfy Red-coat rake-hells! hout ye Caterpillars, ye Locusts of the Nation; you are the Dogs that would enslave us all, plunder our Shops, and ravish our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

Beau. I must confess ravishing ought to be regulated, it would destroy commerce, and many a good Sober Matron about this Town might lose the selling of her Daughters Maiden-head, which were a great grievance to the People, and a particular Branch of Property lost, *Fourbin.*

Four. Your Worships pleasure.

Beau. Run like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir Jolly, and desire him to meet me at the Blew Posts in the Hay-market about 12, we'll Dine together; I must inquire farther into yesterdays adventure; in the mean time, *Ned*, here's half the Prize to be doing withal; old friends must preserve Correspondence; we have shar'd good Fortune together, and bad shall never part us.

Cour. Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this; hast thou no more grace than to be a true Friend, nay to part with thy mony to thy Friend? I grant you, a Gentleman may swear and lye for his Friend, pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and so forth; but to part, with ready mony is the devil.

Beau. Stand aside, either I am mistaken, or yonder's Sir Jolly coming: Now *Courtine*, will I shew thee the Flower of Knighthood: Ah, Sir Jolly!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. My Hero! my Darling! my Ganimede! how dost thou? Strong! wanton! lusty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine Boy, odd she's thine, plump, soft, smooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah, Rogue, ah Rogue! here's shoulders, here's shape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg—Qua-a-a-a.

[*Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles Beaugard's Legs.*]

Cour. What an old Goat's this!

Sir Jol. Child, Child, Child, who's that? A friend of thine? a friend o' thine? A pretty fellow, odd a very pretty fellow, and a strong Dog I'll warrant him. How dost do dear heart? prithee let me kiss thee, I'll swear and vow I will kiss thee, ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, a Toad, oh Toa-a-a-ad—

Cour. Sir I am your humble Servant.

Beau. But the Lady, Sir Jolly, the Lady, how does the Lady, what says the Lady, Sir Jolly?

Sir Jol. What says the Lady! why she says—she says—odd she has a delicate Lip, such a Lip, so read, so hard, so plump, so blub; I fancy I am eating Cherries every time I think on't—and for her Neck and Breasts, and her—odds life; I'll say no more, not a word more, but I know, I know—

Beau. I am sorry for that with all my Heart; do you know, say you,

You, Sir, and would you put off your mumbled orts, your offal upon me—

Sir Jol. Hush, hush, hush! have a care, as I live and breath, not I, alack and well a day, I am a poor old fellow, decay'd and done: All's gone with me, Gentlemen, but my good Nature; odd I love to know how matters go, though, now and then, to see a pretty Wench and a young Fellow Towze and Rowze and Frouze and Mowze; odd I love a young fellow dearly, faith dearly——

Cour. This is the most extraordinary Rogue, I ever met withall!

Beau. But Sir *Jolly*, in the first place, you must know, I have sworn never to marry.

Sir Jol. I would not have thee man. I am a Batchelour my self, and been a Whore-Master all my life, besides she's married already man, her Husband's an old greasie, untoward, ill-natur'd, slovenly, Tobacco-taking Cuckold; but plaguy Jealous.

Beau. Already a Cuckold, Sir *Jolly*!

Sir Jol. No, that shall be; my Boy, thou shalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee dear heart; and shan't I hold the door, shan't I peep? hah, shan't I, you devil, you little dog, shan't I?——

Beau. What is it, I'd not grant to oblige my Patron?

Sir Jol. And then dost thou hear, I have a lodging for thee in my own house; dost hear old Soul, in my own house; She lives the very next door man, there's but a Wall to part her Chamber and thine; and then for a peep-hole, odds fish I have a peep-hole for thee; 'sbud I'll shew thee, I'll shew thee——

Beau. But when, Sir *Jolly*? I am in haste, impatient.

Sir Jol. Why this very night man; poor Rogue's in haste, poor Rogue; but hear you——

Cour. The matter?

Sir Jol. Shan't we dine together?

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Jol. The Maw begins to empty, get you before, and bespeak Dinner at the Blew Posts; while I stay behind and gather up a dish of Whores for a desert.

Cour. Be sure that they be lew'd, drunken, stripping Whores Sir *Jolly*, that won't be affectedly squeamish and troublesome.

Sir Jol. I warrant you.

Cour. I love a well disciplin'd Whore, that shews all the tricks of her profession with a wink, like an old Souldier that understands all his Exercise by beat of Drum.

Sir Jol. A Thief, sayest thou so! I must be better acquainted with that fellow; he has a notable Nose; a hard brawny Carle—— true and trusty, and mettle I'll warrant him.

Beau. Well, Sir *Jolly*, you'll not fail us?

Sir Jol. Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye boys: I'll muster this evening, such a Regiment of Rampant, Roaring, Roysterous Whores, that shall make more noise than if all the Cats in the Hay-Market were in conjunction: Whores ye Rogues, that shall swear with you, drink

drink with you, talk Bawdy with you, fight with you, scratch with you, lye with you, and go to the Devil with you. Shan't we be very merry, bah! —

Cour. As merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can make us.

Sir Jol. Odd that's well said again, very well said, as merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can make us: I love a fellow that is very wicked dearly; methinks there's a Spirit in him, there's a sort of a tantara rara, tantara rara, ah, ah-h-h, well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and shall I not see a little sport amongst you? well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da, da, I'll be with you, da, da —

[*Exeunt Beaugard and Courtine.*]

Enter several Whores, and three Bullies.

1 *Bul.* In the name of Satan what Whores are those in their Copper trim, yonder?

1 *Whor.* Well I'll swear, Madam, 'tis the finest Evening: I love the Mall, mightily.

2 *Bul.* Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 *Whor.* Really, and so do I; because there's always good company, and one meets with such Civilities from every body.

3 *Bul.* Damn'd Whores, hout ye filthies.

3 *Whor.* Ay, and then I love extreemly to shew my self here, when I am very fine, to vex those poor Devils that call themselves Vertues, and are very scandalous and Crapish, I'll swear; O crimine, who's yonder! Sir Jolly fumble, I vow.

1 *Bul.* Fogh! Let's leave the nasty Sows to Fools, and Diseases.

1 *Whor.* Oh Papa, Papa! where have you been this two days, Papa?

2 *Whor.* You are a precions Father indeed, to take no more care of your Children: We might be dead for all you, you naughty Dady, you.

Sir Jol. Dead, my poor Fables! odd I had rather all the Relations I have were dead, a dad I had: Get you gone you little Devils Bubbies; oh Law there's Bubbies! odd I'll bite 'em, odd I will.

1 *Whor.* Nay, fye, Papa; I swear you'll make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to Night; you have promis'd me a Treat this Week, won't you Papa?

2 *Whor.* Ay, wont you, Dad?

Sir Jol. Odds so, odds so, well remember'd! get you gone, don't stay talking; get you gone, yonders a great Lord, the Lord Beaugard, and his Couzin the Baron, the Count, the Marquis, the Lord knows what, Monsieur Courtine newly come to Town, odds so,

3 *Whor.* Oh Law, where Dady, where? Oh dear, a Lord.

1 *Whor.* Well you are the purest Papa; but when be dey mun, Papa —

Sir Jolly. I won't tell you, you Gipsies, so I wont, — except you tickle me — 'sbud they are brave fellows, all Tall, and not a bit small; odd one of 'em has a devilish deal of Mony.

1 *Whor.*

1 *Whor.* Oh dear, but which is he, *Papa?*

2 *Whor.* Shan't I be in love with him, *Dady?*

Sir Jol. What no body tickle me! no body tickle me? not yet, tickle me a little *Mally*—tickle me a little *Jenny*—do, He he he he he he—

[*They tickle him.*

No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, so so, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'll I'll I'll—

3 *Woo.* What will you do trow?

Sir Jol. Come along with me, come along with mith me, sneak after me at a distance, that no body take notice, Swinging fellows *Mally*—Swinging fellows *Jenny*, a Devilish deal of Mony, get you afore me then you little Dippappers, ye Wasps, ye Wagtails, get you gon, I say swinging Fellows—

[*Exeunt Sir Jolly, with the Whores.*

Enter Lady Dunce and Sylvia.

Lady D. Dye a Maid *Sylvia*: fie for shame! what a scandalous resolution's that? five thousand Pounds to your Portion, and leave it all to Hospitals, for the innocent recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell, fie for shame!

Sylvia. Indeed such another charming Animal as your Consort, *Sir David*, might do much with me; 'tis an unspeakable blessing to lye all night by a Horse-load of diseases; a beaftly, unsavory, old, groaning, grunting, wheazing Wretch, that smells of the Grave he is going to already. From such a curse, and Hair-Cloth next my skin, good Heaven deliver me!

Lady D. Thou mistakest the use of a Husband, *Sylvia*: They are not meant for Bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulsom fashion, to ly o' nights with a Husband, but the world's improv'd, and Customs altered.

Sylv. Pray instruct then what the use of a Husband is.

Lady D. Instead of a Gentleman-Usher for Ceremonies sake to be in waiting on set days, and particular occasions; but the Friend Cozen, is the Jewel unvaluable.

Sylv. But, *Sir David*, Madam, will be difficult to be so Govern'd; I am mistaken if his Nature is not too jealous to be blinded.

Lady D. So much the better; of all, the jealous Fool is easiest to be deceiv'd: For observe, where there's jealousy there's always fondness; which if a Woman, as she ought to do, will make the right use of, the Husband's fears shall not so awake him on one side, as his dotage shall blind him on the other.

Sylv. Is your Piece of mortality such a doting Doddle, is he so very fond of you?

Lady D. No, but he has the vanity to think that I am very fond of him, and if he be jealous, 'tis not so much for fear I do abuse, as that in time I may, and therefore imposes this confinement on me, though

though he has other divertisements that take him off from my enjoyment which make him so loathsome no Woman but must hate him.

Sylv. His private divertisements I am a stranger to.

Lady D. Then for his Person 'tis incomparably odious; he has such a breath, one Kiss of him were enough to cure the Fits of the Mother, 'tis worse than *Assa-fetida*.

Sylv. Oh hideous?

Lady D. Every thing that's nasty he affects, clean Linnen he says is unwholsome; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of Garlick and chewing Tobacco.

Sylv. Fogh? this is Love! this is the blessing of Matrimony.

Lady D. Rail not so unreasonably against Love, *Sylvia*: As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged to thee the Passion I have for *Beaugard*; so methinks, *Sylvia* need not conceal her good thoughts of her Friend. Do not I know *Courtine* sticks in your stomach?

Sylv. If he does, I'll assure you he shall never get to my heart. But can you have the Conscience to love another man now you are married? what do you think will become of you?

Lady D. I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I was never married to that Engine we have been talking of; my Parents indeed made me say something to him after a Priest once, but my heart went not along with my tongue, I minded not what it was; for my Thoughts, *Sylvia*, for these seven years have been much better imploy'd——*Beaugard*! Ah curse on the day that first sent him into *France*?

Sylv. Why so, I beseech you?

Lady D. Had he stay'd here, I had not been sacrificed to the Arms of this monument of Man, for the bed of death could not be more cold, than his has been; he would have delivered me from the Monster, for even then I loved him, and was apt to think my kindness not neglected.

Sylv. I find indeed your Ladyship had good thoughts of him.

Lady D. Surely 'tis impossible to think too well of him, for he has wit enough to call his good nature in question, and yet good nature enough to make his wit suspected.

Sylv. But how do you hope ever to get sight of him? Sir *David*'s watchfulness is invincible. I dare swear he wou'd smell out a Rival if he were in the house, only by natural instinct, as some that always sweat when a Cat's in the Room. Then again, *Beaugard*'s a Souldier, and that's a thing the old Gentleman you know loves dearly.

Lady D. There lies the greatest comfort of my uneasie life; he is one of those Fools forsooth, that are led by the Nose by Knaves to rail against the King and the Government, and is mightily fond of being thought of a Party. I have had hopes this twelve-month to have heard of his being in the Gate-House for Treason.

Sylv. But I find only your self the Prisoner all this while.

Lady D. At present indeed I am so, but Fortune I hope will smile, wouldst thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia*.

Sylv. In any mischievous design with all my heart.

Lady D. The conclusion, Madam, may turn to your satisfaction, but you have no thoughts of *Courtine*?

Sylv. Not I, I'll assure you, Cozen.

Lady D. You don't think him well shap'd, streight and proportionable?

Sylv. Considering he eats but once a Week, the man is well enough.

Lady D. And then he wears his Cloaths, you know filthily, and like a horrid Sloven.

Sylv. Filthily enough of all Conscience, with a thread-bare Red-Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this day, over which a great broad greasie Buff Belt, enough to turn any ones stomach but a disbanded Souldier; a Perruque ty'd up in a knot, to excuse its want of combing, and then because he has been a Man at Arms, he must wear two Tuffles of a beard forthwith, to lodge a dunghill of snuff upon, to keep his Nose in good humour.

Lady D. Nay, now I am sure that thou lovest him.

Sylv. So far from it, that I protest eternally against the whole Sex.

Lady D. That time will best demonstrate, in the mean while to our business.

Sylv. As how, Madam?

Lady D. To night must I see *Beaugard*, they are this minute at Dinner in the Hay-market; now to make my evil Genius, that haunts me every where, my thing call'd a Husband, himself to assist his poor Wife at a dead lift, I think would not be unpleasant.

Sylv. But 'twill be impossible.

Lady D. I am apt to be perswaded rather very easie, you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Folly*.

Sylv. Out on him beast, he's always talking filthily to a body, if he sits but at the table with one, he'l be making nasty figures in the Napkins.

Lady D. He and my sweet yoke-fellow are the most intimate friends in the world, so that partly out of neighbourly kindness, as well as the great delight he takes to be meddling in matters of this nature, with a great deal of pains and industry procured me *Beaugard's* Picture, and given him to understand how well a Friend of his in Petticoats, call'd my self, wishes him.

Sylv. But what's all this to the making the Husband instrumental, for I must confess of all creatures a Husband's the thing that's odious to me.

Lady D. That must be done this night: I'll instantly to my chamber, take my bed in a pet, and send for Sir *David*.

Sylv. But which way then must the Lover come?

Lady D. Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, shew him the Picture he sent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own honour, and my quiet, to take some course to secure me from the scandalous solicitations of that innocent Fellow.

Sylv. And so make him the property, the go-between, to bring the affair to an issue the more decently.

Lady D. Right, *Sylvia*, 'tis the best office a Husband can do a Wife; I mean an old Husband; blefs us, to be yok'd in Wedlock with a paralitick coughing

coughing decrepid Dotrel, to be a dry Nurse all ones life time to an old Child of sixty five, to lye by the Image of Death a whole night, a dull immoveable, that has no sence of life, but through it's pains; the Pidgeon's as happy that's laid to a sick mans feet, when the world has given him over; for my part this shall henceforth be my Prayer,

*Curst be the memory, nay double curst,
Of her that wedded Age for Interest first;
Though worn with years, with fruitless wishes full,
'Tis all day troublesome, and all night dull.
Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy lives,
Fools are the fittest finest things for Wives;
Yet old men Profit bring, as Fools bring ease,
And both make Youth and Wit much better please.*

ACT II.

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, Courtine, and Fourbin.

Court. **S**IR Jolly is the glory of the Age.

Sir Jol. Nay now Sir you honour me too far.

Beau. He's the delight of the young, and wonder of the old.

Sir Jol. I swear Gentlemen you make me blush.

Cour. He deserves a Statue in Gold, at the Charge of the Kingdom.

Sir Jol. Out upon't, fye for shame: I protest I'll leave your company if you talk so; but faith they were Whores, daintily dutiful Strumpets, ha! udds-bud, they'd——have stript for t'other Bottle.

Beau. Truly, Sir Jolly, you are a man of very extraordinary discipline, I never saw Whores under better command in my life.

Sir Jol. Pish, that's nothing man, nothing, I can fend for forty better when I please, Doxies that will skip, strip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the world, any thing old Soul.

Cour. Dear, dear Sir Jolly, where and when?

Sir Jol. Odd as simple as I stand here, her Father was a Knight.

Beau. Indeed Sir Jolly, a Knight say you?

Sir Jol. Ay, but a little decay'd, I'll assure you she's a very good Gentlewoman born.

Cour. Ay, and a very good Gentlewoman bred too.

Sir Jol. Ay, and so she is.

Beau. But Sir Jolly, how goes my business forward, when shall I have a view of the quarry I am to fly at?

The Souldiers Fortune.

Sir Jol. Alas a day, not so hasty, soft and fair I beseech you. Ah my little Son of Thunder, if thou hadst her in thy arms now between a pair of Sheets, and I under the Bed to see fair play, Boy, Gemini! what wou'd become of me? What wou'd become of me? there wou'd be doings, oh Lawd, I under the Bed!

Beau. Or behind the Hangings, *Sir Jolly*, would not that do as well?

Sir Jol. Ah no, under the Bed against the world, and then it wou'd be very dark, hah!

Beau. Dark to chuse.

Sir Jol. No, but a little light would do well, a small Glimmering Lamp, just enough for me to steal a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable, I won't speak a word more, there would be a trick! oh rare! you friend, oh rare! odds so, not a word more, odds so, yonder comes the Monster that must be the Cuckold Elect; step, step aside, and observe him if I shou'd be seen in your company, 'twou'd spoil all.

Beau. For my part I'll stand the meeting of him; one way to promote a good understanding with a Wife, is first to get acquainted with her Husband.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Da. Well of all blessings, a discreet Wife is the greatest that can light upon a man of years: had I been married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beast had I been by this time; well, I am the happiest old Fool! 'tis an horrid Age that we live in, so that an honest man can keep nothing to himself; if you have a good estate, every covetous Rogue is longing for't (truly I love a good estate dearly my self;) if you have a handsome Wife, every smooth fac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her; flesh-flies are not so troublesome to the shambles, as those sort of Insects are to the Boxes in the Play-house: But vertue is a great blessing, an unvaluable treasure, to tell me her self that a Villain had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the enchantment that he sent to bewitch her, it strikes me dumb with admiration; here's the Villain in Effigie. [*Pulls out the Picture*] Odd a very handsome fellow, a dangerous Rogue I'll warrant him, such fellows as these now should be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they may not leap into others mans pastures; Here's a Nose now, I cou'd find in my heart to cut it off; damn'd Dog, to dare to presume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! Bless us what will this world come to! well poor *Sir David*, down, down upon thy knees, and thank the stars for thy deliverance.

Beau. 'Sdeath what's that I see? Sure 'tis the very Picture which I sent by *Sir Jolly*; if so, by this light, I am damnably jilted.

Sir Da. But now if——

Beau. Surely he does not see us yet.

Fourb. See you, Sir, why he has but one eye, and we are on his blind side; I'll damn'd found him. [*Strikes him on the shoulder.*]

Sir Da. Who the Devil's this? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you, Sir?

Beau.

Beau. Ay, ay, 'tis the same; now a pox of all amorous adventures; death I'll go beat the impertinent Pimp that drew me into this fooling.

Sir Da. Sir, methinks you are very curious.

Beau. Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary reason to be so.

Sir Da. And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reason neither.

Beau. Sir, if you are at leisure, I would beg the Honour to speak with you.

Sir Da. With me, Sir? What's your business with me?

Beau. I wou'd not willingly be troublesome, though it may be I am so at this time.

Sir Da. It may be so too, Sir.

Beau. But to be known to so worthy a Person as you are, would be so great an honour, so extraordinary a happiness, that I could not avoid taking this opportunity of tending you my Service.

Sir Da. Smooth Rogue, who the Devil is this fellow? (*Aside.*) But Sir you were pleased to nominate business Sir, I desire with what speed you can to know your business, Sir, that I may go about my business.

Beau. Sir, if I might with good manners, I should be glad to inform my self, whose Picture that is, which you have in your hand; methinks it is very fine Painting.

Sir Da. Picture, Friend, Picture! Sir, 'tis the resemblance of a very impudent Fellow, they call him Captain *Beaugard* forsooth, but he is in short a Rakehell, a poor lowzy beggarly disbanded Devil; do you know him Friend?—

Beau. I think I have heard of such a Vagabond, the truth on't is he is a very impudent Fellow.

Sir Da. Ay, a damn'd Rogue.

Beau. Oh a notorious Scoundrel.

Sir Da. I expect to hear he's hang'd by the next Sessions.

Beau. The truth on't is, he has deserv'd it long ago; but did you ever see him Sir *David*?

Sir Da. Sir—does he know me?

[*Aside.*

Beau. Because I fancy that Mignature is very much like him. Pray Sir, whence had it you?—

[*Compares the Picture with Beaugard's Face.*

Sir Da. Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I!—bless us! what have I done now, this the very Traitor himself, if he should be desperate now, and put his Sword in my guts!—slitting my Nose will be as bad as that. I have but one eye left neither, and may be—Oh but this is the Kings Court, odd that's well remember'd, he dares not but be civil here; I'll try to out-huff him. Whence had it you?

Beau. Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *English* in my Country, Sir.

Sir Da. Go, Sir, you are a Rascal.

Beau. How!

Sir Da.

Sir Da. Sir, I say, you are a Rascal, a very impudent Rascal, nay I'll prove you to be a Rascal, if you go to that——

Beau. Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Souldier.

Sir Da. So much the worse, Souldiers have been Cuckold-makers, from the beginning; Sir I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a —— come Sir, did I never see you? answer me to that, did I never see you? for ought I know you may be a Jesuit; there were more in the last Army besides you.

Beau. Of your acquaintance, and be hang'd.

Sir Da. Yes to my knowledge, there were several at *Hounslow Heath* disguised in dirty Petticoats, and cry'd Brandy, I knew a Serjeant of Foot that was familiar with one of them all night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a woman, but the Devil is powerful.

Beau. In short, you worthy Villain of Worship, that Picture is mine, and I must have it, or I shall take an opportunity to kick your Worship most inhumanely.

Sir Da. Kick Sir.

Beau. Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a Recreation I can shew you.

Sir Da. Sir, I am a free-born Subject of *England*, and there are Laws look you, there are Laws; so I say you are a Rascal again, and now how will you help your self? poor Fool.

Beau. Hark you Friend, have not you a Wife?

Sir Da. I have a Lady, Sir,——oh, and she's mightily taken with this Picture of yours, she was so mightily proud of it she could not forbear shewing it me, and telling too who it was sent it her.

Beau. And has she been long a Jilt? has she practised the Trade for any time?

Sir Da. Trade! humph, what Trade? what Trade? Friend.

Beau. Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Catterwauling in jest, putting out Christian Colours, when she's a Turk under Deck: A curse upon all honest women in the flesh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

Sir Da. Poor Devil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha, look you sweet Soul, as I told you before, there are Laws, there are Laws, but those are things not worthy your Consideration: Beautie's your Business; but dear vagabond, trouble thy self no further about my Spouse, let my Doxie rest in peace, she's meat for thy Master, old boy; I have my belly full of her every Night.

Bau. Sir, I wish all your Noble Family hang'd from the bottom of my heart.

Sir Da. Moreover Captain Swash, I must tell you my Wife is an honest Woman, of a virtuous disposition, one that I have lov'd from her Infancy, and she deserves it by her faithful dealing in this affair, for that she has discover'd loyalty to me the treacherous designs laid against her Chastity, and my Honour.

Beau. By this light the Beast weeps.

Sir Da. Truly I cannot but weep for Joy; to think how happy I am in a sincere faithful and loving Yoke-fellow, she charg'd me too to tell you

you into the bargain, that she is sufficiently satisfied of the most secret wishes of your heart.

Beau. I am glad on't.

Sir Da. And that 'tis her desire, that you would trouble your self no more about the matter.

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Da. But hence forward behave your self with such discretion as becomes a Gentleman.

Ceau. Oh to be sure most exactly!

Sir Da. And let her alone to make the best use of those innocent Freedoms I allow her, without putting her reputation in hazard

Beau. As how, I beseech you——

Sir Da. By your impertinent and unseasonable address.

Beau. And this news you bring me by a particular commission from your sweet Lady.

Sir Da. Yea Friend I do, and she hopes you'll be sensible Dear heart, of her good-meaning by it: these were her very words, I neither add nor diminish, for plain dealing is my Mistress's friend.

Beau. Then all the curses I shall think on this twelve-month light on her, and as many more on the next Fool that gives credit to the Sex.

Sir Da. Well, certainly I am the happiest Toad; how melancholly the Munkie stands now? Poor Pug hast thou lost her?

Beau. To be so fordid a Jilt, to betray me to such a Beast as that, can she have any good thoughts of such a Swine? Dam her, had she abus'd me handsomly it had never vexed me.

Sir Da. Now Sir with your permission I'll take my leave.

Beau. Sir, if you were gone to the Devil, I shou'd think you very well dispos'd of.

Sir Da. If you have any Letter, or other commendation to the Lady that was so charm'd with your Resemblance there, it shall be very faithfully conveyed by——

Beau. Fool.

Sir Da. Your humble Servant, Sir, I'm gon, I shall disturb you no further, your most humble Servant Sir. [Exit.

Beau. Now Poverty, Plague, Pox and Prison fall thick upon the head of thee, *Fourbin.*

Fourb. Sir!——

Beau. Thou hast been an extraordinary Rogue in thy time.

Fourb. I hope I have lost nothing in your Honours Service, Sir.

Beau. Find out some way to revenge me on this old Rascal, and if I do not make thee a Gentleman——

Fourb. That you have been pleas'd to do long ago, I thank you; for I am sure you have not left me one shilling in my Pocket these two Months.

Beau. Here, here's for thee to Revel with all.

Fourb. Will your Honour please to have his Throat cut?

Beau. With all my heart.

Fourb.

Fourb. Or would you have him decently hang'd at his own Door, and then give out to the World he did it himself?

Beau. That wou'd do very well.

Fourb. Or I think [to proceed with more safety] a good stale Jakes were a very pretty expedient.

Beau. Excellent, excellent *Fourbin*.

Fourb. Leave matters to my discretion, and if I do not—— [Exit.

Beau. I know thou wilt; go, go about it, prosper and be famous: now e're I dare venture to meet *Courtin* again, will I go by my self, rail for an hour or two, and then be good company. [Exit.

Enter Courtine and Sylvia.

Sylv. Take my word Sir, you had better give this business over. I tell you there's nothing in the World turns my Stomach so much as the man, that man that makes love to me. I never saw one of your Sex in my life make love, but he lookt so like an Ass all the while, that I blusht for him.

Court. I am afraid your Ladyship then is one of those dangerous Creatures they call She-wits, who are always so mightily taken with admiring themselves, that nothing else is worth their notice.

Sylv. Oh! who can be so dull not to be ravisht with that roysterous Meen of yours? that ruffling Ayr in your gate, that seems to cry where-e're you go, make room, here comes the Captain: that Face, the which bids defiance to the Weather. Bless us! if I were a poor Farmers wife in the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it fright me? But as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never saw before, how lovingly it looks upon me.

Court. Who can forbear to sigh, look pale and languish, where Beauty and Wit unite both their forces to enslave a heart so tractable as mine is? First, for the modish swim of your Body, the victorious motion of your Arms and Head, the toss of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes; bless us! If I were a dainty fine drest Coxcomb, with a great Estate and a little or no wit, vanity in abundance, and good for nothing, how would they melt and soften me? but as I am scandalous honest Rascal, not Fool enough to be your sport, nor rich enough to be your prey, how glotingly they look upon me!

Sylv. Alas, alas! what pity'tis your Honesty should ever do you hurt, or your Wit spoil your preferment.

Court. Just as much fair Lady, as that your Beauty should make you be envied at, or your Vertue provoke scandal.

Sylv. The more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

Court. The more I look, the more I am out of Love with you.

Sylv. How my heart swells when I see you!

Court. How my Stomach rises when I am near you!

Sylv. Nay, then let's bargain.

Court. With all my heart; what?

Sylv.

Silv. Not to fall in love with each other, I assure you Monsieur Captain.

Court. But to hate one another constantly and cordially.

Silv. Always when you are drunk, I desire you to talk scandalously of me.

Court. Ay, and when I am sober too, in return whereof when e're you see a Coquet of your acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be sure you spit at the filthy remembrance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

Silv. In the next place, when e're we meet in the Mall, I desire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

Court. Which if I chance to do, be sure at next turning to pick up some taudry fluttering Fop or another.

Silv. That I made acquaintance with all at the Musique-meeting.

Court. Right, Just such another Spark to saunter by your side with his Hat under his Arm.

Silv. Harkning to all the bitter things I can say to be revenged.

Court. Whilst the dull Rogue dare not so much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it, when he was out of his waiting.

Silv. Counterfeit your Letters from me.

Court. And you to be even with me for the scandal, publish to all the World I offer'd to marry you.

Silv. Oh hideous marriage!

Court. Horrid, horrid marriage!

Silv. Name, name no more of it.

Court. At that sad word let's part.

Silv. Let's wish all men decrepid, dull and silly.

Court. And every Woman old and ugly.

Silv. Adieu! ———

Court. Farewell! ———

Enter a young fellow, affectedly drest, several others with him.

Silv. Ah me, Mr. Frisk!

Frisk. Madamoisel, *Silvia*! sincerely as I hope to sav'd, the Devil take me, Dam me Madam, who's that?

Silv. Ha, ha, ha, hea.

[Exit with Frisk.]

Court. True to thy failings always, Woman, how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monster was that for a Woman to delight in? now must I love her still, tho' I know I am a Block-head for't, and she'll use me like a block-head too, if I don't prevent her: what's to be done? I'll have three Whores a day, to keep Love out of my head.

Enter Beaugard.

Beaugard. Well met again, how go matters? Handsomly!

Beau. Oh very handsomely! had you but seen how handsomely I was us'd just now, you would swear so. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou wouldst exercise thy talent a little at present.

Court. At what?

Beau. Why canst thou ever want a subject? rail at thy self, rail at me, I deserve to be rail'd at; see there, what thinkest thou of that Engine, that moving lump of filthiness, miscall'd a Man?

A Clumsie fellow marches over the Stage drest like an Officer.

Court. Curse on him for a Rogue, I know him.

Beau. So.

Court. The Rascal was a Retailer of Ale but yesterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty sight in a morning to see him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing his Legs after him, at the head of a hundred lusty Fellows; some honest Gentleman or other stays now, because that Dog had mony to bribe some corrupt Colonel withall.

Enter another gravely drest.

Beau. There, there's another of my acquaintance, he was my Fathers Footman not long since, and has pimpt for me oftner than he pray'd for himself; that good quality recommended him to a Noble-man's service, which together with flattering, fawning, lying, spying and informing, has rais'd him to an imployment of trust and reputation, though the Rogue can't write his name, nor read his neck Verse, if he had occasion.

Court. 'Tis as unreasonable to expect a man of Sense should be prefer'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be stout, a Priest religious, a fair Woman chaste, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

Enter two more seeming earnestly in discourse.

Beau. That's seasonably thought on, look there, observe but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the busiest Face of the two, I'll tell thee his History.

Court. I hope hanging will be the end of his History, so well I like him at the first sight.

Beau. He was born a Vagabond, and no Parish own'd him; his Father was as obscure as his Mother publick, every body knew her, and no body could guess at him.

Court. He comes of a very good Family, heaven be prais'd.

Beau. The first thing he chose to rise by, was Rebellion, so a Rebel he grew, and flourish'd a Rebel, fought against his King, and helpt to bring him to the Block.

Court. And was he not Religious too?

Beau. Most devoutly! He could pray till he cry'd, and preach till he foam'd,

foam'd, which excellent Talent made him popular, and at last prefer'd him to be a worthy Member of that never to be forgotten Rump Parliament.

Court. Pray Sir be uncovered at that, and remember it with Reverence.

Beau. In short, he was a Committee-man, Sequestrater and Persecutor General of a whole County, by which he got enough at the King's Return to secure himself in the general Pardon.

Court. Nauseous Vermin: That such a Swine with the mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, should wallow in his Luxury, whilst honest men are forgotten!

Beau. Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy, the ungrateful Slave disowns the hand that healed him, cherishes Factions to affront his Master, and once more would Rebel against the Head, which so lately sav'd his from a Pole.

Court. What a dreadful Beard and swinging Sword he wears!

Beau. 'Tis to keep his Cowardize in countenance; the Rascal will endure kicking most temperately for all that: I know five or six more of the same stamp, that never came abroad without terrible long Spits by their sides, with which they will let you bore their own Noses if you please; but let the Villain be forgotten.

Court. His Co-Rogue I have some knowledge of, he's a tatter'd worm-eaten Case-putter, some call him Lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judge.

Beau. Yes, and is always repining that men of parts are not regarded.

Court. He has been a great noise-maker in factious Clubs these seven years, and now I suppose he is courting that Worshipful Rascal to make him Recorder of some factious Town.

Beau. To teach Tallow-Chandlers and Cheese-mongers how far they may rebel against their King by vertue of *Magna Charta*.

Court. But friend *Beaugard*, methinks thou art very spleenatick of a sudden, how goes the affair of Love forward, prosperously, hah!

Beau. Oh I assure you most Triumphantly, just now you must know I am parted with the sweet civil enchanted Ladies Husband.

Court. Well, and what says the Cuckold, is he very kind and good natur'd as Cuckolds use to be?

Beau. Why he says, *Courtine*, in short, that I am a very silly fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been jilted in this affair most unconscionably; a Plague on all Pimps, I say, a mans business never thrives so well, as when he is his own Solicitor.

Enter Sir Jolly and a Boy.

Sir Jolly. Hist. hist. Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Sir Jolly. Run and get two Chairs presently, be sure you get two Chairs

Sirrah, do you hear? here's luck; here's luck, now or never Captain; nea-
 er if not now Captain! here's luck.

Beau. Sir Jolly, No more Adventures sweet Sir Jolly, I am like to
 have a very fine time on't truly.

Sir Jolly. The best in the World dear Dog, the very best in the
 World, 'sbud she's here hard by man, stays on purpose for thee finely
 disguis'd. The Cuckold has lost her too; and no body knows anything
 of the matter but I, no body but I, and I you must know, I am I, hah/
 and I you little Toad, hah!

Beau. You are a very fine Gentleman.

Sir Jolly. The best natur'd Fellow I believe in the World of my years!
 now does my heart so thump for fear this business should miscarry; why
 I'll warrant thee, the Lady is here man, she's all thy own, 'tis thy own
 fault if thou art not *in terra incognita* within this half hour: come along,
 prithee come along, fie for shame. What, make a Lady lose her longing!
 come along I say, you——out upon't.

Beau. Sir your humble. I shan't stir.

Sir Jolly. What? not go!

Beau. No Sir, no Lady for me.

Sir Jolly. Not go! I should laugh at that Faith.

Beau. No, I will assure you, not go Sir.

Sir Jolly. Away you Wag, you jest, you jest you Wag; not go,
 quotha?

Beau. No Sir, not go I tell you, what the Devil would you have more?

Sir Jolly. Nothing, nothing Sir, but I am a Gentleman.

Beau. With all my heart.

Sir Jolly. And do you think then that I'll be us'd thus?

Beau. Sir!

Sir Jolly. Take away my Reputation, and take away my Life, I shall
 be disgrac't for ever.

Beau. I have not wrong'd you Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly. Not wrong'd me! But you shall find you have wrong'd me,
 and wrong'd a sweet Lady, and a fine Lady:——I shall never be trust-
 ed again! never have employment more! I shall dye of the Spleen,——
 prithee now be good natur'd, prithee be perswaded, Odd I'll give thee
 this Ring, I'll give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold. I'll give thee any thing
 in the World, go.

Beau. Not one Foot, Sir.

Sir Jolly. Now that I durst but murder him——well, shall I fetch her
 to thee? What shall I do for thee?

Enter Lady Dunc.

'Odds fish here she comes her self, now you ill-natur'd Churle, now you
 Devil, look upon her, do but look upon her, what shall I say to her?

Beau. E'en what you please Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly.

Sir Jolly. 'Tis a very strange Monster this — Madam this is the Gentleman, that's he, though (as one may say) he's something balliful, but I'll tell him who you are. [Goes to Beaugard.]

If thou art not more cruel than *Leopards, Lyons, Tigers, Wolves, or Tartars*, don't break my Heart, don't kill me, this unkindness of thine goes to the Soul of me. [Goes to the Lady.]

Madam, he says, he's so amazed at your Triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the excellence that shines from you.

Lady D. What can be the meaning of all this?

Sir Jolly. Art thou then resolv'd to be remorseless? canst thou be insensible, hast thou Eyes? hast thou a Heart? hast thou any thing thou shouldst have? odd I'll tickle thee, get you too her you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

Lady D. Have you forgot me *Beaugard*?

Sir Jolly. So now, to her agen. I say, to her, to her and be hang'd, Ah Rogue! Ah Rogue! now, now, have at her, now have at her, there it goes, there it goes, Hey — Boys! —

Lady D. Methinks this Face should not so much be alter'd, as to be nothing like what once I thought it, the object of your pleasure, and subject of your Praises.

Sir Jolly. Cunning Toad! Wheedling Jade! you shall see now how by degrees she'll draw him into the Whirl-Pool of Love, now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her, Oh law! there's Eyes! there's your Eyes! I must pinch him by the Calf of the Leg.

Beau. Madam, I must confess I do remember, that I had once acquaintance with a Face, whose Air and Beauty much resembled yours, and if I may trust my Heart, you are call'd *Clarinda*.

Lady D. *Clarinda* I was call'd, till my ill Fortune Wedded me: Now you may have heard of me by another Title: Your Friend there, I suppose has made nothing a secret to you.

Beau. And are you then that kind enchanted fair one who was so passionately in Love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beast your Husband, and wrong the Passion of a Gentleman that languish't for you, only to make your Monster merry? Hark you Madam, had your Fool been worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Months mind to be exercising my parts that way upon your Go-between, your Male-Bawd there.

Sir Jolly. Ah Lord! Ah Lord! All's spoil'd agen, all's ruin'd, I shall be undone for ever, why what the Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what sins have I committed?

Lady D. And are you the passionate Adorer of our Sex? who cannot live a Week in *London*, without Loving? are you the Spark that sends your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a pattern of your Person?

Beau. Yes Madam, when I receive so good Hostages as these are,

[Shows the Gold.]

That it shall be well us'd. Cou'd you find no body but me to play the Fool withall?

Sir Jolly. Alack a day!

Lady D. Could you pitch upon no Body but that wretched Woman, that has loved you too well to abuse you thus?

Sir Jol. That ever I was born!

Beau. Here, here Madam, I'll return you your dirt, I scorn your Wages, as I do your Service.

Lady D. Fye for shame, what refund? That is not like a Souldier to refund; keep, keep it to pay your Sempstrefs withal.

Sir Jolly. His Sempstrefs, who the Devil is his Sempstrefs? Odd what wou'd I give to know that now!

Lady D. There was a Ring too, which I sent you this Afternoon, if that fit not your Finger, you may dispose of it some other way, where it may give no occasion of Scandal, and you'll do well.

Beau. A Ring, Madam!

Lady D. A small trifle, I suppose Sir *David* deliver'd it to you when he return'd you your Mignature.

Beau. I beseech you Madam!

Lady D. Farewell you Traytor.

Beau. As I hope to be sav'd, and upon the word of a Gentleman.

Lady D. Go you are a false ungrateful Brute, and trouble me no more.
[Exit.

Beau. *Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly.*

Sir Jolly. Ah thou Rebel?

Beau. Some advice, some advice, dear Friend, e're I'm ruin'd.

Sir Jolly. Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honours Supper, that's all the remedy that I know.

Beau. But prithee hear a little reason.

Sir Jolly. No Sir, I ha' done, no more to be said, I ha' done, I am asham'd of you, I'll have no more to say to you, I'll never see your Face again, good b'w'y.
[Exit *Sir Jolly.*

Beau. Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to day? a Ring! deliver'd by Sir *David*!—what can that mean?—Pox! on her for a Jilt, she lies, and has a mind to amuse and laugh at me a day or two longer; hift, here comes her Beast once more: I'll use him Civilly, and try what discovery I can make,

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir Da. Ha, ha, ha! Here's the Captains Jewel, very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it, Ha, ha, ha!—how damnable Mad he'l be now, when I shall deliver him his Ring again, ha, ha!—Poor Dog, he'l hang himself at least, ha, ha, ha,——Faith 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely set: *Humph!* if I should keep it now!—I'll say I have lost it; no I'll give it him again, o'purpose to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir *David*, I am heartily sorry.

Sir Da. Oh Sir, 'tis you I was seeking for, ha, ha, ha, what shall I say to him now to terrifie him?
Beau.

Beau. Me, Sir! —

Sir Da. Ay, you Sir, if your name be Captain *Beaugard*: how like a Fool he looks already? —

Beau. What you please, Sir.

Sir Da. Sir, I would speak a word with you, if you think fit; what shall I do now to keep my countenance?

Beau. Can I be so happy, Sir, as to be able to serve you in any thing?

Sir Da. No Sir, ha, ha, ha, I have commands of service to you Sir oh Lord, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Me, Sir.

Sir Da. Ay Sir, you Sir, but put on your hat, Friend, put on your hat, be cover'd.

Beau. Sir, will you please to sit down on this Bank?

Sir Da. No, no, there's no need, no need, for all I have a young Wife I can stand upon my legs, Sweet-heart.

Beau. Sir, I beseech you!

Sir Da. By no means, I think friend, we had some hard words just now, 'twas about a paultry baggage, but she's a pretty baggage, and a witty baggage, and a baggage that —

Beau. Sir, I am heartily asham'd of all mildemeanour on my side.

Sir Da. You do well, though are not you a damn'd Whore-Master, a devilish Cuckold-making fellow? here, here, do you see this? here's the Ring you sent a Roguing; Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can help her to? — Why I'll warrant you this Ring cost fifty pound: What a prodigal Fellow are you to throw away so much mony; or didst thou steal it old Boy? I believe thou maist be poor, I'll lend thee mony upon't, if thou thinkst fit, at thirty in the hundred, because I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir, your humble Servant, I am sorry 'twas not worth your Ladies acceptance. Now what a dog am I!

Sir Da. I should have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, though it was not my Wives fault in the least, for she says as thou likest this usage, she hopes to have thy custom again Child; ha, ha, ha,

Beau. Then Sir, I beseech you tell her, that you have made a Convert on me, and that I am so sensible of my insolent behaviour towards her —

Sir Da. Very well, I shall do it.

Beau. That 'tis impossible I shall ever be at peace with my self till I find some way how to make her reparation.

Sir Da. Very good ha, ha, ha.

Beau. And that if ever she find me guilty of the like offence again —

Sir Da. No Sir, you had not best; but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Let her banish all good opinion of me for ever.

Sir Da. No more to be said, your Servant, good b'w'y,

Beau. One word more, I beseech you, Sir *Davy*.

Sir Da. What's that?

Beau.

Beau. I beg you tell her, that the generous reproof she has given me has so wrought upon me —

Sir Da. Well, I will.

Beau. That I esteem this Jewel, not only as a wreck redeem'd from my folly, but that for her sake I will preserve it to the utmost moment of my life.

Sir Da. With all my heart, I vow and swear.

Beau. And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute she might mistake me for.

Sir Da. Right; well, this will make the purest sport (*Aside*;) let me see, first you acknowledge your self to be a very impudent Fellow

Beau. I do so, Sir.

Sir Da. And that you shall never be at rest, till you have satisf'd my Lady.

Beau. Right, Sir.

Sir Da. Satisf'd her; very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the Fool any more. Be sure you keep your word, Friend.

Beau. Never, Sir.

Sir Da. And that you will keep that Ring for her sake, as long as you live, hah! —

Beau. To the day of my death, I'll assure you.

Sir Da. I protest that will be very kindly done — and that you long mightily, long to let her understand that you are another-guess Fellow than she may take you for.

Beau. Exactly Sir, that is the Sum and End of my desires.

Sir Da. Well, I'll take care of your business, I'll do your business, I'll warrant you, this will be the purest sport when I come home, no, (*Aside*.) Well your Servant, remember, be sure you remember. Your Servant.

Beau. So, now I find a Husband is a delicate instrument rightly made use of; — To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himself, I think 'tis as worthy an employment as such a noble Confort can be put to.

Ah were ye all such Husbands and such Wives,
We younger Brothers shou'd lead better lives.

A C T III.

SCENE Covent-Garden.

Enter Sylvia, and Courtine.

Sylv. **T**O fall in love, and to fall in love with a Souldier! may a disbanded Souldier too, a fellow with the mark of Cain upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw stones at him for.

Court.

Cour. Dam her, I shall never enjoy her without ravishing; if she were but very rich and very ugly, I wou'd marry her; Ay, 'tis she, I know her mischievous look too well to be mistaken in it,———Ma-dam!———

Sylv. Sir.

Cour. 'Tis a very hard Case, that you have resolv'd not to let me be quiet.

Sylv. 'Tis very unreasonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this scandalous rate, the world will think we are acquainted shortly.

Cour. But, Madam, I shall fairly take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward shun and avoid you most watchfully.

Sylv. Have you not haunted this place these two hours?

Cour. 'Twas because I knew it to be your Ladyships home then, and therefore might reasonably be the place you least of all frequented, one would imagine you were gone a Coxcomb-hunting by this time, to some place of publick appearance or other, 'tis pretty near the hour, 'twill be twilight presently, and then the Owls come all abroad.

Sylv. What need I take the trouble to go so far a fowling, when there's game enough at our own doors?

Cour. What, game for your Net, fair Lady?

Sylv. Yes, or any Womans Net else, that will spread it.

Cour. To shew you how despicably I think of the business, I will here leave you presently, though I lose the pleasure of railing at you.

Sylv. Do so, I wou'd advise you; your raillery betrays your wit, as bad as your clumsy civility does your breeding.

Cour. Adieu!———

Sylv. Farewell!———

Cour. Why do not you go about your business?

Sylv. Because I would be sure to be rid of you first, that you might not dog me.

Cour. Were it but possible that you cou'd answer me one question truly, and then I should be satisfi'd.

Sylv. Any thing for composition to be rid of you handsomly.

Cour. Are you really very honest? Look in my face and tell me that.

Sylv. Look in your Face and tell you, for what? To spoil my Stomach to my Supper.

Cour. No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweet-heart, I would if possible be better acquainted with thee, because thou art very ill-natur'd.

Sylv. Your only way to bring that business about effectually, is to be more troublesome, and if you think it worth your while to be abus'd substantially; you may make your personal appearance this Night.

Cour. How? where? and when? and what hour I beseech thee?

Sylv. Under the Window, between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly.

Cour. Where shall these lovely Eyes, and Ears hear my Complaints, and see my Tears.

Sylv. At that kind hour thy griefs shall end, if thou canst know
Foe from thy Friend.

[*Exit Sylvia.*

Cour. Here's another trick of the Devil now, under that Window,
between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly, I am a damn'd Fool,
and must go, let me see, suppose I meet with a lusty beating! pish, that's
nothing for a man that's in love, or suppose she contrive some way to
make a publick Coxcomb of me, and expose me to the scorn of the
World, for an example to all amorous Block-heads hereafter? why if
she do, I'll swear I have lain with her, beat her Relations, if they pretend
to Vindicate her, and so there's one love intrigue pretty well over.

[*Exit Cour.*

Enter Sir David, and Vermin.

Sir Da. Go, get you in to your Lady now, and tell her, I am come-
ing.

Verm. Her Ladyship, Right-worshipful, is pleas'd not to be at home.

Sir Da. How's that? my Lady not at home! run, run in and ask
when she went forth, whither she is gone, and who is with her, run
and ask, *Verm.*

Verm. She went out in her Chair presently after you this Afternoon.

Sir Da. Then I may be a Cuckold still for ought I know, what will
become of me? I have surely lost, and ne're shall find her more, she pro-
mis'd me strictly to stay at home, till I came back again; for ought I
know she may be up three pair of stairs in the *Temple* now.

Verm. Is her Ladyship in Law then, Sir?

Sir Da. Or it may be taking the Air as far as *Knights-Bridge* with
some smooth-fac'd Rogue or another: 'tis a damn'd house, that *Swan*,
that *Swan* at *Knights-bridge* is a confounded house, *Verm.*

Verm. Do you think she is there then? ———

Sir Da. No, I do not think she is there neither; but such a thing may
be, you know; would that *Barn-Elms* was under water too, there's a
1000 Cuckolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms*, by *Rosamond's Ponds*, the
Devil if she shou'd be there this evening, my heart's broke.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. That must be *Sir Davy*; Ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha,
was ever the like heard of: was ever any thing so pleasant?

Sir Da. I'll lock her up three days, and three nights, - without meat,
drink, or light, I'll humble her in the Devil's name.

Sir Jol. Well, cou'd I but meet my Friend, *Sir Davy*, it wou'd be
the joyfullest news for him ———

Sir Da. Who's there that has any thing to say to me?

Sir Jol. Ah my Friend of Friends, such news, such tidings!

Sir Da. I have lost my Wife, Man.

Sir Jol. Lost her! she's not dead I hope?

Sir *Da.* Yes. Alas, she's dead, irrecoverably lost.

Sir *Fol.* Why, I parted with her within this half hour.

Sir *Da.* Did you so, are you sure it was she? where was it? I'll have my Lord-Chief-Justices Warrant and a Constable presently.

Sir *Fol.* And she made the purest sport now, with a Young Fellow, Man, that she met withall accidentally.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord! that's worse and worse, a Young Fellow! — my Wife making sport with a young fellow! oh Lord! here are doings, here are vagaries! I'll run mad, I'll climb *Bow-steeple* presently, bestride the Dragoon, and preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

Sir *Fol.* The best of all was too, that it happen'd to be an idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her, Neighbour.

Sir *Da.* Indeed, in love with her! who was it? what's his Name? I warrant you won't tell a Body, — I'll indite him in the Crown-Office; no I'll issue Warrants to apprehend him for Treason upon the Statute of *Edw. 19.* won't you tell me what young Fellow it was, was it a very handsome young fellow, hah —

Sir *Fol.* Handsome! yes hang him, the fellow's handsome enough; he is not very handsome neither, but he has a devillish leering black-eye.

Sir *Da.* Oh Lord!

Sir *Fol.* His face too is a good riding Face, 'tis no soft effeminate complexion indeed, but his countenance is ruddy, sanguine, and chearful, a devillish fellow in a Corner, I'll warrant him.

Sir *Da.* Bless us! what will become of me, why the devil did I marry a young Wife? Is he very well shap'd too, tall, streight, and proportionable, hah! —

Sir *Fol.* Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too, he's none of your overgrown lubberly Flanders Jades, but more of the true *English* breed, well knit, able and fit for service old Boy; the Fellow is well shap'd truly, very well proportion'd, strong and active, I have seen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

Sir *Da.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you, Friend, has he been there? Come, come, I'm sensible she's a young Woman, and I am an old Fellow, troth a very old Fellow, I signifie little or nothing now, but do you think he has prevailed? am I a Cuckold Neighbour.

Sir *Fol.* Cuckold! what, a Cuckold in *Covent-Garden*? No, I'll assure you, I believe her to be the most vertuous Woman in the World; but if you had but seen —

Sir *Da.* Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

Sir *Fol.* How like a Rogue she us'd him: First of all comes me up the Spark to her, Madam, says he — and then he bows down, thus — how now, says she, what would the impertinent Fellow have?

Sir *Da.* Humph? ha! well, and what then?

Sir *Fol.* Madam, says he again (bowing as he did before) my heart is so entirely yours, that except you take pittty of my sufferings I must here dye at your Feet.

Sir *Da.* So, and what said she again, Neighbour? hah!

Sir Jol. Go, you are a Fop.

Sir Da. Ha, ha, ha, did she indeed? Did she say so indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't; well, and what next? And, how, and well, and what? ha! ———.

Sir Jol. Madam, says he, this won't do, I am your humble Servant, for all this, you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you please, but I shall make bold.

Sir Da. Was there ever such an impudent Fellow?

Sir Jol. With that, Sirrah, says she, you are a sawsie Jakanapes, and I'll have you kickt.

Sir Da. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I wou'd not be unmarried again to be an Angel.

Sir Jol. But the best jest of all was who this should be at last.

Sir Da. Ay, who indeed! I'll warrant you some silly Fellow or other, poor Fool!

Sir Jol. E'en a scandalous Rake-hell, that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard*, but he has been a bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

Sir Da. Hang him Sot, is it he? I don't value him thus, not a wet finger Man, to my knowledge she hates him, she scorns him Neighbour, I know it, I am very well satisfied in the point, besides I have seen him since that, and have out-hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own mouth, that he promises never to affront her more.

Sir Jol. Indeed.

Sir Da. Ay, Ay——

Enter Lady Dunce, paying her Cchairman.

Chairman. God bless you, Madam, thank your honour.

Sir Jol. Hush, hush, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be seen, your humble servant, God b'w'y.

Sir Da. No faith, *Sir Jolly*, e'en go into my house now, and stay supper with me, we han't sup't together a great while.

Sir Jol. Hah! say you so, I don't care if I do, faith withall my heart; this may give me an-opportunity to set all things right again. [*Aside.*]

Sir Da. My Dear!

Lady D. Sir!

Sir Da. You have been abroad, my Dear, I see!

Lady D. Only for a little Air, truly I was almost stifled within doors, I hope you will not be angry, *Sir David*, will you?

Sir Da. Angry Child! no Child, not I; what should I be angry for?

Lady D. I wonder *Sir David*, you will serve me at this rate. Did you not promise me to go in my behalf to *Beaugard*, and correct him according to my instructions for his insolence?

Sir Da. So I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweet-heart, I have told him all to a tittle, I gave him back again the Picture too, but as the Devil would have it, I forgot the Ring, faith I did.

Lady.

Lady D. Did you purpose, Sir *Sodom*, to render me ridiculous to the man I abominate, what scandalous interpretation think you must he make of my retaining any trifle of his sent me on so dishonourable terms?

Sir Da. Really, my Lamb, thou art in the right; yes I went back afterwards, Dear heart, and did the business to some purpose.

Lady D. I am glad that you did with all my heart.

Sir Da. I gave him his lesson, I'll warrant him.

Lady D. Lesson! what lesson had you to give him?

Sir Da. Why, I told him as he lik'd that usage he might come again. ha, ha, ha.

Lady D. Ay, and so let him.

Sir Da. With all my heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me, though thou wou'd'st not imagine how the poor Devil's alter'd. La you there now, but as certainly as I stand here, that man is troubled that he swears he shall not rest day nor night till he has satisfied thee; prithee be satisfied with him if it is possible, my dear, prithee do, I promis'd him before I left him to tell thee as much, for the poor wretch looks so simply, I cou'd not chuse but pity him, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha.

Jol. Now, now, you little Witch, now you Chitsface, odd I cou'd find in my heart to put my little Finger in your Bubbies.

Lady D. Sir *David*, I must tell you, that I cannot but resent your so soon reconciliation with a man that I hate worse than death, and that if you lov'd me with half that tendernefs which you profess, you wou'd not forget an affront so palpably, and so basely offer'd me.

Sir Da. Why Chicken, where's the Remedy? what's to be done? how wou'dst thou have me deal with him?

Lady D. Cut his throat.

Sir Da. Bless us for ever? cut his throat? what do murder?

Lady D. Murder, yes, any thing to such an incorrigible Enemy of your honour, one that has resolv'd to persist in abusing of you, see here this Letter, this I receiv'd since I last parted with you; just now it was thrown into my Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o' purpose for such imployments.

Sir Da. Let me see: a Letter indeed!—for the Lady *Dunce*——damn'd Rogue, treacherous dog, what can he say in the inside now? here's a Villain.

Lady D. Yes you had best break it open, you had so, 'tis like the rest of your discretion.

Sir Da. Lady, if I have an Enemy, it is best for me to know what mischief he intends me, therefore, with your leave, I will break it open.

Lady D. Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleas'd enough with it to do it my self, if you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, carry it back, and dash it as it is in the face of that audacious Fellow.

Sir Jol. What can be the meaning of this now?

Sir Da. A Gentleman, yes, Madam, I am a Gentleman, and the world shall find that I am a Gentelman,——I have certainly the best Woman in the World.

Lady.

Lady D. What do you think must be the end of all this ? I have no refuge in the world, but your kindness, had I a jealous Husband now, how miserable must my life be !

Sir Jol. Ah Rogues Nose ! ah Devil ! ah Toad ! cunning thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite her by and by.

Sir Dav. Poor Fool ! no Dear, I am not jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee : Do what thou wilt thou shalt not make me jealous, I love thee too well to suspect thee.

Lady D. Ah but how long will you do so ?

Sir Da. How long ! as long as I live I warrant thee, I——don't talk to a body so : I cannot hold if thou dost, my eyes will run over, poor Fool, poor Birdsnies ! poor Lambkin !

Lady D. But will you be so kind to me to answer my desires, will you once more endeavour to make that Traytor sensible that I have too just an esteem of you, not to value his Adresses as they deserve ?

Sir Da. Ay, Ay, I will.

Lady D. But don't stay away too long Dear, make what haste you can, I shall be in pain till I see you again.

Sir Da. My Dear, my Love, my Babby, I'll be with thee in a moment, how happy am I above the rest of men ! Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her company, till I return again. Child don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, was there ever such a Wife, well, da, da, da, don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, Da, da.

Lady D. Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, da, da.

Lady D. But Sir Jolly, can you guess whereabouts my wandring Officer may be probably found now ?

Sir Jol. Found, Lady ? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my house presently Lady, he's certainly one of the finest Fellows in the World.

Lady D. You speak like a Friend, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. His Friend, Lady ; no Madam, his Foe, his utter Enemy, I shall be his ruin, I shall undo him.

Lady D. You may, if you please ; then come both and play at Cards this Evening with me for an hour or two, for I have contriv'd it so, that *Sir David* is to be abroad at Supper to night, he cannot possibly avoid it ; I long to win some of the Captain's Money strangely.

Sir Jol. Do you so, my Gamester ? Well, I'll be sure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you——odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one fault.

Lady D. And what is that I beseech you, Sir ?

Sir Jol. Only too loving, too good natur'd, that's all, 'tis certainly the best natur'd Fool breathing, that's all his fault.

Lady D. Hift, hift, I think I see company coming, if you please, Sir Jolly we'll go in.

Enter Beaugard, follow'd by Sir Davy, Vermin.

Sir Jol. Mum, mum, 'tis he himself, the very same; odds so, *Sir Davy* after him too, hush, hush, hush, let us be gone, let us retire, do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a shape, there's an Air, there's a motion! Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in, I say there's a shape for you. [Exit.]

Beau. What the Devil shall I do to recover this days loss again, my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forsaken me, methinks I am quandari'd like one going with a party to discover the Enemies Camp; but had lost his guide upon the mountains: Curse on him old *Argus* is here agen, there can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my heels.

Sir Da. Sir, Sir, Sir, one word with you, Sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one word, I beseech you.

Beau. With me Friend?

Sir Da. Yes with you, my no Friend.

Beau. *Sir David* my intimate, my Bosom Physitian——

Sir Da. Ah Rogue! damn'd Rogue!

Beau. My Confessor, my dearest Friend, I ever had——

Sir Da. Dainty Wheadle, here's a Fellow for ye.

Beau. One that has taught me to be in love with Vertue, and shewn me the ugly inside of my Follies.

Sir Da. Your humble Servant.

Beau. Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as you are in your Friendship, *Sir Davy*, your Lady has the worst time on't of any one in Christendom.

Sir Da. So she has, Sir, when she cannot be free from the insolent solicitations of such Fellows as you are, Sir.

Beau. As me, Sir? why who am I, good *Sir Domine Doddle-pate*?

Sir Da. So, take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the peace instantly; will you never have remorse of Conscience Friend? have you banisht all shame from your Soul? Do you consider my Name is *Sir Davy Dunc*? that I have the most vertuous Wife living? Do you consider that? Now how like a Rogue he looks again; what a hang-dog leer was that?

Beau. Your vertuous Wife, Sir, you are always harping upon that string, *Sir Davy*.

Sir Da. No, 'tis you wou'd be harping upon that string, Sir, see you this? cast your eyes upon this, this Letter Sir, did not you promise this very day, to abandon all manner of proceedings of this Nature, tending to the dishonour of me and my Family?

Beau. Letter, Sir? what the devil does he mean now? Let me see, For the Lady *Dunc*, this is no scrawl of mine, I'll be Sworn by *Jove*, her own hand! What a Dog was I! forty to one but I had play'd the fool, and spoil'd all again; was there ever so Charming a Creature breathing, —did your Lady deliver this to your hands Sir? Sir

Sir *Da.* Ev'n her own self in Person, Sir, and bad me tell you, Sir, that she has too just an esteem of me, Sir; out to value such a Fellow as you are as you deserve.

Beau. Very good: (*Reads the Letter*) I doubt not but this Letter will surprize you——(in troth, and so it does extreamly) but reflect upon the manner of conveying it to your hand as kindly as you can.

Sir *Da.* Ay a damn'd Thief, to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

Beau. (*Reads*) Would Sir *Davy* were but half so kind to you as I am.

Sir *Da.* Say you so, you insinuating Knave. [*Sir Jolly reads.*]

Beau. But he I am satisfi'd is so severely jealous, that except you contrive some way to let me see you this evening: I fear all will be hopeles.

Sir *Da.* Impudent Traytor, I might have been a Monster yet before I had got my Supper in my Belly.

Beau. In order to which either appear your self, or some body for you, half an hour hence in the *Piazza*, when more may be considered of, adieu.

Sir *Da.* Thanks to you, noble Sir, with all my heart, you are come I see accordingly, but as a Friend I am bound in Conscience to tell the business won't do, the trick won't pass, Friend, you may put up your Pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he lye with my Wife, Pughhh, he make Sir *Davy Dunc*e a Cuckold, poor wretch, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Jol.* Hift, hift, hift.

*Enter Lady Dunc*e, and *Fourbin disguis'd.*

Lady D. That's he, there he is! succeed, and be rewarded.

Four. Other people may think what they please; but in my own opinion, I am a very pretty Fellow now, if my design but succeed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd, Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sir *Da.* Friend! with me? Wou'd you speak with me, Friend?

Fourb. Sir, my commands were to attend your Worship.

Sir *Jol.* *Beaugard, Beaugard*, hift, hift, here, here, quickly, hift.

Sir *Da.* Where do you live Sweet-heart, and who do you belong to?

Fourb. Sir, I am a small instrument of the City, I serve the Lord Mayor in his Office there.

Sir *Da.* How, the Lord Mayor!

Fourb. Yes, Sir, who desires you by all means to do him the Honour of your company at supper this evening.

Sir *Da.* It will be the greatest honour I ever receiv'd in my Life, what my Lord Mayor invite me to supper? I am his Lordship's most humble servant.

Fourb. Yes, Sir, if your name be Sir *Davy Dunc*e, as I have the honour to be inform'd it is, he desires you moreover to make what haste you can, for that he has some matters of importance to communicate to your honour, which may take up some time.

Lady

Lady D. I hope it will succeed.

Sir Da. Communicate with me. he does me too noble a Favour; I'll fly upon the wings of Ambition to lay myself at his Footstool: My Lord Mayor sends himself to invite me to Supper, to conferr with me too: I shall certainly be a great Man.

Fourb. What Answer will your Worship charge me back withal?

Sir Da. Let his Lordship know, that I am amazed and confounded at his Generosity; and that I am so transported with the Honour he does me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roasting of an Egg.

Fourb. I am your Worship's lowly Slave.

Sir Da. Vermin, go get the Coach ready; get me the Gold Medal too and Chain, which I took from the Roman Catholick Officer for a Popish Relick: I'll be fine; I'll shine, and drink Wine that's divine; my Lord-Mayor invite me to Supper!

Lady D. My Dearest, I'm glad to see thee return'd in safety, from the bottom of my heart: Hast thou seen the Traitor?

Sir Da. Seen him! Hang him, I have seen him; 'Pox on him, seen him!

Lady D. Well, and what is become of him? Where is he?

Sir Da. Why dost thou ask me where he is? What a Pox care I what becomes of him; prithee don't trouble me with thy impertinence, I am busie.

Lady D. You are not angry, my Dear, are you?

Sir Da. No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one; very much pleas'd let me tell you, but that I am only to sup with my Lord Mayor, that's all; nothing else in the World, only the business of the Nation calls upon me, that's all; therefore once more, I say, don't be troublesome, but stand off.

Lady D. You always think my Company troublesome; you never stay at home to comfort me; what think you I shall do alone by my self all this Evening? Mopeing in my Chamber; 'Pray', my Joy stay with me for once. I hope he won't take me at my Word. [Aside.

Sir Da. I say again and again, Tempter stand off, I will not lose my Preferment for my Pleasure; Honour is towards me, and Flesh and Blood are my Aversion.

Lady D. But how long will you stay then?

Sir Da. I don't know, may be not an hour, may be all night, as his Lordship and I think fit; what's that to any body?

Lady D. You are very cruel to me.

Sir Da. I can't help it; go, get you in, and pass away the time with your Neighbour, I'll be back again before I die; In the mean time be humble and comfortable, go. Is the Coach ready?

Verm. Yes, Sir.

Sir Da. Well, your Servant; what nothing to my Lady Mayorefs! You have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a great deal; nothing to my Lady Mayorefs?

Lady D. My Service to her, if you please.

Sir D. Well, Da, Da, the poor fooleries, o' my conscience! Adieu, do you hear, farewell.

[Exit.]

Lady D. As well as what I love can make me.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Madam, is he gone?

Lady D. In Post-haste, I assure.

Sir Jol. In Troth, and joy go with him.

Lady D. Do you then, Sir Jolly, conduct the Captain hither, whilst I go and dispose of the Family, that we may be private.

[Exit.]

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir D. Troth, I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean forgot my Relique; I was forc'd to come up these back-stairs, for fear of meeting my Wife again; it is the troublesom'st loving Fool; I must into my Closet, and write a short Letter too; 'tis Post-night, I had forgot that: Well, I wou'd not have my Wife catch me for a Guinea.

[Exit.]

Enter Beaugard and Lady D.

Beau. Are you certain, Madam, no body is this way? I fancy as we enter'd, I saw the glimpse of something more than ordinary.

Lady D. Is it your care of me? or your personal fears, that make you so suspicious? Whereabouts was the Apparition?

Beau. There, there, just at the very door.

Lady D. Fie for shame, that's Sir Davy's Closet; and he, I'm satisfy'd is far enough off by this time. I'm sure I heard the Coach drive him away. But to convince you, you shall see now: Sir Davy, Sir Davy, Sir Davy, [knocking at the Closet door.] Look you there; you a Captain, and afraid of a Shadow! Come, Sir, shall we call for the Cards?

Beau. And what shall we play for, pretty One?

Lady D. E'en what you think Best, Sir.

Beau. Silver Kisses, or Golden Joys! Come, let us make Stakes a little.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Ah, Rogue, ah, Rogue! are you there? Have I caught you in Faith, now, now, now!

Lady D. And who shall keep them?

Beau. You, 'till Sir Davy returns from Supper.

Lady D. That may be long enough; for our Engine Fourbin has Orders not to give him over suddenly, I assure you.

Beau. And is't to your self then I'm oblig'd for this blest opportunity? Let us improve it to Love's best advantage.

Sir

Sir Jol. Ah, h, h, b! Ah, h, h, h, h!

Beau. Let's vow eternal, and raise our Thoughts to expectation of immortal Pleasures: in one anothers eyes let's read our joys, till we've no longer power o'er our desires, drunk with this dissolving, oh! —

Enter Sir Davy from his Closet.

Lady D. Ah!

[Squeaks.

Beau. By this Light, the Cuckold: *Press*; nay, then Halloo.

[Gets up, and runs away.

Sir Da. Oh Lord, a Man! a Man in my Wife's Chamber! Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves, shut up my Doors! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Ay, Ay, Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Murder, where Neighbour, where, where?

Lady D. Pierce, pierce this wretched Heart, hard to the Hilts, dye this in deepest Crimson of my Blood; spare not a miserable Woman's Life, whom Heav'n design'd to be the unhappy Object of the most horrid usage Man e'er acted. *Catches up Beaugard's sword, which he had left behind him in the hurry, and presents it to Sir Da-* vy.

Sir Da. What, in the Name of Satan, does she mean now.

Lady D. Curse on my fatal Beauty! blasted ever be these two baneful eyes that cou'd inspire a barbarous Villain to attempt such Crimes as all my Blood's too little to atone for: Nay, you shall hear me —

Sir Da. Hear you, Madam! No, I have seen too much, I thank you heartily; hear you, Quotha! —

Lady D. Yes; and, before I die too, I'll be justify'd.

Sir Jol. Justify'd, oh Lord, justify'd! —

Lady D. Notice being given me of your return, I came with speed to this unhappy Place, where I have oft been blest with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras out starts *Beaugard*; how he came there Heav'n knows.

Sir Da. I'll have him hang'd for Burglary; he has broken my House, and broke the Peace upon my Wife: Very good!

Lady D. Streight in his Arms he grasp'd me fast; with much a-do I plung'd and got my freedom, ran to your Closet-door, knock'd and implor'd your aid, call'd on your name; but all in vain —

Sir Da. Hah!

Lady D. Soon again he seiz'd me, stopp'd my mouth; and, with a Conqueror's Fury —

Sir Da. Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beseech thee, I shall grow mad, and very mad; I'll plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron-bars; I'll crack the Frame of Nature, sally out like *Tumberlain* upon the *Trojan* Horse, and drive the Pigmies all like Geese before me.

Sir Da. Oh Lord, stop her mouth! Well, and how? and what then! Stop'd thy mouth! Went! Hark!

Lady D. No, though unfortunate, I still am innocent; this cursed purpose cou'd not be accomplish'd; but who will live so injur'd? No; I'll die to be reveng'd on my self: I ne'er can hope that I may see his streaming Gore, } *Offers to run upon the Sword,*
and thus I let out my own ———

Sir Da. Ha! what would'st thou do, my Love; prithee don't break my heart? If thou wilt kill, kill me; I know thou art innocent, I see thou art; though I had rather be a Cuckold a thousand times, than lose thee, poor Love, poor Dearee, poor Baby.

Sir Jol. Alack a-day ———

[Weeps.]

Lady D. Ah me! ———

Sir D. Ah, prithee be comforted now, prithee do; why, I'll love thee the better for this, for all this, Mun: Why should'st be troubled for another's ill doings! I know it was no fault of thine.

Sir Jol. No, no more it was not, I dare swear.

Sir Da. See, see, my Neighbour weeps too; he is troubled to see thee thus

Lady D. Oh, but Revenge!

Sir Da. Why, thou shalt have Revenge; I'll have him murder'd; I'll have his Throat cut before to morrow-morning, Child: Rise now, prithee rise.

Sir Jol. Ay, do, Madam, and smile upon Sir Davy.

Lady D. But will you love me then as well as e'er you did?

Sir Da. Ay, and the longest day I live too.

Lady D. And shall I have Justice done me on that prodigious Monster?

Sir Da. Why, he shall be Crows-meat by to-morrow-night; I tell thee he shall be Crows meat by midnight, Chicken.

Lady D. Then I will live; since so, 'tis something pleasant; Whence I in Peace may lead a happy Life.

With such a Husband ———

Sir Da. I with such a Wife.

A C T IV.

SCENE, the Tavern.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, and Drawer.

Draw. **VV**elcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will you please to walk up one pair of stairs?

Beau. Get the great Room ready presently; carry up too a good stock of

of Bottles before hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refresh our Glasses.

Draw. It shall be done, Sir; Coming, coming there, coming: Speak up in the Dolphin, some body.

Beau. Ah, *Couraine*, must we be always idle! Must we never see our glorious days again! When shall we be rowling in the Lands of Milk and Honey, encampt in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loaded Vines Cluster about our Tents, drink the rich juice, just prest from the plump Grape, feeding on all the fragrant Golden Fruit that grow in fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earliest vigour of the Sun?

Court. Ah, *Beaugard*! Those days have been, but now we must resolve to content our selves at an humble rate: Methinks it is not unpleasant to consider how I have seen thee in a large Pavillion; drowning the heat of the day in *Campagne* Wines, sparkling sweet as those Charming Beauties, whose dear remembrance every Glass Recorded, with half a dozen honest Fellows more, Friends, *Beaugard*; faithful hearty Friends; things as hard to meet with as Preferment here: Fellows that wou'd speak truth boldly, and were proud on't; that scorn'd Flattery, lov'd Honesty, for 'twas there Portion; and never yet learn'd the Trade of Ease and Lying; but now — —

Beau. Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and sleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other side the Water, that may make work for us all one day.

Court. but in the mean while — —

Beau. In the mean while patience, *Couraine*; that is the *English* Man's Virtue: Go to the Man that owes you Money, and tell him you are necessitated, his answer shall be, a little patience, I beseech you, Sir; Ask a Cowardly Rascal satisfaction for a torrid injury done you; he shall cry, alas a day, Sir, you are the strangest Man living, you won't have patience to hear one speak: Complain to a Great Man that you want Preferment, that you have forsaken considerable Advantages abroad, in obedience to publick Edicts; all you shall get of him, is this, you must have patience, Sir.

Court. But will patience feed me, or cloath me, or keep me clean?

Beau. Prithee no more hints of Poverty: 'tis scandalous, 's Death, I wou'd as soon chuse to hear a Souldier brag, as complaints dost thou want any Money?

Court. True indeed, I want no necessities to keep me alive, but I do not enjoy my self with that freedom I wou'd do, there is no more pleasure in living at Court, than there is in living alone. I wou'd have it in my Power (when he needed me) to serve and assist my Friend, I wou'd to my Ability deal handsomly too, by the Woman that pleas'd me.

Beau. Oh, fy for shame! You wou'd be a Whore master, Friend, go, go, I'll have no more to do with you.

Court. I wou'd not be forc'd neither at any time to avoid a Gentleman that had oblig'd me, for want of Money to pay him a Debt contracted

tracted in our old acquaintance, it turns my Stomach to wheedle with the Rogue I scorn, when he uses me Scurvily, because he has my Name in his Shop-Book.

Beau. As for Example, to endure the familiarities of a Rogue, that shall cock his greasie Hat in my Face, when he duns me, and at the same time vail it to an overgrown Deputy of the Ward, though a frowzy Fellmonger.

Court. To be forced to concur with his Non-sence too, and laugh at his Parish-Jests.

Beau. To use respects and ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praise her pretty Children, though they stink of their Mother, and are uglier than the Issue of a Baboon; yet all this must be endured.

Court. Must it, *Beaugard*.

Beau. And since 'tis so, let's think of a Bottle.

Court. with all my Heart, for railing and drinking do much better together than by themselves; a private room, a trusty Friend or two, good Wine and bold Truths, are my happiness; but where's our dear Friend and Intimate, Sir Jolly, this Evening?

Beau. To deal like a Friend, *Courtine*, I parted with him but just now, he's gone to contrive me a meeting if possible, this Night, with the Woman my Soul is most fond of: I was this Evening just entering upon the Palace of all joy, when I met with so damnable a disappointment— in short, that Plague to all Well meaning Women, the Husband came unseasonably, and forc'd a poor Lover to his Heels, that was fairly making his progress another way, *Courtine*; the Story thou shalt hear more at large hereafter.

Court. A Plague on him, why did'st thou not murder the presumptuous Cuckold? Sawcy intruding Clown! To dare to disturb a Gentleman's Privacies, I would have beaten him into sense of his transgression, enjoy'd his Wife before his Face, and taught the Dog his Duty.

Beau. Look you, *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter-Quarters in *Alsatia* now? Friend, Friend, there is a difference between a free-born *English* Cuckold, and a sneaking Wital of a Conquer'd Provence.

Court. Oh, by all means! There ought to be a difference observed between your Arbitrary Whoring, and your Limited Fornication.

Beau. And but reason: For though we may make bold with another Man's Wife in a Friendly way; yet nothing upon Compulsion, dear Heart.

Court. And now, Sir Jolly, I hope, is to be the Instrument of some Immortal Plot; some Contrivance for the good of the Body, and the old fellow's Soul, *Beaugard*; for all Cuckolds go to Heaven, that's most certain.

Beau. Sir Jolly! Why, on my Conscience, he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Plimp-Master General to *London* and *Middlesex*, as the Estate he possesses is: by my consent his Worship should e'en have a Patent for it.

Court.

Cour. He is certainly the fittest for the Employment in Christendom he knows more Families by their Names and Titles, than all the Bell-men within and without the Walls.

Bean. Nay, he keeps a Catalogue of the choicest Beauties about Town, illustrated with a particular account of their Age, Shape, Proportion, colour of Hair and Eyes, degrees of Complexion, Gun-powder Spots and Moles.

Cour. I wish the old Pander were bound to satisfy my experience; what marks of good Nature my *Sylvia* has about her. [*Enter Sir Jolly.*]

Sir Jolly. My Captains! My Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of *Venus*! Well encounter'd; what shall we have a sparkling Bottle or two, and use *Fortune* like a Jade? *Beaugard*, you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you; get you gone, go.

Bean. But *Sir Jolly*, what News from *Paradise*, *Sir Jolly*? Is there any hopes I shall come there to night?

Sir Jolly. May be there is, may be there is not; I say let us have a Bottle, and I will say nothing else without a Bottle: after a Glass or two my Heart may open.

Cour. Why, then we will have a Bottle, *Sir Jolly*.

Sir Jolly. Will? We'll have dozens, and drink till we are Wise, and speak well of no body, till we are lewder than Mid-night Whores, and out-rail disbanded Officers.

Bean. Only one thing more, my Noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy disposal.

Sir Jolly. Well, and what's that? What's the business?

Bean. This Friend of mine here, stands in need of thy Assistance, he's damnably in Love, *Sir Jolly*.

Sir Jolly. In Love; is he so? In Love! Ods my Life! Is she? What's her Name? Where does she live? I warrant you I know her; she's in my Table-Book I'll warrant you: Virgin, Wife, or Widow!

Pulls out a Table-book.

Cour. In troth, *Sir Jolly*, that's something a difficult question; but as Virgins go now, he may pass for one of them.

Sir Jolly. Virgin, very good: let me see; Virgin, Virgin, Virgin; Oh, here are the Virgins; truly, I meet with the fewest of this sort of any: Well, and the first Letter of her Name now! For a Wager I guess her.

Cour. Then you must know, *Sir Jolly*, that I love my Love with an S.

Sir Jolly. S. S. S. O here are the Esses; let me consider now — *Sapho*.

Cour. No, Sir.

Sir Jolly. *Selinda*.

Cour. Neither.

Sir Jolly. *Sophronia*.

Cour. You must guess again, I assure you.

Sir

Sir Jolly. *Silvia.*

Court. Ay, ay, Sir Jolly, that's the fatal Name; *Silvia*, the Fair, the Witty, the ill-natur'd, do you know her, my Friend?

Sir Jolly. Know her! Why she is my Daughter, and I have Adopted her these seven years: *Sylvia*, let me look; Light Brown Hair, her Face Oval and Roman, quick sparkling Eyes, plump pregnant Ruby Lips, with a Mole on her Breast, and the perfect likeness of a Heart-Cherry on her left Knee: Ah Villain! Ah illy Cap! Have I caught you? Are you there, i'faith? Well, and what says she? Is she coming? Do her Eyes betray her? Does her Heart beat, and her Bubbles rise, when you talk to her, hah? —

Beau. Look you, Sir Jolly, all things consider'd, it may make a shift to come to a Marriage in time —

Sir Jolly. I'll have nothing to do in it; I won't be seen in the business of Matrimony; make me a Match-maker? A filthy Marriage-Broker; Sir I scorn, I know better things: look you, Friend; to carry her a Letter from you or to, upon good Terms, though it be in a Church I'll deliver it; or when the business is come to an issue, if I may bring you handsomely together, and so forth, I'll serve thee will all my Soul, and thank thee into the bargain; thank thee heartily, dear Rogue; I will you little Cock-Sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony, Friend, I'll have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd invention, worse than a Monopoly, and a destroyer of Civil Correspondence.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, your room is ready, your Wine and Ice upon the Table, will your Honours please to walk in?

Sir Jolly. Ay, Wine, Wine, give us Wine: a Pox on Matrimony, Matrimony in the Devil's Name.

Court. But if an honest Harlot or two chance to enquire for us, Friend.

Sir Jolly. Right, Sirrah, if Whores come never so many, give 'em Reverence, and Reception, but nothing else, let nothing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you tender your Ears.

[*They go within the Scene, where is discover'd Table and Bottles.*]

Beau. Why, there's, there's the Land of *Canaan* now in little, hark you Drawer, Dog, shut, shut the door, Sirrah, do you hear? Shut it so close that neither Cares nor Necessities may peep in upon us.

[*Enter Sir Davy, Fourbin and Bloody-Bones, Drawer.*]

Fourb. *Bloody-Bones*, be sure to behave your self handsomely, and like your Profession, shew your self a Cut-Throat of Parts, and we'll fleece him.

Bloody-

Blood. My Lady says, we must be expeditious; Sir *Jolly* has given notice to the Captain by this time, so that nothing is wanting but the management of this over-grown Gull to make us *Hectors* at large, and keep the Whore-Fortune under.

Draw. Welcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will't please you to walk into a Room? Or shalt I wait upon your Honours pleasure here?

Sir Da. Sweet-heart let us be quiet, and bring us Wine hither: So ——— [Sits down.]

From this moment, War, War; and mortal dudgeon against that Enemy of my Honour, and Thief of my good Name, called *Beaugard*. You can cut a Throat upon occasion, you said, Friend?

Fourb. Sir, cutting of Throats is my Hereditary Vocation; my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before me, and my Mother for cutting of Purfes.

Sir Da. No more to be said; my Courage is mounted like a little *French* man upon a great Horse, and I'll have him murder'd.

Fourb. Murder'd you say, Sir?

Sir Da. Ay, Murder'd I say, Sir; his Face flay'd off, and nail'd to a Post in my great Hall in the Country, amongst all the other Trophies of wild Beasts slain by our Family since the Conquest: There's never a Whore-Master's head there yet.

Fourb. Sir, for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service; he's an industrious Gentleman, and one that will deserve your Favour.

Sir Da. He looks but something ruggedly though methinks.

Fourb. But, Sir, his Parts will atone for his Person; Forms and Fashions are the least of his study: He affects a sort of Philosophical Negligence indeed; but, Sir, make trial of him, and you'll find him a Person fit for the work of this World.

Sir Da. What Trade are you, Friend?

Blood. No Trade at all, Friend; I profess Murder: Rascally Butchers make a Trade on't; 'tis a Gentleman's Divertisement.

Sir Da. Do you profess Murder?

Blood. Yes, Sir, 'tis my Livelihood: I keep a Wife and fix Children by it.

Sir Da. Then, Sir, here's to you with all my heart; wou'd I had done with these Fellows.

Fourb. Well, Sir, if you have any Service for us, I desire we may receive your Gold and your Instructions so soon as is possible.

Sir Da. Soft and fair, Sweet-heart, I love to see a little how I lay out my Money: Have you very good trading now a-days in your way, Friend?

Blood. In peaceable times a Man may eat and drink comfortably upon't: A private Murder done handsomely is worth Money; but now that the Nation's unsettled, there are so many general Undertakers, that 'tis grown almost a Monopoly; you may have a Man murder'd almost

or little or nothing, and no body e'er know who did it neither.

Sir Da. 'Pray', what Country-man are you? Where were you born, most Noble Sir?

Blood. Indeed my Country is Foreign, I was born in *Argier*; my Mother was an Apostate-Greek, my Father a Renegado English-man, who by oppressing of Christian Slaves grew rich; for which when he lay sick, I murder'd him one day in his Bed; made my escape to *Maltha*; where, imbracing the Faith, I had the Honour given me to command a Thousand Horse aboard the Gallies of that State.

Sir Da. Oh Lord, Sir! my humble Service to you again.

Fourb. He tells you, Sir, but the naked Truth.

Sir Fel. I doubt it not in the least, most worthy Sir. These are devilish Fellows I'll warrant 'em. [Aside.]

Fourb. War, Friend, and shining Honour has been our Province, till rusty Peace reduced us to this base obscurity; Ah, *Bloody Bones*! Ah, when thou and I commanded that Party at the Siege of *Philipsbourgh*! where in the Face of the Army we took the impenetrable Half-Moon.

Blood. Half-Moon, Sir! by your Favour 'twas a Whole Moou.

Fourb. Brother thou art in the right; 'twas a Full Moon, and such a Moon, Sir! ———

Sir Da. I doubt it not in the least, Gentlemen; but, in the mean while, to our business.

Fourb. With all my heart, so soon as you please.

Sir Da. Do you know this, *Beaugard*; he's a devilish Fellow I can tell you but that: He's a Captain.

Fourb. Has he a heart, think you, Sir?

Sir Da. Oh, like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

Blood. I'll bring it you for your Breakfast to-morrow: Did you never eat a Man's heart, Sir?

Sir Da. Eat a Man's heart, Friend!

Fourb. Ay, ay, a Man's heart, Sir; it makes absolutely the best Ragoust in the World: I have eaten forty of them in my time without Bread.

Sir Da. Oh Lord! a Man's heart! my humble Service to you both, Gentlemen.

Blood. Why, your *Agerine* Pirates eat nothing else at Sea, they have them always potted up like Venison; your well grown *Dutchman's* heart makes an excellent Dish with Oil and Pepper.

Sir Da. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Friend, Friend, a word with you: How much must you and your Companion have to do this business?

Fourb. What, and bring you the heart home to your house?

Sir Da. No, no, keeping the heart for your own eating, I'll be rid of 'em as soon as possible I can.

Fourb. You say, Sir, he's a Gentleman? ———

Sir Da. Ay, such a sort of Gentlemen as are about this Town: The Fellow has a pretty handsome Outside; but I believe little, or no Money, in his Pockets.

Fourb.

Fourb. Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worship's bounty.

Blood. For my part I care for no Man's bounty: I expect to have my bargain perform'd, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

Sir Da. Look you, Friend, don't you be angry, Friend, don't be angry, Friend, before you have occasion: You say you'll have —— let's see how much will you have now —— I warrant the Devil and all by your good Will.

Fourb. Truly, Sir *David*, if as you say, the Man must be well murdered without any remorse for mercy, betwixt Turk and Jew, it is honestly worth Two hundred pounds.

Sir Da. Two hundred pounds! Why, I'll have a Physician shall kill a whole Family for half the money.

Blood. Damme, Sir, how do ye mean?

Sir Da. Damme, Sir, how do I mean? Damme, Sir, not to part with my money.

Blood. Not part, Brother!

Fourb. Brother the Wight is improvable, and this must be born withal.

Blood. Have I for this dissolv'd Circean Charms? broke Iron durance, whilst from these firm legs the well-fill'd useless Fetters dropp'd away, and left me Master of my native Freedom?

Sir Da. What does he mean now?

Fourb. Truly, Sir, I am sorry to see it, with all my heart; 'tis a distraction that frequently seizes him, though I am sorry it should happen so unluckily at this time.

Sir Da. Distracted, say you! is he so apt to be distracted?

Fourb. Oh, Sir, raging mad: We that live by Murder are all so; Guilt will never let us sleep. I beseech you, Sir, stand clear of him, he's apt to be very mischievous at these unfortunate hours.

Blood. Have I been drunk with tender Infants Blood, and ripp'd up teeming Wombs? Have these bold hands ransack'd the Temples of the Gods, and stabb'd the Priests before their Altars? Have I done this? hah!

Sir Da. No, Sir, not that I know, Sir, I would not say any such thing for all the World, Sir: Worthy Gentleman, I beseech you, Sir, you seem to be a civil Person, I beseech you, Sir, to mitigate his Passion, I'll do any thing in the World; you shall command my whole Estate.

Fourb. Nay, after all, Sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murder'd, if a swinging drubbing to bed-rid him, or so, will serve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper rate a great deal.

Sir Da. Truly, Sir, with all my heart; for methinks now I consider matters better, I wou'd not by any means be guilty of another Man's Blood.

Fourb. Why, then let me consider, —— to have him beaten substantially, a beating that will stick by him, will cost you —— half the money.

Sir *Dav.* What, One hundred pounds ! Sure the Devil's in you, or you would not be so unconscionable.

Blood. The Devil ! where ? where is the Devil ? Shew me ; I'll tell thee, *Beelzebub*, thou hast broke thy Covenant, didst thou not promise me eternal Plenty, when I resign'd my Soul to thy allurements ?

Sir *Da.* Ah, Lord !

Blood. Touch me not yet ; I've yet ten thousand Murders to act before I'm thine : With all those sins I'll come with full damnation to thy Caverns of endless Pain, and howl with thee forever.

Sir *Da.* Bless us ! what will become of this mortal Body of mine ? Where am I ? is this a House ? do I live ? am I Flesh and Blood ?

Blood. There, there's the Fiend again ! don't chatter so, and grin at me ; if thou must needs have prey, take here, take him, this Tempter that would bribe me with shining Gold, to stain my hands with new iniquity.

Sir *Da.* Stand off, I charge thee, Satan, whoso'er thou art, thou hast no right nor claim to me, I'll have thee bound in Necromantick Charms. Hark you, Friend, has the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil ?

Fourb. Only pawn'd it a little ; that's all.

Sir *Da.* Let me beseech you, Sir, to dispatch, and get rid of him as soon as you can. I would gladly drink a Bottle with you, Sir, but I hate the Devil's Company mortally : As for the hundred pound, here, here, it is ready ; no more words, I'll submit to your good Nature and Dilcretion.

Fourb. Then, Wretch, take this, and make thy Peace with the infernal King ; he loves Riches, sacrifice and be at rest.

Blood. 'Tis done, I'll follow thee, lead on ; nay, if thou smile, I more despise thee ; Fee, Fa, Fum. *Exit.*

Fourb. 'Tis very odd this.

Sir *Da.* Very odd, indeed ; I'm glad he's gone though.

Fourb. Now, Sir, if you please, we'll refresh our selves with a cheerful Glass, and so *Chaque un chez lui*——— I would fain make the Gull drunk a little to put a little Mettle into him.

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, Sir ; but no more words of the Devil, if you love me.

Fourb. The Devil's an Ass, Sir, and here's a Health to all those that despise the Devil.

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, and all his Works too.

Fourb. Nay, Sir, you must do me right, I assure you.

Sir *Da.* Not so full, not so full, that's too much of all Conscience : In troth, Friend, these are sad times, very sad times ; but here's to you.

Fourb. 'Pox o' the Times, the Times are well enough, so long as a Man has money in his Pocket.

Sir *Da.* 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never consider that Idolatry is coming in full speed upon the Nation. Pray what Religion are you of, Friend ? *Fourb.*

Fourb. What Religion am I of, Sir? Sir, your humble Servant.

Sir Da. Truly a good Conscience is a great happiness; and so I'll pledge you, hemph, hemph; but shan't the Dog be murdered this night?

Fourb. My Brother Rogue is gone by this time to sett him, and the business shall be done effectually, I'll warrant you. Here's rest his soul.

Sir Da. With all my heart, Faith, I hate to be uncharitable.

Enter Courtine, and Drawer.

Cour. Look you, 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time; shall Rogues stay in Taverns to sip Pints, and be sober, when honest Gentlemen are drunk by Gallons? I'll have none on't.

Sir Da. O Lord, who's there? [Sits up in his Chair.]

Draw. I beseech your Honour, our House will be utterly ruin'd by this means.

Cour. Damn your House, your Wife, and Children, and all your Family, you Dog!

Beau. Sir, who are you. [To Sir David.]

Sir Da. Who am I, Sir? what's that to you Sir? Will you tickle my Foot, you Rogue?

Cour. I'll tickle your Guts, you Paultroon, presently.

Sir Da. Tickle my Guts, you Mad-cap! I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

Cour. What, with that circumcis'd Band? That grave hypocritical Beard, of the Reformation-Cut? Old Fellow, I believe you are a Rogue.

Sir Da. Sirrah you are a Whore, an errant Bitch Whore, I'll use you like a Whore, I'll kiss you, you Jade, I'll ravish you, you Buttock, I am a Justice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worse.

Cour. Damn you, Sir, I care not if you were a Constable and all his Watch; what, such a Rogue as you send honest Fellows to Prison, and countenance Whores in your Jurisdiction for Bribery, you Mongrel, I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you, I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf.

[Throws the Chairs after him.]

Sir Da. Sir, Sir, Sir, Constable, Watch, Stokes, Stokes, Stokes, Murder—

[Exit.]

Cour. Huzza, Beaugard!

[Enter Beaugard, Sir Jolly.]

Fourb. Well, Sir, the business is done, we have bargain'd to murder you.

Beau. Murder'd! who's to be murder'd, ha, *Fourbin*?

Sir Jol. You are to be murder'd, Friend, you shall be murder'd, Friend!

Beau. But how am I to be murder'd? Who's to murder me, I beseech you?

Four. Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*; I am the Man, with your Worship's leave. Sir David has given me this Gold to do it handsomely.

Beau.

Beau. Sir David! uncharitable Cur, what murder an honest Fellow for being civil to his Family: What can this mean, Gentlemen?

Sir Jol. No, 'tis not for being civil to his Family, that it means Gentlemen, therefore are you to be murder'd to Night, and buried a-bed with my Lady, you *Jack-Siraw* you.

Beau. I understand you, Friends, the old Gentleman has design'd to have me butcher'd, and you have kindly contriv'd it to turn it to my advantage in the Affair of Love. I am to be murder'd but as it were, Gentlemen, hah!

Fourb. Your Honour has a piercing Judgment: Sir, Captain *Courtine's* gone.

Beau. No matter, let him go, he has a design to put in practice this Night too, and would perhaps but spoil ours; but when, Sir *Jolly*, is this business to be brought about?

Sir Jol. Presently, 'tis more than time 'twere done already; go, get you gone, I say; hold, hold, let's see your left Ear first, hum——
ha——you are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue, get you gone, get you gone,
go [Exit.]

SCENE changes to Covent-Garden Piazza.

Enter Sylvia and Maid in the Balcony.

Maid. But why, Madam, will you use him so inhumanely? I'm confident he loves you.

Sylv. Oh! a true Lover is to be found out like a true Saint by the Trial of his patience: have you the Cords ready?

Maid. Here they are, Madam.

Sylv. Let 'em down, and be sure when it comes to Trial; to pull lustily; is *Will* the Footman ready?

Will. At your Ladyship's command, Madam.

Sylv. I wonder he should stay so long, the Clock has struck twelve.

Enter Courtine.

Court. sings.

*And was she not frank and free,
And was she not kind to me,
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me, to me:
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me.*

Sylv. This must be he: Ay, 'tis he, and, as I am a Virgin, roaring drunk, but if I find not a way to make him sober——

Court. Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door, and my damnation's in the inside: *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia:* Dear Imp of Satan appear to thy Servant.

Sylv.

Syl. Who calls on *Sylvia* in this dead of night, when rest is wanting to her longing Eyes?

Court. 'Tis a poor wretch can hardly stand upright, drunk with thy Loves, and if he falls he lies.

Syl. Courrine, is it you?

Court. Yes, Sweet-Heart, 'tis I; art thou ready for me?

Syl. Fasten your self to that Cord there; there, it is.

Court. Cord! Where? Oh, oh, here, here, so now to Heav'n in a string.

Syl. Have you done?

Court. Yes, I have done Child, and wou'd fain be doing too, Huffle.

Syl. Then pull away, ho up, ho up, ho up, so, avast there, Sir.

Court. Madam,

Syl. Are you very much in Love, Sir?

Court. Oh damnably Child, damnably.

Syl. I'm sorry for't with all my Heart, good night Captain.

Court. Ha, gone! What left in *Erasmus's* Paradise between Heav'n and Hell? If the Constable should take me now for a stragling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt me with his cry of Watch-men! Ah! Woman, Woman, Woman; well, a merry life, and a short, that's all.

Sings. *God prosper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all.*

I am mighty Loyal to night.

Enter Fourbin and Bloody-bones, as from Sir David's House.

Fourb. Murder, Murder, Murder! Help, help, Murder!

Court. Nay if there be Murder stirring, 'tis high time to shift for my self. [*Climbs up to the Balcony.*]

Syl. (Squeaking) A h, h, h, h!

Blood. Yonder, yonder he comes, Murder, Murder, Murder! [*Ex. Blood. and Fourbin.*]

Enter Sir David.

Sir Da. 'Tis very late; but Murder is a Melancholy business, and Night is fit for't, I'll go home. [*Knocks.*]

Verm. Who's there?

Sir. Da. Who's there? Open the door you Whelp of *Babylon*.

Verm. Oh Sir! Y'are welcome home; but here is the saddest news! Here has been Murder committed, Sir.

Sir Da. Hold your Tongue you Fool, and go to sleep, get you in, do you hear, you talk of Murder you Rogue? You meddle with State-Affairs? Get you in.

The

The Scene opens the middle of the House, and discovers Sir Jolly and the Lady putting Beaugard in order as if he were dead.

Sir Jol. Lye still, lye still you Knave, close, close when I bid you, you had best quest, and spoil the sport, you had !

Beau. But 'pray' how long must I lye thus ?

Lady D. I'll warrant you'll think the time mighty tedious.

Beau. Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him ?

Sir Jol. You shall, Sirrah, if a body desires you a little, so you shall, we shall spoil all else, all will be spoil'd else, Man if you do not : Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can, so, so, hold your breath, hold your breath. very well. [Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here comes Sir David.

Sir Jol. Odds so, now close again as I told you, close you Devil, now stir if you dare ; stir but any part about you if you dare now ; odd I'll hit you such a rap if you do, lye still, lye you still.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Da. My Dear, how dost thou do, my Dear ? I am come.

Lady D. Ah, Sir ! what is't y'ave done ? Y'ave ruin'd me, your Family, your Fortune, all is ruin'd, where shall we go, or whether shall we fly ?

Sir Da. Where shall we go, why, we'll go to Bed, you little Jack-dandy, why, you are not a Wench, you Rogue, you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't, Sirrah, hei !——

Lady D. Ah, Sir, see there.

Sir Da. Bless us a Man ! and bloody ! what, upon my Hall-Table !

Lady D. Two Ruffians brought him in just now, pronouncing the inhumane Deed was done by your command : Sir Jolly came in the distracting minute, or sure I had dy'd with my distracting Fears, how could you think on a revenge so horrid ?

Sir Da. As I hope to be sav'd, Neighbour, I only bargain'd with 'em to bafsinado him in a way, or so, as one Friend might do to another ; but do you say that he is dead ?

Sir Jol. Dead, dead as Clay ; stark stiff and useless all, nothing about him stirring, but all's cold and still ; I knew him a lusty fellow once, very mettled Fellow, 'tis a thousand pities.

Sir Da. What shall I do ? I'll throw my self upon him, kiss his wide wounds, and weep till blind as Buzzard.

Lady D. Oh, come not near him, there's such horrid Antipathy follows all Murders, his wounds would stream afresh should you but touch him

Sir Da. Dear Neighbour, dearest Neighbour. Friend, Sir Jolly, as you love Charity, pity my wretched Case, and give me Counsel, I'll give my Wife and all my Estate to have him live again, or shall I bury him in the Arbour at the upper end of the Garden.

Sir

Sir *Jol.* Alas a-day Neighbour, never think on't, never think on't, the Dogs will find him there, as they scrape holes to bury bones in, there is but one way that I know of.

Sir *Da.* What is it dear, Neighbour, what is it? You see I am upon my knees to you, take all I have and ease me of my fears.

Sir *Jol.* Truly the best thing that I can think of, is putting of him to Bed, putting him into a warm Bed, and try to fetch him to life again, a warm Bed is the best thing in the World, my Lady may do much too, she's a good Woman, and I've been told, understands a green wound well.

Sir *Da.* My dear, my dear, my dear!

Lady *D.* Bear me away, Oh send me hence afar off, where my unhappy name may be a stranger; and this sad accident no more remember'd to my dishonour.

Sir *Da.* Ah, but my Love! My Joy! Are there no bowels in thee?

Lady *D.* What would you have me do?

Sir *Da.* Prithee do so much as try thy skill, there may be one drachm of life left in him yet, take him up to thy Chamber, put him into thy own Bed, and try what thou canst do with him; prithee do, if thou canst but find motion in him, all may be well yet, I'll go up to my Closet in the Garret, and say my Prayers in the mean while.

Lady *D.* Will ye then leave this ruine on my Hands?

Sir *Da.* Pray, Pray, my Dear; I beseech you Neighbour, help to persuade her if it be possible.

Sir *Jol.* Faith, Madam, do, try what you can do, I have a great fancy you may do him good: who can tell but you may have the gift of stroaking; pray Madam, be persuaded.

Lady *D.* I'll do whate'er's your pleasure.

Sir *Da.* That's my best Dear: I'll go to my Closet and Pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this should happen—— [Exr.

Beau. So, is he gone, Madam, my Angel!

Sir *Jol.* What no thanks, no reward for old *Jolly* now? Come hither Huffle, you little Canary-Bird, you little Hop-o'-my-thumb, come hither: make me a Curt'sie, and give me a kiss now, hah! give me a kiss I say, odd I will have a kiss, so I will, I will have a kiss if I set on't; shoogh, shoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you, shoogh. shoogh, shoogh, what there already?

[She goes to Beaugard,

Well, I ha'done, this 'tis to be an old Fellow now.

Beau. And will you save the life of him y'ave wounded?

Lady *D.* Dare you trust your self to my skill for a Cure?

[Sir Davy appears at a Window above.

Sir *Jol.* Hift! Hift! Close, close, I say again, yonder's Sir Davy, odds so!

Sir *Da.* My Dear, my Dear! my Dear!——

Lady *D.* Who's that calls? my Love, is't you?

Sir *Da.* Ah, some comfort, or my Heart's broke! Is there any hopes yet?

yet? I've try'd to say my Prayers, and cannot: if he be quite dead, shall never Pray again; Neighbour, no hopes?

Sir *Jol.* Truly, little or none, some small Pulse I think there is left, very little, there's nothing to be done if you don't Pray, get you to Prayers whatever you do, get you gone; nay, don't stay now, shut the Window I tell you.

Sir *Da.* Well, this is a great trouble to me; but good night.

Sir *Jol.* Good night to you, dear Neighbour.

Get ye up, get ye up, and be gone into the [To Beaugard and Lady D. next Room, presently, make haste: but don't steal away till I come to you, be sure you remember, don't ye stir till I come; pish, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loses time, I'll only bolt the door that belongs to Sir *Davy's* Lodgings, that he may be safe, and be with you in a twinkle: Ah, h, h, h! So, now for the Door, very well, Friend, you are fast. [Bolts the Door.

Sings.

*Bonney Lass gan thoo wert mine,
And twenty thousand pounds about thee, &c.*

ACT V.

Courtine bound on a Couch in Sylvia's Chamber.

Court. **H** Eigho! Heigho! Ha! Where am I? Was I drunk, or no, last night? Something leaning that way. But where the Devil am I? Sincerely in a Bawdy-house: Fogh! What a smell of sin is here! Let me look about, if there be ever a *Geneva* Bible or a *Practice of Piety* in the Room, I am sure I have guess'd right. What's the matter now! Ty'd fast! bound too! What tricks have I play'd to come into this condition! I have lighted into the Territories of some merrily dispos'd Chamber Maid or other; and she in a witty fit, forsooth, hath truss'd me up thus: has she pinn'd no Rags to my Tail, or chalkt me upon the back trow? Would I had her Mistress here at a venture.

Syl. What would you do with her, my Enchanted Knight, if you had her? You are too sober for her by this time, next time you get drunk, you may perhaps venture to scale her Balcony like a valiant Captain as you are.

Court. Hast thou done this, my dear Destruction? And am I in thy Limbo? I must confess, when I am in my Beer, my Courage does run away with me now and then: but let me loose, and thou shalt see what a gentle humble Animal thou hast made me. Fie upon't, what tie me up like an ungovernable Cur to the Frame of a Table! let, let thy poor Dog loose, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

Syl. What, with those Paws which you have been ferreting *Moor-fields*

fields withal, and are very dirty still; after you have been daggling your self abroad for prey, and can meet with none, you come sneaking hither for a Crust, do you?

Maid. Shall I fetch the Whip and the Bell, Madam, and lash him for his Roguery soundly?

Court. Indeed, indeed! Do you long to be ferking of Man's Flesh, Madam Flea-trap? Does the Chaplain of the Family use you to the Exercise, that you are so ready for it?

Sylv. If you should be let loose, and taken into favour now, you would be for rambling again so soon as you had got your liberty.

Court. Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and us'd like a Dog in good earnest.

Sylv. Promise to grant me but one request, and it shall be done.

Court. Hear me but swear.

Sylv. That any body may do ten thousand times a-day.

Court. Upon the word of a Gentleman, nay, as I hope to get Money in my Pocket.

Sylv. There I believe him, *Lelye*; you'll keep your Word you say?

Court. If I don't, hang me up in that Wenches old Garter.

Sylv. See, Sir, you have your freedom.

Court. Well, now name the price; what must I pay for't?

Sylv. You know, Sir, considering our small acquaintance, you have been pleased to talk to me very freely of Love-matters.

Court. I must confess I have been something to blame that way, but if ever thou hearest more of it from my Mouth after this nights adventure, would I were well out of the House.

Sylv. Have a care of swearing, I beseech you, for you must understand, that spight of my Teeth, I am at last fallen in Love most unmercifully.

Court. And dost thou imagine I am so hard-hearted a Villain as to have no compassion of thee.

Syl. No, No, for I hope he's a Man you can have no exceptions against.

Court. Yes, yes, the Man is a Man, I'll assure you, that's one comfort.

Syl. Who do you think it may be now, try if you can guess him?

Court. Whoever he is, he's an honest fellow I'll warrant him, and I believe will not think himself very unhappy neither.

Syl. If a Fortune of 5000 Pounds, pleasant Nights, and quiet Days can make him happy, I assure you he may be so; but try once to guess at him.

Court. But if I should be mistaken.

Syl. Why, who is it you would wish me to?

Court. You have 5000 Pound you say.

Syl. Yes.

Court. Faith Child, to deal honestly, I know well enough who 'tis I wish

wish for, but Sweet-heart, before I tell you my inclinations, it were but reasonable that I knew yours.

Syl. Well, Sir, because I am confident you will stand my Friend in the business, I'll make a discovery, and to hold you in suspense no longer, you must know I have a months-mind for an Arm-full of your dearly beloved Friend and Brother Captain, what say you to't?

Cour. Madam, your humble Servant, good buy, that's all.

Syl. What thus cruelly leave a Lady that so kindly took you in, in your last nights pickle into her Lodging, whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

Cour. Faith, Madam, you have dealt so gallantly in trusting me with your Passion, that I cannot stay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any Friend of mine.

Syl. Not with my Waiting-Woman, I hope, Sir.

Cour. No, but it is with a certain Kinswoman of thine, Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, and I think this is her House too, they say she will be civil upon a good occasion, therefore prithee be charitable, and shew the way to her Chamber a little.

Syl. What commit Adultery, Captain, fie upon't! What hazzard your Soul?

Cour. No, no, only venture my Body a little, that's all, look you, you know the secret, and may imagine my desires, therefore as you would have me assist your inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine, look you, no demurring upon the matter, no qualm, but shew me the way, or you, Hussy, you shall do't, any Bawd will serve at present, for I will go.

Syl. But you shan't go, Sir.

Court. Shan't go, Lady?

Syl. No, shan't go, Sir; did I not tell you, when once you had got your Liberty, that you would be rambling again.

Court. Why, Child, would'st thou be so uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go elsewhere, and get Provender enough?

Syl. Any musty Provender, I find, will serve your turn, so you have it but cheap, or at another Man's charges.

Court. No, Child; I had rather my Ox should graze in a Field of my own, than live hide bound upon the Common, or run the hazzard of being Pounded every day for Trespasses.

Syl. Truly, all things consider'd, 'tis a great pity so good a Husband-man as you, should want a Farm to cultivate.

Court. Would'st thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

Syl. And would you be contented to take a Lease for your Life?

Court. pretty a Lady of the Mannor, and a moderate Rent.

Syl. Which you'll be sure to pay very punctually.

Court. If thou doubt'st my honesty, faithe'en take a little earnest before hand.

Syl.

Syl. Not so hasty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You shall oblige your self to a constant residence, and not by leaving the House uninhabited, let it run to repairs.

Cour. Agree'd.

Syl. Item, For your own sake you shall promise to keep the Estate well fenc'd, and inclos'd, lest sometime or other your Neighbours Cattle break in and spoil the Crop on the Ground, Friend.

Cour. Very just and reasonable, provided I don't find it lie too much too Common already.

Syl. Item, You shall enter into strict Covenant, not to take any other Farm upon your hands, without my consent and approbation, or if you do, that then it shall be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

Cour. Faith, that's something hard though, let me tell you but that, Landlady.

Syl. Upon these terms, we'll draw Articles.

Cour. And when shall we sign 'em?

Syl. Why, this morning, as soon as the Ten-a-Clock-Office in *Covent-Garden* is open.

Cour. A Bargain; but how will you answer your Entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at these unreasonable hours?

Syl. That's a secret you will be hereafter obliged to keep for your own sake, and for the Family, your Friend *Beaugard* shall answer for us there.

Cour. Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had mischief in his head, he behav'd himself so soberly last night, has he taken a Farm lately too.

Syl. A Trespasser, I believe, if the truth were known, upon the Provender you would fain have been biting at just now.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Madam, have a care of your self; I see Lights in the great Hall, whatever is the Matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

Cour. I hope they'll come, and catch me here: Well now you have brought me into this condition, what will you do with me, hah!

Syl. You won't be contented for a while to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

Cour. Faith, e'en take me, and put thy mark upon me quickly, that if I light in strange hands they may know me for a Sheep of thine.

Syl. What, by your wanting a Fleece do you mean? If it must be so; come follow your Shepherds, B a a a.

Enter Sir Davy and Vermin.

Sir Da. I cannot sleep, I shall never sleep again, I have pray'd too so long, that were I to be hang'd presently, I have never a Prayer left

left to help my self, I was no sooner lain down upon the Bed just now, and fal'n into a slumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate-hill* a Gallop, six puny Fiends with flaming Fire-forks running before him like Link boys, to throw me head-long in *Fleet-ditch*, which seemed to be turned into a lake of Fire and Brimstone; would it were Morning.

Verm. Truly, Sir, it has been a very dismal night.

Sir Da. But didst thou meet never a white thing upon the Stairs?

Verm. No, Sir, not I; but methoughts I saw our great Dog *Touzer*, with his great Collar on, stand at the Cellar-door [as I came along the old Entry.

Sir Da. It could never be, *Touzer* has a Chain; had this thing a Chain on?

Verm. No Sir, no Chain; but it had *Touzer's* Eyes for all the World.

Sir Da. What, ugly great frightful Eyes?

Verm. Ay, ay, huge saucer Eyes, but mightily like *Touzer's*.

Sir Dav. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Heark! Heark!

Verm. What! What I beseech you, Sir?

Sir Dav. What's that upon the Stairs? Didst thou hear nothing? Hift, heark, pat, pat, pat, keark, heh!

Verm. Hear nothing! Where, Sir?

Sir Dav. Look! Look! What's that! What's that! In the corner there?

Verm. Where?

Sir Dav. There.

Verm. What upon the Iron Chest?

Sir Dav. No, the long black thing up by the old Clock-Cafe, See! See! Now it stirs, and is coming this way.

Verm. Alas, Sir, speak to it, you are a Justice o'Peace, I beseech you, I dare not stay in the House: I'll call the Watch, and tell 'em Hell's broke loose, what shall I do? Oh! [Exit.

Sir Dav. Oh *Vermin*; if thou art a true Servant. have pity on thy Master, and do not forsake me in this distressed condition. Satan be gone, I defie thee, I'll repent and be sav'd, I'll say my Prayers, I'll go to Church; help! Help! Help! Was there any thing, or no? In what hole shall I hide my self?

[Exit.

Enter *Sir Jolly*, *Fourbin*, and *Bloody-Bones*.

Sir Jolly. That shou'd be *Sir Davy's* Voice, the Waiting Woman indeed told me, he was afraid and could not sleep, pretty fellows, pretty fellows both, y'have done your business handsomly, what, I'll warrant you, have been a Whoring together now; ha! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't: what's a Clock?

Four. Near four, Sir, 'twill not be day yet these two hours.

Sir Jolly. Very well, but how got you into the House?

Fourb.

Fourb. A ragged retainer of the Family, *Vermin* I think they call him, let us in as Physicians sent for by your Order.

Sir Jolly. Excellent Rogues! And then I hope all things are ready as I gave Directions?

Fourb. To a tittle, Sir, there shall not be a more critical Observer of your Worship's Pleasure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin*.

Sir Jolly. Get you gone you Rogue, you have a sharp Nose, and are a nimble fellow, I have no more to say to you, stand aside, and be ready when I call, here he comes; hift, hem, hem, hem.

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir Da. Hah! What art thou? Approach thou like the rugged *Bank-side Bear*, the *East-cheap-Bull*, or Monster shewn in Fair, take any shape but that, and I'll confront thee.

Sir Jolly. Alas unhappy Man! I am thy Friend.

Sir Da. Thou canst not be my Friend, for I despise thee. *Sir Jolly!* Neighbour! Hah! Is it you? Are you sure it is you? Are you your self? If you be, give me your Hand. Alas a day, I ha' seen the Devil.

Sir Jolly. The Devil, Neighbour!

Sir Da. Ay, ay, there's no help for't, at first I fancy'd it was a young white Bears Cub dancing in the shadow of my Candle, then it was turn'd to a pair of Blew Breeches with wooden-Legs on, stamp't about the Room, as if all the Cripples in Town had kept their Rendezvous there, when all of a sudden it appeared like a leathern Serpent, and with a dreadful clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

Sir Jolly. Thunder! Why I heard no Thunder.

Sir Da. That may be too, what were you asleep?

Sir Joll. Asleep, quotha, no, no, no sleeping this night for me I assure you.

Sir Da. Well, what is the best news then? How does the Man?

Sir Joll. E'en as he did before he was born, nothing at all, he's Dead.

Sir Da. Dead! What quite Dead!

Sir Joll. As good as dead, if not quite dead, 'was a horrid Murder, and then the terror of Conscience, Neighbour.

Sir Da. And truly I have a very terrify'd one, Friend, though I never found I had any Conscience at all till now. Pray whereabouts was his death's wound?

Sir Jol. Just here, just under his left Pap, a dreadful gash.

Sir Da. So very wide?

Sir Jol. Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have seen his Lungs, Liver, and Heart, as perfectly, as if you had been in his Belly.

Sir Da. Is there no way to have him privately buried, and conceal this Murder? Must I needs be hang'd by the Neck like a Dog, Neighbour? Do I look as if I would hang'd?

Sir.

Sir Jol. Truly, Sir Davy, I must deal faithfully with you, you do look a little suspiciously at present ; but have you seen the Devil, say you ?

Sir Da. Ay, surely it was the Devil, nothing else could have frightened me so.

Sir Jol. Bless us, and guard us all the Angels, what's that?

Sir Da. *Potestati sempiterna cujus benevolentia servamur gentes, & cujus misericordia.* } Kneels holding up his hands, and muttering as if he pray'd.

Sir Jol. Neighbour, where are you, Friend, Sir Davy?

Sir Da. Ah, whatever you do, be sure to stand close to me, where, where is it?

Sir Jol. Just, just there, in the shape of a Coach and six Horses against the Wall.

Sir Da. Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that Coach and six, will he?

Sir Jol. Do you see it?

Sir Da. See it! Plain, plain, dear friend advise me what I shall do?

Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, do you hear nothing? Sir Jolly, Hah! has he left me alone! *Vermin.*

Verm. Sir.

Sir Da. Am I alive? dost thou know me again? Am I thy *Quondam* Master, Sir Davy Duncie?

Verm. I hope I shall never forget you, Sir.

Sir Da. Did'st thou see nothing?

Verm. Yes, Sir, methought the House was all o'fire Fire as is were.

Sir Da. Did'st thou not see how the Devils grin'd and gnash'd their teeth at me, *Vermin.*

Verm. Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Nose, as he vanish'd out of the door.

Sir Da. Lead me away, I'll go to my Wife, I'll die by my own dear Wife; run away to the Temple, and call Counsellor my Lawyer, I'll make over my Estate presently, I shan't live till Noon; I'll give all I have to my Wife, Hah, *Vermin!*

Verm. Truly, Sir, she's a very good Lady.

Sir Da. Ah much, much too good for me, *Vermin*, thou canst not imagine what she has done for me, Man, she would break her heart if I should give any thing away from her, she loves me so dearly. Yet if I do die, thou shalt have all my old Shoes.

Verm. I hope to see you live many a fair day yet though.

Sir Da. Ah, my Wife, my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE draws and discovers Sir Jolly, Beaugard, and Lady in her Chamber.

Lady D. What think you now of a cold wet March over the Mountains, your Men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at night a dirty

dirty watry Plain to Encamp upon, and nothing to shelter you, 'but an old Leager Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? Is not this much better now, than lying wet and getting the Sciattica?

Beau. The hopes of this made all Fatigue easie to me; the thoughts of *Clarinda*, have a thousand times refresh'd me in my Solitude, whene'er I Marcht, I fancy'd still, it was to my *Clarinda*! When I fought, I imagin'd it was for my *Clarinda*; but when I came home, and found *Clarinda* lost! ——— How could you think of wasting but a night in the rank surfeiting Arms of this foul feeding Monster; this rotten Trunk of a Man, that lays claim to you.

Lady D. The Persuasion of Friends, and the Authority of Parents!

Beau. And had you no more Grace, than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

Lady D. When you were gone, that should have given me better Counsel, how could I help my self?

Beau. Methinks, then, you might have found out some cleaner Shift to have thrown away your self upon, than nauseous Old Age, and unwholesome Deformity.

Lady D. What upon some over-grown full-fed Country Fool, with a Horse Face, a great ugly Head, and a great fine Estate, one that should have been drain'd and squeez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hacknies with Cheats and Hectors, and so sent home at three o'Clock every Morning, like a lolling Booby, stinking, with a Belly full of stumm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets.

Beau. You might have made a tractable Beast of such a one, he would have been young enough for Training.

Lady D. Is Youth then so gentle, if Age be stubborn? Young Men like Springs wrought by a subtle Work-man, easily ply to what their wishes press 'em; but the desire once gone that kept 'em down, they soon start strait again, and no sign's left which way they bent before.

Sir Jolly at the Door peeping.

Sir Jolly. So, so, who says I see any thing now? I see nothing, not I; I don't see, I don't see, I don't look, not so much as look, not I.

[*Enters.*]

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir Da. I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'll live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worst; Ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife! ———

Lady D. Alas! Alas! We are ruin'd! Shift for your self; counterfeits the dead Corps once more, or any thing.

Sir Da. Hah! Whosoe'er thou art, thou can'st not eat me; speak to me, who has done this? Thou can'st not say I did it.

Sir Jol. Did it, did what? Here's no body says you did any thing that

I know Neighbour, what's the matter with you? What ails you? Whither do you go? Whither do you run? I tell you here's no Body says a word to you.

Sir *Da.* Did you not see the Ghost just now?

Sir *Jol.* Ghost! Prithee now, here's no Ghost, whither would you go? I tell you, you shall not stir one foot farther Man, the Devil take me if you do; Ghost, prithee here's no Ghost at all, a little Flesh and Blood indeed there is, some old, some young, some alive, some dead, and so forth, but Ghost! Pish, here's no Ghost.

Sir *Da.* But, Sir, if I say I did see a Ghost, I did see a Ghost; and you go to that, why sure I know a Ghost when I see one: Ah my Dear, if thou had'st but seen the Devil half so often as I have seen him.

Lady *D.* Alas, Sir *Davy*! If you ever lov'd me, come not, Oh come not near me, I have resolv'd to waste the short-remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taste of Joys no more.

Sir *Da.* Alas, my poor Child, but do you think then, there was no Ghost indeed?

Sir *Jol.* Ghost! Alas-a-day, what should a Ghost do here?

Sir *Da.* And is the Man dead?

Sir *Jol.* Dead! Ay, ay, stark dead, he's stiff by this time.

Lady *D.* Here you may see the horrid ghastly Spectacle, the sad effects of my too rigid Vertue, and your too fierce Resentment——

Sir *Jol.* Do you see there?

Sir *Da.* Ay, ay, I do see, would I had never seen him, would he had lain with my Wife in every House between *Charing-Cross* and *Ald-Gate*, so this had never happen'd.

Sir *Jol.* Introth, and would he had, but we are all Mortal, Neighbour, all Mortal; to day we are here, to morrow gone, like the shadow that vanisheth, like the Grass that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth; or indeed, like any thing, or rather like nothing: But we are all Mortal.

Sir *Da.* Heigh!——

Lady *D.* Down, down that Trap-door, it goes into a Bathing-Room, for the rest, leave it to my Conduct.

Sir *Jol.* 'Tis very unfortunate, that you should run your self into this Premunier, Sir *David*.

Sir *Da.* Indeed, and so it is.

Sir *Jol.* For a Gentleman, a Man in Authority, a Person in years, one that used to go to Church with his Neighbours.

Sir *Da.* Every Sunday, truly, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir *Jol.* Pay Scot and Lot to the Parish.

Sir *Da.* Six Pounds a year to the very Poor, without abatement or deduction; 'tis very hard, if so good a Commonwealths-Man should be brought to ride in a Cart at last, and be hang'd in a Sun-shiny Morning, to make Butchers and Suburb-Apprentices a Holy-day; I'll e'en run away.

Sir *Jol.* Run away! Why then, your Estate will be forfeited; you'll lose your Estate, Man!

Sir.

Sir Da. Truly, you say right, Friend; and a Man had better be half hang'd, than lose his Estate, you know.

Sir Jol. Hang'd! No, no, I think there's no great fear of hanging neither; what, the Fellow was but a sort of an unaccountable Fellow, as I heard you say.

Sir Da. Ay, ay, a Pox on him, he was a Solderly sort of a Vagabond, he had little or nothing but his sins to live upon: If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within these two Months, and all this mischief sav'd.

Beugard rises up like a Ghost at a Trap-door, just before Sir Davy.

Sir Da. Ah Lord! The Devil, the Devil, the Devil!

Sir Jol. Why, Sir Davy, Sir Davy, what ails you? What's the matter with you? [Falls upon his Face.]

Sir Da. Let me alone, let me lie still; I will not look up to see an Angel: Oh, h, h, h.

Lady D. My Dear, why do you do these cruel things to affright me? Pray rise and speak to me.

Sir Da. I dare not stir, I saw the Ghost again just now.

Lady D. Ghost again! What Ghost? Where?

Sir Da. Why, there! There!

Sir Jol. Here has been no Ghost.

Sir Da. Why, did you see nothing then?

Lady D. See nothing! No, nothing but one another.

Sir Da. Then I am Enchanted; or my end near at hand, Neighbour; for Heav'n's sake, Neighbour, advise me what I shall do to be at rest?

Sir Jol. Do! Why, what think you if the Body were removed?

Sir Da. Remov'd! I'd give a hundred pound the Body were out o' my House; may be then the Devil wou'd not be so impudent.

Sir Jol. I have discover'd a Door-place in the Wall betwixt my Ladies Chamber, and one that belongs to me, if you think fit, we'll beat it down, and remove this troublesom lump of Earth to my House.

Sir Da. But will ye be so kind?

Sir Jol. If you think it may by any means be serviceable to you.

Sir Da. Truly, if the Body were remov'd, and dispos'd of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter—— I hope he'll be as good as his word.

Sir Jol. Fear nothing, I'll warrant you, but in troth, I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

Sir Da. What's that?

Sir Jol. Why, it will be absolutely necessary, that my Lady staid with me at my House for one day; till things were better settled.

Sir Da. Ah, *Sir Jolly*! Whatever you think fit; any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you shall be very welcome; hear you, my Dearest, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward business, and *Sir Jolly* has found it out; therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him; and whatever *Sir Jolly* would have thee do, e'en do it, so Heav'n prosper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y, till I see you again. [Exit.

Sir Jol. This is certainly, the civilest Cuckold in City, Town, or Country.

Bean. Is he gone?

[Steps out.

Lady D. Yes, and has left poor me here.

Beaug. In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarously done of him, to commit a horrid murder on the Body of an Innocent poor Fellow, and then leave you to stem the danger of it.

Sir Jol. Odd, an I were as thee, Sweet-Heart, I'd be reveng'd on him for it, so I would: Go get you together, steal out of the House as softly as you can, I'll meet ye in the *Piazza* presently; go, be sure you steal out of the House, and don't let *Sir Davy* see you.

The Scene shuts, and Sir Jolly comes forward.

Enter Bloody-bones.

Bloody bones.

Blood. I am here, Sir.

Sir Jol. Go you and *Fourbin* to my House presently, bid *Monsieur Fourbin* remember that all things be order'd according to my directions, tell my Maids too, I am coming home in a trice, bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I spoke for, ready presently, and d'ye hear, carry the Minstrels with ye too, for I'm resolv'd to rejoyce this Morning, let me see——— *Sir Davy*.

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir Da. Ay, Neighbour, 'tis I; is the business done? I cannot be satisfy'd till I am sure, have you remov'd the Body? Is it gone?

Sir Jol. Yes, yes, my Servants convey'd it out of the House just now; well, *Sir Davy*, a good morning to you: I wish you your health with all my Heart, *Sir Davy*; the first thing you do though, I'd have you say your Prayers by all means, if you can.

Sir Da. If I can possibly, I will.

Sir Jol. Well, God b'w'y.

[Exit *Sir Jolly*.

Sir Da. God b'w'y heartily, good Neighbour——— *Vermin*,
Vermin.

Enter

Enter Vermin.

Vermin. Did your Honour call?

Sir Da. Go run, run presently over the Square, and call the Constable presently, tell him here's Murder committed, and that I must speak with him instantly ——— I'll e'en carry him to my Neighbours, that he may find the dead body there, and so let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my stead, hah! a very good jest as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha; hey, what's that?

Watchmen at the door. } Almost Four-a-Clock, and a dark cloudy morning, good morrow my Masters all, good morrow.

Enter Constable, and Watch.

Const. How's this! a door open, come in, Gentlemen, ——— ah, *Sir Davy*, your Honour's humble servant! I and my Watch going my morning Rounds, and finding your door open, made bold to enter to see there were no danger, your Worship will excuse our care, a good morning to you, Sir.

Sir Da. Oh, Mr. Constable, I'm glad you're here, I sent my Man just now to call you, I have sad news to tell you, Mr. Constable.

Const. I am sorry for that, Sir, sad News!

Sir Da. Oh, ay, sad News, very sad News truly: Here has been Murder committed.

Const. Murder! if that's all, we are your humble servants, Sir, we'll bid you good morrow, Murder's nothing at this time o'night in *Covent-Garden*.

Sir Da. Oh, but this is a horrid bloody Murder, done under my nose, I cannot but take notice of it; though I am sorry to tell you the Authors of it, very sorry truly.

Const. Was it committed here near hand?

Sir Da. Oh, at the very next door, a sad Murder indeed; after they had done they carried the body privately into my Neighbour *Jolly's* House here, I am sorry to tell it you, Mr. Constable, for I am affraid it will look but scurvily on his side; though I am a Justice o'Peace, Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it, I can't help it.

1. Watch. I never lik'd that Sir *Jolly*.

Const. He threatned me t'other day, for carrying a little dirty draggle-tail'd Whore to *Bridewell*, and said she was his Cousin, Sir; if your Worship thinks fit, we'll go search his House.

Sir Da. Oh, by all means, Gentlemen, it must be so, Justice must have its course, the Kings liege Subjects must not be destroy'd, *Vermin*, carry Mr. Constable and his Dragons into the Cellar, and make 'em drink, I'll but step into my Study, put on my face of Authority, and call upon ye instantly.

All

All Watchmen: We thank your Honour.

Scene changes to Sir Jolly's. A Banquet.

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, and Lady Dunce.

Sir Jol. So, are ye come? I am glad on't, odd y'are welcome, very welcome, odd ye are, here's a small Banquet, but I hope 'twill please you, sit ye down, sit ye down, both together, nay, both together: A Pox o' him that parts ye, I say.

Beau. *Sir Jolly,* this might be an Entertainment for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, were they living.

Sir Jol. Pish! a-Pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they are dead and rotten long ago, come, come, time's but short, time's but short, and must be made the best use of; for

*Youth's a Flower that soon does fade,
And Life is but a Span,
Man was for the Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.*

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and frisk, and be brisk, rejoice, and make a noise, and—— odd, I am pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am.

Lady D. Really, *Sir Jolly*, you are more a Philosopher than I thought you were.

Sir Jol. Philosopher, Madam! Yes, Madam, I have read Books in my time; odd, *Aristotle*, in some things, had very pretty Notions, he was an understanding Fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd an' ye don't eat—here, Child, here's some Ringoes, help, help your Neighbour a little, odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

Beau. *Sir Jolly*, your Health.

Sir Jol. With all my heart, old Boy.

Lady D. Dear *Sir Jolly* what are thele? I never tasted of these before.

Sir Jol. That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd, 'tis the Root Satyrion, a very precious Plant, I gather 'em every *May* my self, odd, they'll make an old Fellow of sixty-five, cut a Caper like a Dancing-Master; give me some Wine: Madam, here's a health, here's a health, Madam, here's a health to honest *Sir Dawy*, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha.

[Dance.]

Enter Bloody-bones.

Blood. Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? Yonder's the Constable and all his Watch at the door, and threatens demolishment, if not admitted presently.

Sir

Sir Jol. Ods so! Odds so! The Constable and his Watch! What's to be done now? Get ye both into the Alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly; no noise, no noise; d'ye hear the Constable and his Watch! A Pox on the Constable and his Watch; what the Devil have the Constable and his Watch to do here?

*Enter Constable, Watch, and Sir Davy. Scene shuts.
Sir Jolly comes forward.*

Const. This way, this way, Gentlemen, stay one of ye at the Door, and let no body pass, do you hear? Sir Jolly, your Servant.

Sir Jol. What this outrage, this disturbance committed upon my House and Family; Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by these doings, sweet Sir? Hoh! —

Const. Sir, having received Information, that the Body of a murder'd Man is conceal'd in your House, I am come, according to my Duty, to make search, and discover the truth, — stand to my assistance, Gentlemen.

Sir Jol. A murder'd Man, Sir!

Sir Da. Yes, a murder'd Man, Sir; Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, I am sorry to see a Person of your Character and Figure in the Parish, concern'd in murder, I say.

Sir Jol. Here's a Dog! Here's a Rogue for you! Here's a Villain! Here's a Cuckoldly Son of his Mother! I never knew a Cuckold in my life, that was not a false Rogue in his Heart; there are no honest Fellows living, but Whore-Masters: Heark you, Sir; what a Pox do you mean? You had best play the Fool, and spoil all, you had; what's all this for?

Sir Da. When your Worship's come to be hang'd, you'll find the meaning on't, Sir. I say once more, search the House.

Const. It shall be done, Sir; come-a-long, Friends.

[Exit Constable and Watch.]

Sir Jol. Search my House! O Lord! Search my House! What will become of me? I shall lose my Reputation with Man and Woman, and no body will ever trust me again: O Lord! Search my House! All will be discover'd do what I can; I'll sing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give 'em warning.

*Go from the Window, my Love, my Love, my Love,
Go from the Window, my Dear;
The Wind and the Rain,
Has brought 'em back again,
And thou canst have no Lodging here.*

O Lord! Search my House!

Sir Da. Break down that Door, I'll have that Door broke open: break down that Door, I say.

[Knocking within.]

Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Very well done, break down my doors! break down my Walls, Gentlemen! plunder my House! ravish my Maids! Ah, curst be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Constables and Cuckolds.

Scene draws, and discovers Beaugard and Lady Dunc.

Beau. Stand off, by Heav'n the first that comes here comes upon his death.

Sir *Da.* Sir, your humble Servant, I am glad to see you are alive again with all my heart; Gentlemen, here's no harm done, Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd, Gentlemen, the Man's alive again, Gentlemen, but here's my Wife, Gentlemen, and a fine Gentleman with her, Gentlemen, and Mr. Constable, I hope you'll bear me witness, Mr. Constable.

Sir *Jol.* That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Constable. [*Aside.*]

Beau. Hark ye, ye Curs, keep off from snapping at my heels, or I shall so feage ye.

Sir *Jol.* Get ye gone, ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye Night-Toads of the Parish-Dungeon, disturb my House at these unseasonable hours, get ye out of my doors, get ye gone, or I'll brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains. [*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*]

Beau. And next for you, Sir Coxcomb, you see I am not murder'd though you paid well for the performance; what think you of bribing my own Man to butcher me.

Enter Fourbin and Bloody-bones.

Look ye, Sir, he can cut a Throat upon occasion, and here's another dresses a Man's heart with Oil and Pepper, better than any Cook in *Christendom.*

Fourb. Will your Worship please to have one for your Breakfast this morning?

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha, this is the purest sport, ha, ha, ha.

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Oh, Sir, the most unhappy and most unfortunate News! There has been a Gentleman in Madam *Sylvia's* Chamber all this night, who just as you went out of doors, carry'd her away, and whither they are gone, no body knows.

Sir *Da.* With all my heart, I am glad on't, Child, I would not care if he had carry'd away my House and all, Man; unhappy News quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha; I am so pleas'd, ha, ha, ha, I think I was never so pleas'd in all my life before, ha, ha, ha.

Beau.

Beaug. Nay, Sir, I have a hank upon you, there are Laws for Cut-throats, Sir, and as you tender your future credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and use her handsomly, use her like my Mistrefs, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I hear no complaint of you, this must be done Friend.

Sir Jol. In troth, and it is but reasonable, very reasonable in troth.

Lady D. Can you, my Dear, forgive me one misfortnne?

Sir Da. Madam, in one word, I am thy Ladyships most humble Servant and Cuckold, *Sir Davy Duncce* Kt. Living in *Covent-Garden*, ha, ha, ha, well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha.

Enter Sylvia followed by Courtine.

Silv. Sir Jolly, ah Sir Jolly, protect me or I'm ruin'd.

Sir Jol. My little Minikin, is it thy squeek?

Beaug. My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

Sir Jol. Well Child, and what would that wicked fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

Silv. Oh, Sir, he has most inhumanely seduc'd me out of my Uncle's House, and threatens to marry me.

Court. Nay, Sir, and she having no more grace before her eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

Sir Jol. In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like these Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my house, and there's an end on't.

Sir Da. And do you intend to marry my Niece, Friend?

Court. Yes, Sir, and never ask your consent neither.

Sir Da. In troth and that's very well said, I'm glad on't with all my heart, Man, because she has five thousand pound to her Portion, and my Estate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happiest day, ha, ha, ha.

*Here take thy Bride; like Man and Wife agree,
And may she prove as true—as mine to me.*

Ha, ha, ha.

Beaug. *Courtine*, I wish thee Joy, thou art come opportunely to be a Witness of a perfect Reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight *Sir Davy Duncce*, which to preserve inviolate, you must, Sir, before we part enter into such Covenants for performance as I shall think fit.

Sir Da. No more to be said, it shall be done Sweet-heart, but don't be too hard upon me, use me gently as thou didst my Wife, gently, ha, ha, ha; a very good Jest, I'faith, ha, ha, ha, or if he should be cruel to me Gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a Prison, or throw me in a Dungeon, at least.

*I hope amongst all you, Sirs, I stan't fail
To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.*

PROLOGUE, by the Lord Falkland

Forsaken Dames with less concern reflect,
On their inconstant Heroe's cold neglects,
Than we (provok'd by this Ungrateful Age,)
Bare the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;

With grief we see you raviſht from our Arms,
And Curſe the Feeble Vertue of our Charms:
Curſe your false hearts, for none ſo false as they,
And curſe the Eyes that ſtole thoſe hearts away.
Remember Faithleſs Friends there was a time,
(But oh the ſad remembrance of our Prime!)

When to our Arms with eager joys ye flew,
And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true
As e're was Niſymph of ours to one of you:

But a more pow'rful * Saint enjoys ye now;
Fraught with ſweet ſins and abſolutions too:

To her are all your pious Vows addreſt,
She's both your Loves, and your Religion's Teſt,
The faireſt Prelate of her time, and beſt.

We own her more deſerving far then we,
A juſt excuſe for your inſtancy.

Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us ſo:
Firſt to betray with Love, and then undo,
A horrid Crime ye are all addiſted to.

Too ſoon, alas, your Appetites are cloy'd,
And Phillis rules no more, when once enjoy'd:
But all raſh Oaths of Love and conſtancy,
With the too ſhort forgotten Pleaſures dye,
Whiſt ſhe, poor Soul, robb'd of her deareſt eaſe,
Still drudges on, with vain deſire to pleaſe;
And reſtleſs follows you from place to place,
For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face:

Deſerted thus by ſuch ungrateful men,
How can we hope you'l e're return agen?

Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before,
Wit now's our only Treafure left in ſtore,
And that's a Coyne will paſs with you no more:
You who ſuch dreadful Bullies would appear,
(True Bullies! quiet when there's danger near)
Shew your great Souls in damning Poets here.

}
*Pope Joan.

}
Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Wish the discharge of Passions much oppress,
Disturb'd in Brain, and pensive in his Breast,
Full of those thoughts which make th' unhappy sad,
And by Imagination half grown mad,
The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muse,
And let her range, to see what sport she'd chuse.
Straight like a Bird got loose, and on the Wing,
Pleas'd with her freedom, she began to Sing?
Each Note was Eccho'd all the Vale along,
And this was what she utter'd in her Song:
Wretch, write no more for an uncertain fame,
Nor call thy Muse, when thou art dull, to Blame:
Consider with thy self how th'art unfit
To make that Monster of Mankind, a Wit:
A Wit's a Toad, who swell'd with silly pride,
Fall of himself, scorns all the World beside;
Civil would seem, though he good manners lacks,
Smiles on all faces, rails behind all backs:
If e're good natur'd, nought to Ridicule,
Good nature melts a Wit into a Fool:
Plac'd high, like some Jack-pudding in a Hall,
At Christmasts Revels he makes sport for all.
So much in little praises he delights,
But when he's angry draws his Pen and Writes:
A Wit to no man will his dues allow.
Wits will not part with a good word that's due:
So whoe're Ventures on the Ragged Coast
Of starving Poets, certainly is lost,
They rail like Porters at the Penny-Post.
At a new Author's Play see one but sit,
Making his snarling froward face of Wit,
The Merit he allows, and Praise he grants,
Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.
O Poets, have a care of another,
There's hardly one amongst ye true to t'other:

Like

EPILOGUE.

*Like Trincalo's and Stephano's ye Play
The lowdest tricks, each osbergø betray.
Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friend-like smile,
And all is one another to beguile
Of Praise, the Monster of your Barren Isle.
Enjoy the Prostitute ye so admire,
Enjoy her to the full of your desire,
Whilst this poor Scribler wishes to retire,
Where he may ne're repeat his Follies more
But Curse the Fate that wrack't him on your Shore.
Now you, who this day as his Judges sit,
After y'ave heard what he has said of Wit,
Ought for your own sakes not to be severe,
But shew so much to think he means none here.*

FINIS.

THE
ATHEIST:
OR,
The Second Part
OF THE
Souldiers Fortune.
Acted at the
Duke's Theatre.

Written by THO. OTWAY.

——— *Hic noster Authores habet;
Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.
Dehinc ut quiescant porro moneo, & desinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua. Terence.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, and J. Tonson, in Russel-street in Covent-
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TO THE
LORD ELANDE,

Eldest Son to the Right Honourable the

Marquis of Halifax.

My Lord,

IT was not without a great deal of debate with my self, that I could resolve to make this Present to Your Lordship: For though Epistles Dedicatory be lately grown so Epidemical, that either sooner or later, no man of Quality (whom the least Author has the least pretence to be troublesome to) can escape them; yet methought Your Lordship should be as much above the common Perplexities that attend Your Quality, as You are above the common Level of it, as well in the most Exalted Degrees of a Noble Generous Spirit, as in a piercing Apprehension, good Understanding, and daily ripening Judgment, all sweetned by an obliging Affability and Condescension; of which I have often, in the Honour of Your Conversation, had particular cause to be proud; and for which therefore, a more than ordinary reason, now, to be Grateful.

And it is upon that pretence, I here presume to shelter this Trifle under Your Protection; for indeed, it has great need of such Protection: having at its first coming into the World met with many Enemies, and

The DEDICATION.

very industrious ones too ; but this way I was sure it must live : *Would He but once vouchsafe to espouse its Defence, whose Generosity will overthrow the ignoblest Envy ; whose good Nature, cannot but confound the most inveterate Malice ; and whose Wit must baffle the sauciest Ignorance.*

My Lord, It would but argue me of the meanest Impertinence and Formality, to pretend here an Harangue of those Praises You deserve : For he who tells the World whose Son You are, has said enough to those who do not know You ; and the happy few, whom You have pick'd and chosen for Your Conversation, cannot but every hour You are pleased to bestow upon them, be sensible of more than I could tell them in a Volume : Your Lordship being the best Panegyrick upon Your self ; the Son of that Great Father of his Country, who when all manner of Confusion, Ruin, and Destruction, was breaking in upon us, like the Guardian Angel of these Kingdoms, stood up ; and with the Tongue of an Angel too, confounded the Subtleties of that Infernal Serpent, who would have debauched us from our Obedience, and turned our *Eden* into a Wilderness. Certainly His Name must be for ever Honourable, Precious His Memory, and Happy His Generation, who durst exert his Loyalty, when it was grown almost a reproach to have any, and stem a torrent of Faction, popular Fury, and fermenting Rebellion, to the Preserving of the best of Kings in his Throne, and the happiest of People in their Liberties.

May he live long to compleat the Reparations he
has

The DEDICATION.

has made in our Defence; still by the strength of his Judgment, to foresee those Evils that may yet threaten us, and by the Power of his Wisdom to prevent them; to root out the Footing and Foundations of the Kings open (nay, and bosome) Enemies : As a watchful, bold, and sincere Counsellor to his Master; to be a driver of Treacherous, Grinning, Self-ended Knaves, Insinuating Spies, and useless unprofitable Fools from his Service : A Patron and Promoter of Honesty, Merit, and Ability, which else too often, by neglect, are corrupted to their Contraries.

In fine, to continue (as he is) a kind Indulgent Father to Your Lordship, so much every way his Son, and fit to Inherit his Honours, as in the strong and shining Virtues of Your Mind, the fixt and steady disposition of Your Loyalty, the goodness and obliging temper of Your Nature, is apparent; by which only I must ever humbly confess, and no presumptive Merit of my own, I have been encouraged to take this Opportunity of telling the World how much I desire to be thought,

Your Lordships

Humble Servant to be Commanded,

Tho. Otway.

Prologue

PROLOGUE.

T*Hough Plays and Prologues ne'er did more abound,
Ne'er were good Prologues harder to be found.*

To me the Cause seems eas'ly understood :

For there are Poets prove not very good,

Who, like base Sign-Post Dawbers, wanting Skill,

Steal from Great Masters Hands, and Copy ill.

Thus, if by chance, before a Noble Feast

Of Gen'rous Wit, to whet and fit your Taste,

Some poignant Satyr in a Prologue rise,

And growing Vices handsomly chastise ;

Each Poetaster thence presumes on Rules,

And ever after calls ye downright Fools.

These Marks describe him.——

Writing by rote ; Small Wit, or none to spare ;

Jangle and Chime's his Study, Toil, and Care :

He always in One Line upbraids the Age ;

And a good Reason why ; it Rymes to Stage.

With Wit and Pit he keeps a hideous pother ;

Sure to be damn'd by One, for want of T'other :

But if, by chance, he get the French Word Raillery,

Lord, how he segues the Vizor-Masques with Gallery !

'Tis said, Astrologers strange Wonders find

To come, in two great Planets lately joyn'd.

From our Two Houses joyning, most will hold,

Vast Deluges of Dulness were foretold.

Poor Holborn-Ballads now being born away

By Tides of duller Madrigals than they ;

Jockeys and Jennyes set to Northern Airs,

While Lowfie Thespis chaunts at Country Fairs

Politick Ditties, full of Sage Debate,

And Merry Catches, how to Rule the State.

Vicars neglect their Flocks, to turn Translators,

And Barley-water Whey-fac'd Beau's write Satyrs ;

Though none can guess to which most Praise belongs,

To the Learn'd Versions, Scandals, or the Songs.

For all things now by Contraries succeed ;

Of Wit, or Vertue there's no longer need :

Beauty submits to him who loudliest rails ;

*She fears the sawcie Fop, and he prevails.
Who for his best Preferment would devise,
Let him renounce all Honesty, and rise.
Villains and Parasites Success will gain;
But in the Court of Wit, shall Dulness Reign?
No: Let th' angry 'Squire give his Iambicks o're,
Twirl Crevat-strings, but write Lampoons no more;
Rhymesters get Wit, e'er they pretend to shew it,
Nor think a Game at Cramboe makes a Poet:
Else is our Author hopeless of Success,
But then his Study shall be next time less:
He'll find out Ways to your Applause, more easie;
That is, write worse and worse, till he can please ye.*

EPILOGUE by Mr. Duke of Cambridge.

I*T is not long since in the Noisie Pit
Tumultuous Faction sate the Judge of Wit;
There Knaves applauded what their Blockheads writ.
At a Whig-Brother's Play, the Bawling Crowd
Burst out in Shouts, as zealous, and as loud,
As when some Member's stout Election-Beer
Gains the mad Voice of a whole Drunken Shire.
And yet, even then, our Poet's Truth was try'd,
Tho'twas a Dev'lish pull to stem the Tyde;
And tho he ne'er did Line of Treason write,
Nor made one Rocket on Queen Bess's Night,
Such was his Fortune, or so good his Cause,
Even then he fail'd not wholly of Applause.
He that could then escape, now bolder grows:
Since the Whig-Tyde runs out, the Loyal flows.
All you who lately here presum'd to bawl,
Take warning from your Brethren at Guild-hall:
The Spirit of Rebellion there is quell'd,
And here your Poet's Acts are all repeal'd:
Impartial Justice has resum'd agen
Her awful Seat, nor bears the Sword in vain.
The Stage shall lash the Follies of the Times,
And the Laws Vengeance overtake the Crimes.*

} *The*

*The Perjur'd Wretch shall no Protection gain
 From his dishonour'd Robe, and Golden Chain;
 But stand expos'd to all th' insulting Town,
 While Rotten Eggs bepaw the Scarlet Gown.
 Pack hence betimes, you that were never sparing
 To save the Land, and dam' your selves, by Swearing.
 Shou'd the Wise City now, to ease your Fears,
 Erect an Office to Insure your Ears,
 Thither such num'rous Shoals of Witnesses,
 And Juries, conscious of their Guilt, wou'd press,
 That to the Chamber hence might more be gain'd,
 Than ever Mother Cresswell from it drain'd;
 And Perjury to the Orphans Bank restore
 Whatever Whoredom robb'd it of before.*

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Father to Beaugard.	Mr. Leigh.
Beaugard.	Mr. Betterton.
Courtine.	Mr. Smith.
Daredevil.	Mr. Underhill.
Theodoret.	Mr. Wilshire.
Gratian.	Mr. Perin.
Porcia.	Mrs. Barry.
Lucretia.	Mrs. Butler.
Sylvia, Courtine's Wife.	Mrs. Curren.
Mrs. Furnish, an Exchange-woman.	Mrs. Osborn.
Phillis, Porcia's Woman.	Mrs. Percival.
Chloris, Lucretia's Woman.	Mrs. Norris.
Rosard, Gratian's Man.	Mr. Saunders.
Plunder, Beaugard's Man.	Mr. Richards.
Six Ruffians.	
Footmen.	
Dwarf.	
A Page.	

THE ATHEIST:

Or, The Second Part of the
SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

THE FIRST ACT.

Beaugard and his Father.

Beaug. **S**IR, I say, and say again, No Matrimony; I'll not be noos'd. Why, I beseech you, Sir, tell me Plainly and fairly, What have I done, that I deserve to be married!

Fath. Why, Sauce-box, I, your old Father, was married before you were born.

Beaug. Ay, Sir; and I thank you, the next thing you did, was, you begot me; the Consequence of which was as follows: As soon as I was born, you sent me to Nurse, where I suckt two years at the dirty Dugs of a foul-feeding Witch, that liv'd in a thatch't Sty upon the neighb'ring Common; as soon as I was big enough, that you might be rid of me, you sent me to a Place call'd a School, to be slash't and box't by a thick-fisted Blockhead, that could not read himself; where I learnt no Letters, nor got no Meat, but such as the old *Succubus* his Wife bought at a stinking Price, so over-run with Vermin, that it us'd to crawl home after her.

Fath. Sirrah, it was the more nourishing, and made such young, idle Whoresons as you fat, fat, you Rogue. I remember the young Dog at twelve years old had a broad, shining, puffed, Bacon-face, like a Cherubim; and now he won't marry.

Beaug. My next Removal was home again; and then you did not know what to do with me farther, till after a Twelve-months Deliberation, out of abundance of Fatherly Affection and Care of your Posterity, you very civilly and fairly turn'd me out of your Doors.

Fath. The impudent, termagant, unruly Varlet rebell'd with too much Plenty, and took up Arms against my Concubine. Turn'd you out of my Doors!

B

Beaug. Yes,

Beaug. Yes, turn'd me out of Doors, Sir.

Fath. Had I not reason, Master Hector?

Beaug. As I had then, so have I now too, Sir, more Manners than to dispute the Pleasure of a Father.

Fath. Nay, the Rogue has Breeding, that's the truth on't; the Dog would be a very pretty Fellow, if I could but perswade him to marry.

Beaug. Turn'd out of Doors as I was, you may remember, Sir, you gave me not a Shilling; my Industry and my Vertue was all I had to trust to.

Fath. Bless us all! Industry and Vertue, quoth a! Nay, I have a very vertuous Son and Heir of him, that's the truth on't.

Beaug. Till at last a good Uncle, who now, Peace be with his Soul, sleeps with his Fathers, bestow'd a Portion of Two hundred pounds upon me, with which I took Shipping, and set Sail for the Coast of Fortune.

Fath. That is to say, You went to the Wars, to learn the Liberal Arts of Murder, Whoredom, Burning, Ravishing, and a few other necessary Accomplishments for a young Gentleman to set up a Livelihood withal, in this Civil Government, where, Heav'n be prais'd, none of those Vertues need grow rusty.

Beaug. Sir, I hope I have brought you no Dishonour home with me.

Fath. Nay, the Scanderbeg-Monkey has not behav'd himself unhand-somly, that's the truth of the Bus'ness; but the Varlet won't marry: the Dog has got Two thousand pound a year left him by an old curmudgeonly moldy Uncle, and I can't perswade him to marry.

Beaug. Sir, that curmudgeonly moldy Uncle you speak of, was your Elder Brother, and never married in all his Life: He, dying, bequeaths me Two thousand pound a year: You, Sir, the younger Brother, and my honoured Father, have been married, and are not able, for ought I can perceive, to leave me a bent Ninepence. So, Sir, I wish you a great deal of Health, Long life, and merry as it has been hitherto; but for Marriage, it has thriven so very ill with my Family already, that I am resolved to have nothing to do with it.

Fath. Here's a Rogue! Here's a Villain! Why, Sirrah, you have lost all Grace; you have no Duty left; you are a Rebel: I shall see you hang'd, Sirrah. Come, come, let me examine you a little, while I think on't: What Religion are you of?—hah?—

Beaug. Sir, I hope you took care, after I was born, to see me Christen'd.

Fath. Oh Lord! Christen'd! Here's an Atheistical Rogue, thinks he has Religion enough, if he can but call himself a Christian!

Beaug. Why, Sir, would you have me disown my Baptism?

Fath. No, Sirrah; but I would have you own what sort of Christian you are though.

Beaug. What sort, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Sir; what sort, Sir.

Beaug. Why, of the honestest sort.

Fath. As if there were not Knaves of all sorts!

Beaug. Why then, Sir, if that will satisfie you, I am of your sort.

Fath. And that, for ought you know, may be of no sort at all.

Beaug. But

Beaug. But, Sir, to make short of the matter, I am of the Religion of my Country, hate Persecution and Penance, love Conformity, which is going to Church once a Month, well enough; resolve to make this transitory Life as pleasant and delightful as I can; and for some sober Reasons best known to my self, resolve never to marry.

Fath. Look me in the Face; stand still, and look me in the Face. So; you won't marry? —

Beaug. No, Sir.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Beaug. But I'll do something that shall be more for your good, and perhaps may please you as well. Knowing Fortune of late has not been altogether so good-natur'd as she might have been, and that your Revenues are something anticipated, be pleas'd, Sir, to go home as well satisfi'd as you can, and my Servant shall not fail to meet you at your Lodgings, with a Hundred smiling Smock-fac't *Guinea's*, within this half-hour: Now who the Devil would marry?

Fath. No Body that has half an ounce of Brains in his Noddle: The ungodly good-natur'd Rogue is in the right on't; damnably, damnably in the right on't.

Beaug. So, here's your Father for you now!

Fath. But look you *Jack* now, little *Jack*, Two thousand pounds a year! Why thou wilt be a damnable rich Rogue now, if thou dost not marry; though I know thou wilt live bravely and deliciously, eat and drink nobly, have always half a dozen honest, jolly, true-spirited, spritely Friends about thee, and so forth, hah! Then for Marriage, to speak the truth on't, it is at the best but a chargeable, vexations, uneasie sort of Life; it ruin'd me, *Jack*, utterly ruin'd thy poor old Father, *Jack*. Thou wilt be sure to remember the Hundred pound, *Jackie-boy*, hah?

Beaug. Most punctually, Sir.

Fath. Thou shalt always, ever now and then, that is, lend thy old Father a Hundred pound, or so, upon a good occasion, *Jack*, after this manner, in a Friendly way: You must make much of your old Daddy, *Jack*: But if thou hast no mind to't, the truth on't is, I would never have thee marry.

Beaug. Not marry, Sir?

Fath. No.

Beaug. No?

Fath. No. A Hundred Pound, *Jack*, is a pretty little round Sum.

Beaug. I'll not fail of sending it.

Fath. Then, *Jack*, it will do as well to let thy Man come to me to *Harry the Eighth's Head* in the Back Street, behind my Lodgings: There's a Cup of smart Racy Canary, *Jack*, will make an old Fellow's Heart as light as a Feather. Ah, little *Jackie*-rogue, it Glorifies through the Glass, and the Nits dance about in't like Attoms in the Sun-shine, you young Dog.

Beaug. Do you intend to Dine there, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Man; I have two or three bonny old *Tilbury* Roysterers, with delicate red Faces, and bald Crowns, that have obliged me to meet

'em there; they helpt me to spend my Estate when I was young, and the Rogues are grateful, and do not forsake me now I am grown poorish and old.——Almost Twelve a clock, *Jack*.

Beaug. I'll be sure to remember, Sir.

Fath. And thou wilt never marry!

Beaug. Never, I hope, Sir.

Fath. Ah, you wicked-hearted Rogue, I know what you will do then, that will be worse, though, I think, not much worse neither. Would I were a young Fellow again, but to keep him Company for one Week or a Fortnight. A hundred *Guinea's*! e e e e! *Db'uy Jack*, You'l remember? See thee agen to morrow, *Jack*.——Poor *Jack*! Dainty Canary—— and a delicate Black-ey'd Wench at the Bar! *Db'uy Jack*.

Beaug. Adieu, Father.——*Fourbine*.

Fourb. Did your Honour call?

Beaug. Take a hundred *Guinea's* out of the Cabinet, and carry 'em after the Old Gentleman to his Place of Rendezvous. This Father of mine (Heav'n be thanked) is a very ungodly Father: He was in his Youth just such another wicked Fellow as his Son *John* here; but he had no Estate, there I have the better of him: for out of meer Opinion of my Good-husbandry, my Uncle thought fit to disinheret the extravagant Old Gentleman, and leave all to me. Then he was married, there I had the better of him again; yet he married a Fortune of Ten thousand pound, and before I was Seven years old, had broke my Mothers Heart, and spent three parts of her Portion: Afterwards he was pleas'd to retain a certain Familiar Domestick, call'd a House-keeper, which I one day, to shew my Breeding, call'd Whore, and was fairly turn'd a starving for it. Now he has no way to squeeze me out of Contribution, but by taking up his Fatherly Authority, and offering to put the Penal Law call'd Marriage in execution. I must e'en get him a Governour, and send him with a Pension into the Country: Ay, it must be so; For, Wedlock, I deny thee; Father, I'll supply thee; and, Pleasure, I will have thee. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the most fortunate Tidings!

Beaug. What's the matter?

Serv. Captain *Courtine*, your old Acquaintance, Friend, and Comrade, is just arrived out of the Country, and desires to see you, Sir.

Beaug. *Courtine*! Wait on him up, you Dog, with Reverence and Honour.

Enter Courtine.

Court. Dear *Beaugard*!

Beaug. Ah, Friend!——from the very tenderest part of my Heart I was just now wishing for thee. Why thou lookst as like a Married-man already, with as grave a Fatherly Famelick Countenance, as ever I saw.

Court. Ay, *Beaugard*, I am married, that's my Comfort: But you, I hear,

hear, have had worse Luck of late ; an old Uncle dropt into the Grave, and Two thousand pound a year into your Pocket, *Beaugard*.

Beaug. A small Conveniency, *Ned*, to make my Happiness hereafter a little more of a piece than it has been hitherto, in the Enjoyment of such hearty, sincere, honest Friends, and good-natur'd Fellows, as thou art.

Court. Sincere, honest Friends ! Have a care there, *Beaugard*.——I am, since I saw thee, in a few words, grown an errant Raskal ; and for Good-nature, it is the very thing I have solemnly forsworn : no, I am married, *Jack*, in the Devil's name, I am married.

Beaug. Married ! That is, thou call'st a Woman thou likest by the name of Wife : Wife and t'other thing begin with a Letter. Thou liest with her when thy Appetite calls thee, keepest the Children thou begettest of her Body ; allowest her Meat, Drink, and Garments, fit for her Quality, and thy Fortune ; and when she grows heavy upon thy Hands, what a' Pox, 'tis but a Separate-maintenance, kiss and part, and there is an end of the Bus'ness.

Court. Alas, *Beaugard*, thou art utterly mistaken ; Heav'n knows it is quite on the contrary : For I am forced to call a Woman I do not like, by the name of Wife ; and lie with her, for the most part, with no Appetite at all ; must keep the Children that, for ought I know, any Body else may beget of her Body ; and for Food and Rayment, by her good will she would have them both Fresh three times a day : Then for Kiss and part, I may kiss and kiss my Heart out, but the Devil a bit shall I ever get rid of her.

Beaug. Alas, poor Husband ! But art thou really in this miserable Condition ?

Court. Ten times worse, if possible : By the vertue of Matrimony, and long Cohabitation, we are grown so really One Flesh, that I have no more Inclination to hers, than to eat a piece of my own. Then her Ladiship is so Jealous, that she does me the Honour to make me Stalion-general to the whole Parish, from the Parson's Importance in Paragon, to the Cobler's scolding Wife, that drinks Brandy, and smoaks loathsom Tobacco. In short, *Jack*, she has so order'd the Bus'ness, that I am half weary of the World, with all Mankind hang'd, and have not laugh'd these Six months.

Beaug. Ha, ha, ha !

Court. Why, thou canst laugh, I see, though.

Beaug. Ay, *Ned*, I have Two thousand pound *per Annum*, *Ned*, old Rents, and well Tenanted ; have no Wife, nor ever will have any, *Ned* ; resolve to make my Days of Mortality all Joyful, and Nights Pleasurable, with some dear, lovesom, young, beautiful, kind, generous She, that every Night shall bring me all the Joys of a New Bride, and none of the Vexations of a worn-out, insipid, troublesom, jealous Wife, Wife, *Ned*.

Court. But where lies this Treasure ? Where is there such a Jewel to be found ?

Beaug. Ah, Rogue ! Do you despise your own Manna indeed, and long after Quails ? Why, thou unconscionable Hobnail, thou Country Cow-l-
Rass, thou absolute Piece of thy own dry'd Dirt, wouldst thou have the Impudence, with that hideous Beard, and grizzly Countenance, to make thy
Appearance

Appearance before the Footstool of a *Bona Roba* that I delight in? For shame get off that *Smithfield* Horsecourfers Equipage; Appear once more like *Countine* the Gay, the Witty, and Unbounded, with Joy in thy Face, and Love in thy Blood, Money in thy Pockets, and good Cloaths on thy Back; and then I'll try to give thee a *Recipe* that may purge away those foul Humours Matrimony has bred in thee, and fit thee to relish the Sins of thy Youth again. Bless us! What a Beard's there? It puts me in mind of the Blazing Star.

Court. Beard, *Beaugard*! Why, I wear it on purpose, Man; I have wish't it a Furze-bush a thousand times, when I have been kissing my—

Beaug. Whom?—

Court. Wife.—Let me never live to bury her, if the word Wife does not stick in my Throat.

Beaug. Then this Peruque! Why, it makes thee shew like the Sign of a Head looking out at a Barbers Window.

Court. No more, no more; all shall be rectified: For, to deal with thee as honestly as a Fellow in my damn'd Condition can do, e'er I resolv'd absolutely to hang my self, I thought there might be some Remedy left; and that was this dear Town, and thy dear Friendship: So that, in short, I am very fairly run away; pretended a short Journey to visit a Friend, but came to *London*; and, if it be possible, will not see Country, Wife, nor Children agen these seven years. Therefore, prethee, for my better Encouragement, tell me a little what Sins are stirring in this Noble Metropolis, that I may know my Bus'ness the better, and fall to it as fast as I can.

Beaug. Why, 'faith, *Ned*, considering the Plot, the Danger of the Times, and some other Obstructions of Trade and Commerce, Iniquity in the general has not lost much Ground. There's Cheating and Hypocrisy still in the City; Riot and Murder in the Suburbs; Grinning, Lying, Fawning, Flattery, and False-promising at Court; Assignations at *Coven-garden* Church; Cuckolds, Whores, Pimps, Panders, Bawds, and their Diseases, all over the Town.

Court. But what Choice Spirits, what Extraordinary Rascals may a Man oblige his Curiosity withal?

Beaug. I'll tell thee: In the first place, we are over-run with a Race of Vermin they call Wits, a Generation of Insects that are always making a Noise, and buzzing about your Ears, concerning Poets, Plays, Lampoons, Libels, Songs, Tunes, Soft Scenes, Love, Ladies, Peruques, and Crevat-strings, *Fre-ch* Conquests, Duels, Religion, Snuff-boxes, Points, Garnitures, Mill'd Stockings, *Fouber's* Academy, Politicks, Parliament-Speeches, and every thing else which they do not understand, or would have the World think they did.

Court. And are all these Wits?

Beaug. Yes, and be hang'd to 'em, these are the Wits.

Court. I never knew one of these Wits in my Life, that did not deserve to be Pillory'd; twenty to one if half of 'em can read, and yet they will venture at Learning as familiarly, as if they had been bred in the *Vatican*.

One of 'em told me one day, he thought *Plutarch* well done would make the best *English* Heroick Poem in the World. Besides, they will rail, cavil, censure, and, what is worst of all, make Jest; the dull Rogues will Jest, though they do it as awkerdly as a Tarpawlin would ride the Great Horse. I hate a pert, dull, Jestling Rogue from the bottom of my Heart.

Beaug. But above all, the most abominable is your Witty Squire, your young Heir that is very Witty; who having newly been discharg'd from the Discretion of a Governour, and come to keep his own Money, gets into a Cabal of Coxcombs of the Third Form, who will be sure to cry him up for a Fine Person, that he may think all them so.

Court. Oh, your Asses know one anothers Nature exactly, and are always ready to nabble, because it is the certain way to be nabbed again: But above all the rest, what think you of the Atheist?

Beaug. By this good Light, thou hast prevented me: I have one for thee of that Kind, the most unimitable Varlet, and the most insufferable Stinkard living; one that has Doubts enow to turn to all Religions, and yet would fain pretend to be of none: In short, a Cheat, that would have you of opinion that he believes neither Heav'n nor Hell, and yet never feels so much as an Ague-fit, but he's afraid of being damn'd.

Court. That must be a very Noble Champion, and certainly an Original.

Beaug. The Villain has less Sincerity than a Bawd, less Courage than a Hector, less Good-nature than a Hangman, and less Charity than a Phana-tique; talks of Religion and Church-Worship as familiarly as a little Courtier does of the Maids of Honour; and swears the King deserves to be Chan'd out of the City, for suffering Zealous Fools to build *Pauls* again, when it would make so proper a Place for a Citadel.

Court. A very worthy Member of a Christian Commonwealth, that is the truth on't.

Beaug. I am intimately acquainted with him.

Court. I honour you for't, with all my Heart, Sir.

Beaug. After all, the Rogue has some other little tiny Vices, that are not very ungrateful.

Court. Very probable.

Beaug. He makes a very good odd Man at *Ballum-rancum*, or so; that is, when the rest of the Company is coupled, will take care to see there's good Attendance paid; and when we have a mind to make a *Ballum* of it indeed, there is no Lewdness so scandalous that he will not be very proud to have the Honour to be put upon.

Court. A very necessary Instrument of Damnation, truly.

Beaug. Besides, to give the Devil his due, he is seldom Impertinent; but, barring his Darling-Topick, Blasphemy, a Companion pleasant enough. Shall I recommend him to thy Service? I'll enter into Bonds of Five hundred pounds, that he teaches thee as good a way to get rid of that Whip and a Bell, call'd thy Wife, as thy Heart would wish for.

Court. And that is no small Temptation, I assure you.

Enter.

Enter Boy, with a Letter.

Boy. Sir!

Beaug. My Child!

Court. A Pimp, for a *Guiny*, he speaks so gently to him.

Beaug. Tell her, she has undone me, she has chosen the only way to enslave me utterly; tell her, my Soul, my Life, my future Happiness, and present Fortune, are only what she'll make 'em.

Boy. At Seven, Sir.

Beaug. Most infallibly.

Court. Ay, ay, 'tis so: Now what a damn'd Country-Itch have I, to dive into the Secret! *Beaugard*, *Beaugard*, are all things in a readiness? the Husband out of the way, the Family dispos'd of? Come, come, come, no trifling; be free-hearted and friendly.

Beaug. You are married, *Ned*, you are married; that's all I have to say: you are married.

Court. Let a Man do a foolish thing once in his Life-time, and he shall always hear of it.—Married, quoth 'a! Prethee be patient: I was married about a Twelvemonth ago, but that's past and forgotten. Come, come, communicate, communicate, if thou art a Friend, communicate.

Beaug. Not a Tittle. I have Conscience, *Ned*, Conscience; tho I must confess 'tis not altogether so Gentleman-like a Companion: But what a Scandal would it be upon a Man of my sober Demeanour and Character, to have the unmerciful Tongue of thy Legitimate Spouse roaring against me, for Debauching her Natural Husband!

Court. It has been otherwise, Sir.

Beaug. Ay, ay, the time has been, *Courtine*, when thou wert in possession of thy Natural Freedom, and mightest be trusted with a Secret of this dear nature; when I might have open'd this Billet, and shew'd thee this bewitching Name at the bottom: But wo and alas! O Matrimony, Matrimony! what a Blot art thou in an honest Fellows Scutcheon!

Court. No more to be said; I'll into the Country again, like any discontented Statesman, get drunk every Night with an adjacent Schoolmaster, beat my Wife to a downright Housekeeper, get all my Maid-servants every Year with Bastards, till I can command a *Seraglio* five Miles round my own Palace, and be beholden to no Man of Two thousand pound a year for a Whore, when I want one.

Beaug. Good words, *Ned*, good words, let me advise you; none of your Marriage-qualities of Scolding and Railing, now you are got out of the turbulent Element. Come hither, come; but first let us capitulate: Will you promise me, upon your Conjugal Credit, to be very governable, and very civil?

Court. As any made Spaniel, or hang me up for a Cur.

Beaug. Then this Note, this very Billet, *Ned*, comes from a Woman, who, when I was strowling very pensively last *Sunday* to Church, watch't her Opportunity, and poach'd me up for the Service of Satan.

Court.

Court. Is she very handsom, *Beaugard*?

Beaug. These Country Squires, when they get up to Town, are as ter-
magant after a Wench, as a ty'd-up hungry Cur, got loose from Kennel,
is after Crufts. Very handsom, said you? Let me see: No, not very
handsom neither; but she'll pass, *Ned*, she'll pass.

Court. Young?

Beaug. About Eighteen.

Court. Oh Lord!

Beaug. Her Complexion fair, with a glowing Blush always ready in her
Cheeks, that looks as Nature were watching every Opportunity to seize
and run away with her.

Court. Oh the Devil, the Devil! This is intolerable.

Beaug. Her Eyes black, sparkling, spritful, hot, and piercing.

Court. The very Description of her shoots me through my Liver.

Beaug. Her Hair of a delicate light Amber-brown, curling in huge
Rings, and of a great Quantity.

Court. So.

Beaug. Her Forehead large, Majestick, and generous.

Court. Very well.

Beaug. Her Nose neat, and well-fashioned.

Court. Good.

Beaug. With a delicious, little, pretty, smiling Mouth.

Court. Oh!

Beaug. Plump, red, blub Lips.

Court. Ah h——

Beaug. Teeth whiter than so many little Pearls; a bewitching Neck,
and tempting, rising, swelling Breasts.

Court. Ah h h h h——

Beaug. Then such a Proportion, such a Shape, such a Waste——

Court. Hold: Go no lower, if thou lov'st me.

Beaug. But, by your leave, Friend, I hope to go something lower, if she
loves me.

Court. But art thou certain, *Beaugard*, she is all this thou hast told me?
So fair, so tempting, so lovely, so bewitching?

Beaug. No; for, you must know, I never saw her Face in my Life: But
I love my own Pleasure so well, that I'll imagine all this, and ten times
more, if it be possible.

Court. Where lives she?

Beaug. That I know not neither; but my Orders are to meet her fairly
and squarely this Evening by Seven, at a certain Civil Persons Shop in the
Upper Walk, at the New Exchange, where she promises to be very good
natur'd, and let me know more of her Mind.

Court. I'll e'en go home, like a miserable Blockhead as I am, to my Lodg-
ing, and sleep.

Beaug. No, *Ned*: Thou knowest my good Chances have always been
luckie to thee: Who can tell but this Lady-errant that has feis'd upon my
Person, may have a stragling Companion, or so, not unworthy my Friend's.

Court. 'Tis impossible.

Beaug. Not at all; for, to deal heartily with thee in this Business, tho I never saw her Face, or know who she is, yet thus far I am satisfied, she is a Woman very witty, very well bred, of a pleasant Conversation, with a generous Disposition, and, what is better than all, if I am not extremely misinform'd, of Noble Quality, and damnably Rich. Such a one cannot want good, pretty, little, Under-sinners, *Ned*, that a Man may fool away an Hour or two withal very comfortably.

Court. Why then I'll be a Man again. Wife, avault, and come not near my Memory; Impotence attends the very Thoughts of thee. At Seven, you say, this Evening?

Beaug. Precisely.

Court. And shall I go along with thee, for a small Venture in this Love-Voyage?

Beaug. With all my Heart.

Court. But how shall we dispose of the burdensom Time, till the happy Minute smile upon us?

Beaug. With Love's best Friend, and our own honest old Acquaintance, edifying *Champagn*, *Ned*; and for good Company, tho it be a Rarity, I'll carry thee to dine with the best I can meet with, where we'll warm our Blood and Thoughts with generous Glasses, and free-hearted Converse, till we forget the World, and think of nothing but Immortal Beauties, and Eternal Loving.

Court. Then here I strike the League with thee: And now Methinks w're both upon the Wing together,
Bound for new Realms of Joy, and Lands of Pleasure;
Where Men were never yet enslav'd by Wiving,
But all their Cares are handsomly contriving
T'improve the Noble Arts of Perfect Living. }

End of the First Act.

THE SECOND ACT.

Courtine and Beaugard.

Court. **B**Ut was that thy Father?

Beaug. Yes, that civil, sober, old Gentleman, *Courtine*, is my Father: And, to tell thee the truth, as Wicked and as Poor as ever his Son was. I sent him a Cordial of a hundred *Guinea's* this Morning, which
he

he will be sure to lose all before to morrow Morning, and not have a Shilling to help himself.

Court. Methoughts, as I look'd into the Room, he ratled the Box with a great deal of Grace, and swore half a dozen Rappers very youthfully.

Beaug. Prithee no more on't, tis an irreverent Theme; and next to Atheism, I hate making merry with the Frailties of my Father.

Court. But then as to the Lady, *Beaugard.*

Beaug. 'Tis near the Hour appointed, and that's the Shop we meet at; the Mistress of it, *Courtine*, is a hearty Well-wisher to the Mathematicks, and her Influence, I hope, may have no ill Effect o're my Adventure.

Court. Methinks this Place looks as it were made for Loving: The Lights on each hand of the Walk look stately; and then the Rustling of Silk Petticoats, the Din and the Chatter of the pretty little party-colour'd Parrots, that hop and flutter from one side to t'other, puts every Sense upon its proper Office, and sets the Wheels of Nature finely moving.

Beaug. Would the Lady of my Motion would make haste, and be punctual; the Wheels of my Nature move so fast else, that the Weight will be down before she comes.

Woman. Gloves or Ribbands, Sir? Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Essences. Captain *Beaugard*, shall I sell you nothing to day?

Beaug. Truly, Mistress *Furnish*, I am come to lay out a Heart at your Shop this Evening, if my pretty Merchant-Adventurer don't fail to meet me here.

Wom. What she that spoil'd your Devotion o' Sunday last, Captain?

Beaug. Dost thou know her, my little *Furnish*?

Wom. There is a certain Lady in the World, Sir, that has done me the Honour to let me see her at my poor Shop sometimes.

Enter Porcia masqu'd, and stands behind Beaugard.

Beaug. And is she very lovely?

Wom. What think you, Sir?

Beaug. Faith, charitably enough.

Wom. I'll swear she is obliged to you.

Beaug. And I would very fain be obliged to her too, if 'twere possible. Will she be here to night?

Porcia. Yes marry will she, Captain.

Beaug. Are you there indeed, my little Picaroon? What, attaque a Man of War of my Burden in the Stern, Pirate!

Porcia. Lord, how like a Soldier you are pleas'd to express your self now! I warrant you, to carry on the Metaphor, you have forty more merry things to say to me upon this Occasion; as, plying your Chase-guns, laying your self athwart my Harser, boarding me upon the Forecastle, clapping all under Hatches, carrying of the Prize to the next Port of Security, and there rummaging and rifling her. Alas, poor Captain!

Court. Poor, Madam! He has Two thousand a year, and nothing but an old Father to provide for.

Porcia. Sir, is this fine, sober, brown-bearded Gentleman to be your Steward, he understands your Affairs so well already?

Beaug. The truth on't is, Madam, he does wait for an Office under me, and may in time, if he behave himself handsomly, come to Preferment.

Court. This I have got by my Beard already. If she should but know me now.

Beaug. Well, Madam, are your Commands ready? May I know the Task I am to undertake, before I lay claim to the Happiness of seeing that handfom, homely, fair, black, young, ancient, tempting or frightful Face, which you conceal so maliciously? For hang me, as I have deserved long ago, if I know what to make of this extraordinary Proceeding of yours.

Porcia. In the first place, Captain, this Face of mine, be it what it will, if you behave your self as you should do, shall never put you out of Countenance.

Beaug. In troth, and that's said kindly.

Porcia. For I am young, Captain.

Beaug. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Porcia. And, if the World speaks truth, not very ugly.

Beaug. So much the better still.

Porcia. Next, I'm no Hypocrite.

Beaug. Hah!

Porcia. But love my Pleasures, and will hold my Liberty.

Beaug. Noble.

Porcia. I am rich too.

Beaug. Better and better.

Porcia. But what's worst of all——

Beaug. Out with't.

Porcia. I doubt I am sillily in Love.

Court. With whom, dear Miracle?

Porcia. Not with a Married-man, sweet Monsieur Courtine.

Court. Confound her, but she knows me.—— Why, good Madam——

Beaug. Nay, Friend, no ruffling; keep your Articles, and keep your Distance.

Porcia. Have you then made your Escape, Sir, from your dear Wife, the Lady-Tyrant of your Enchanted Castle in the Country, to run a wandering after new Adventures here? Oh all the Windmills about London, beware!

Court. Ay, and the Watermills too, Madam. In the Devil's name, what will become of me!

Porcia. For the *Quixot* of the Country is abroad; Murder by his Side, Enterprises in his Head, and Horrour in his Face.

Court. Oh Lord!

Beaug. Do you know this Friend of mine then, Madam?

Porcia. I have heard of such a Hero, that was very famous about two years since, for selling himself to a Plantation, the Country, for Five thousand pound: Was not that the Price, Sir?

Court. Your Ladiship is pleas'd to be very free, Madam; that's all.

Porcia. So

Porcia. So were you at that time, Sir, or you had ne'er parted with your dear Liberty on such reasonable Terms surely. Bless us! Had you but lookt about you a little, what a Market might have been made of that tall, proper, promising Person of yours! that——

Court. Hell confound thee, heartily, heartily.

Porcia. That Face, which now, o're-grown with ruful Beard, looks as you had stole it from the Retinue of a *Russian* Embassie! Fough! I fancy all Fellows that are married smell of Train-oyl and Garlick.

Beaug. And yet, twenty to one, that is a stinking Condition you'll have a design to seduce some poor doating Monster or another into, one day.

Porcia. Never, by that Badge of Slavery, his Beard there.

Beaug. How that dear Protestation has charm'd me!

Court. O' my Conscience I my self could be half reconcil'd to her again too.

Porcia. In short, to give you one infallible Argument, that I never will marry, I have been married already, that is, sold: for being the Daughter of a very rich Merchant, who dying left me the onely Heiress of an immense Fortune, it was my ill luck to fall into the Hands of Guardians, that, to speak properly, were Raskals; for in a short time they conspired amongst themselves, and for base Bribes, betray'd, sold, and married me to a——Husband, that's all.

Beaug. In troth, and that's enough of all conscience: But where is this Husband?

Porcia. Heav'n be thanked, dead and buried, Captain.

Beaug. Amen, with all my Heart.

Court. A Widow, by my Manhood, a downright Bawdy Widow.

Porcia. What would your Cream-pot in the Country give for that Title, think you?

Court. Not more than I would, that thy Husband were alive agen, to revenge my Quarrel on thee.

Beaug. And what's to be done, thou dear One?

Porcia. Look upon me as a Lady in distress, Captain; and by the Honour of a Soldier consider on some way for my Deliverance.

Beaug. From what? Where is the Danger?

Porcia. Every way it threatens me: For into the very Hands my ill Fortune threw me before, has it betray'd me again, Friend.

Beaug. Hah!

Porcia. The Principal is an Uncle, old, jealous, tyrannical, and covetous.

Beaug. Hell confound him for it.

Porcia. My Fortune lying most in his Hands, obliged me upon my Widowhood to give up my self again there too, where he has secured and confin'd me with more Tyranny, than if I had been a Pris'ner for Murder; guards me Day and Night with ill-lookt Rogues, that wear long, broad, terrible Swords, and stand Centinel up and down the House with Musketons and Blunderbusses.

Court. So, here's like to be some Mischief going forward, that's one Comfort.

Porcia. Murder

Porcia. Murder and Marriage are the two dreadful things I seem to be threatned with: Now guess what pity it is that ever either of those Mischiefs should fall upon me.

Beaug. By the gallant Spirit that's in thee, I'll fairly be Gibbeted first.

Porcia. No need of that, Captain, neither: for, to shew you I deserve your Protection, I have had the Courage to break Gaol, run away, and make my Escape hither, purely to keep my Word with you. Deal like a Man of Honour by me; and when the Storm that will follow is a little blown over, here's a white Hand upon't, I'll not be ungrateful.

Beaug. And in token I believe thee, I'll kiss it most Religiously.

Court. Why the Devil did I marry? Madam, one word with you: Have you never a married Lady of your Acquaintance, that's as good-natur'd as you, and would fain be a Widow as you are, too.

Porcia. Why do you ask, Sir?

Court. Because I would cut her Husband's Throat, and make her one for my own proper use.

Porcia. I'll ask your own Lady, Sir, that Question next time I see her, if you please

Court. Why, dost thou know her then?

Porcia. Yes.

Court. Then I may chance shortly to have a fine time on't: I have made a pretty Evenings Work of this, Heav'ns be prais'd.

Enter two Men disguis'd.

1 *Man.* Run away lewdly! Damnation!

2 *Man.* Look!

1 *Man.* By Heav'n, it must be she.

2 *Man.* The Men are well Arm'd?

1 *Man.* No matter; we must carry her, or all's lost else.

2 *Man.* I'll not shrink from you.

1 *Man.* That's well said. Sir, if you please, a Word with you.

Beaug. With me, Sir?

1 *Man.* Yes.

Beaug. *Courtine*, be civil a little.

1 *Man.* Sir, it is my Misfortune to be concerned for the Honour of a Lady that has not been altogether so careful of it her self as she ought to have been.

Beaug. I am sorry for't, Sir.

1 *Man.* You being a Gentleman whose Character I have had an advantageous Account of, I would make it my Petition to you, if she be of your Acquaintance, not to engage your self in any thing that may give me occasion to be your Enemy.

Beaug. Sir, I should be highly glad of any brave Man's Friendship, and should be troubled if I appear concern'd in any thing that may hazard the loss of yours.

1 *Man.* That Lady, Sir, you talkt withal's—

Beaug. My

Beaug. My Mistress, Sir.

1 Man. Mistress!

Beaug. Yes, Mistress, Sir: I love her, doat on her, am damnably in love with her; she is under my Protection too, and when ever there's occasion, as far as this sinful Body of mine will bear me out in it, I'll defend her.

1 Man. Do you know her?

Beaug. Not so well as I would do, Sir.

1 Man. What's her Name?

Beaug. A Secret.

1 Man. She must along with me, Sir.

Beaug. No, that must not be, Sir.

2 Man. This Lady, Sir——

Court. You lie, Sir——Hah!——Beaugard! [Draw, and fight. Porcia runs

Beaug. Stand fast, Ned.

away squeaking. Courtine disarms his Adversary, and comes up to Beaugard.

Court. Hold thy dead-doing Hand,
Thou Son of Slaughter.

1 Man. Sir, there may come a time——

Beaug. When you'll learn Manners.

1 Man. And teach 'em you too.

Court. We are well known.

1 Man. And shall not be forgotten.

Come, Friend.

[Exeunt two Men.

Beaug. Confound 'em! This must be a Brother, a Kinsman, or a Rival, he ply'd me so warmly.

Court. 'Tis a hard case, that a Man cannot hold Civil Correspondence with a good-natur'd Female, but presently some hot-headed Fellow of the Family or other runs horn-mad with Jealousie, and fancies his Blood smarts as often as the Womans itches.

Beaug. This Heroick Person's Sister, Kinswoman, his Mistress, or whatever she be, is like to get much Reputation by his Hectoring and Quarrelling for her; and he as much Honour, by being beaten for her.

Court. Nay, when Cuckolds or Brothers fight for the Reputation of a back-sliding Wife or Sister, it is a very pretty Undertaking, doubtless. As for example; I am a Cuckold now.

Beaug. All in good time, Ned; do not be too hasty.

Court. And being much troubled in Spirit, meeting with the Spark that has done me the Honour, with a great deal of respect I make my Address,--- as thus,——Most Noble Sir, you have done me the Favour to lie with my Wife.

Beaug. Very well.

Court. All I beg of you, is, that you would do your best endeavour to run me through the Guts to morrow morning, and it will be the greatest Satisfaction in the World.

Beaug. Which the good-natur'd Whoremaster does very decently; so down falls the Cuckold at Barn-clms, and rises again next-day at Holborn in a Ballad. But all this while, what is become of the Widow, Ned?

Court. Faith she has e'en done very wisely, I think; as soon as she had set us together by the Ears, she very fairly ran for't.

Beaug. Ah

Beaug. A very noble Account of our first Evenings Enterprife! But a Pox on't, take Courage; and since we have lost this Quarry, let us e'en beat about a little, and see what other Game we can meet with.

Enter Lucrece Masqu'd.

Lucr. Sir, Sir! Captain!

Court. With you again, *Beaugard.* Agare ho!

Beaug. With me, my Mistress?

Lucr. Yes, with you, my Master.

Court. I wonder when, o' the Devil's name, it will come to my turn.

Lucr. Being a particular Friend of yours, Captain, I am come to tell you, the World begins to talk very scandalously of you, Captain.

Beaug. Look thee, Sweetheart, the World's an Afs, and Common Fame a Common Strumpet: so long as such pretty good-natur'd Creatures as thou seemest to be, think but well of me, let the World be hang'd, as it was once drown'd, if it will.

Lucr. I must let you know too, Captain, that your Love-Intrigues are not so closely managed, but that they will shortly grow the Subject of all the Satyr and Contempt in Town: Your holding Conversation with a draggle-tail'd Masque, in the Church-Cloysters, on *Sunday*; your meeting with the very Scandal here again, this Evening; suffering your self to be impos'd upon, and Jilted by her; and at last running the hazard of a damnable Beating, by a couple of plausible Hectors, that made you believe your Mistress had Honour enough to be concern'd for.

Beaug. Really, my little Wolf in a Sheeps Fleece, this sounds like very good Doctrine; but what Use must I make of it, Child?

Lucr. Methinks, Captain, that should not be so hard to find out; my setting upon you in a Masque my self, and railing at the last Woman that did so before me, might easily inform you, I have a certain Design of trying whose Heart's hardest, yours or mine.

Court. Then, my little Mischief, you should not enter the Lists upon unequal Terms, with that Black Armour upon your Face, that makes you look as dreadfully as the Black Knight in a Romance.

Lucr. Good Captain, what's that sober Gentleman's name? For certainly I have seen him before now.

Beaug. His name in the Flesh, my pretty one, is *Courtine*; a very honest Fellow, good-natur'd, and wicked enough for thy purpose of all conscience.

Lucr. *Courtine*! Bless us for ever! What, the Man that's married!

Court. The Man that's married! Yes, the Man that's married. 'Sdeath, though I be weary on't, I am not asham'd of my Condition. Why the Devil didst thou tell her my name? I shall never thrive with any Woman that knows me. The Man that's married! 'Zounes, I am as scandalous as the Man that's to be hang'd.

Lucr. But you'll ne'er be thought so handsome. To make few words with you, Sir, I am one that mean you fairer play than such an inconstant, fickle, false-hearted Wanderer as you deserve.

Beaug. Then

Beaug. Then why dost thou conceal thy self? Those whose Designs are fair and noble, scorn to hide their Faces: Therefore give me leave to tell thee, Lady, if thou think'st to make use of me only to create some Jealousie in another Woman, I am no Instrument to be that way manag'd; no, I am constant, I——but if thou lov'st me——

Lucy. Have you any more Doubts that trouble you?

Beaug. None, by this sweet Body of thine.

Lucy. Know then, Sir, it has been my Misfortune to watch you, haunt you, and dog you these six Months; being, to my eternal torment, jealous of that ravenous Kite your Widow, your Widow, Captain: nay, since I have confest my Weakness, know from this hour I'll defeat all her Ambushes, all the false Baits she lays to ensnare your Heart, till I obtain the Victory of it my self, much more my due, in that I'm not beneath her in Beauty, Birth, or Fortune, or indeed any thing but her years, Captain; therefore if you have that Merit the World reports of you, make the best use of this present Advice; and so farewell, till you hear from me further.

[Exit Lucrece.

Beaug. Now may I do by my Mistresses as the Boys do by their Farthings, hustle 'em in a Hat together, and go to Heads or Tails for 'em.—Hah! Let me never see day again, if yonder be not coming towards us the very Rascal I told thee of this Morning, our *faux* Atheist; now will I shew thee as notable a Spirit as ever past upon the ignorant World for a fine Person, and a Philosopher.

[Enter Daredevil.

What, *Daredevil*, a good Evening to thee: Why, where hast thou been, old Blasphemy, these Forty Hours? I shall never be converted from Christianity, if thou dost not mind thy Bus'ness better.

Dared. Been, quoth a! I have been where I have half lost my honest Senses, Man: Would any body that knows me, believe it? Let me be buried alive, if the Rogues of the Parish I live in have not Indicted me for a Papist.

Beaug. The Devil! a Papist!

Dared. Pox on 'em, a Papist! When the impudent Villains know, as well as I do, that I have no Religion at all.

Court. No Religion, Sir? Are you of no Religion?

Dared. Is he an honest Fellow, *Beaugard*?

Beaug. Oh, a very honest Fellow; thou mayst trust him with thy Damnation, I'll warrant thee: Answer him, answer him.

Dared. I never go to Church, Sir.

Court. But what Religion are you of?

Dared. Of the Religion of the *Inner-Temple*, the Common-Law Religion; I believe in the Law, trust in the Law, enjoy what I have by the Law: For if such a Religious Gentleman as you are get Fifty pounds into my Debt, I may go to Church and pray till my Heart akes, but the Law must make you pay me at last.

Court. 'Tis certainly the fear of Hell, and hopes of Happiness, that makes People live in Honesty, Peace, and Union one towards another.

Dared. Fear of Hell! Heark thee, *Beaugard*; this Companion of thine,

as I apprehend, is but a sort of a shallow Monster. Fear of Hell ! No, Sir, 'tis fear of Hanging. Who would not steal, or do murder, every time his Fingers itch't at it, were it not for fear of the Gallows ? Do not you, with all your Religion, swear almost as often as you speak ? break and prophane the Sabbath ? lie with your Neighbours Wives ? and covet their Estates, if they be better than your own ? Yet those things are forbid by Religion, as well as Stealing and Cutting of Throats are. No, had every Commandment but a Gibbet belonging to it, I should not have had Four Kings Evidences to day swore impudently I was a Papist, when I was never at Mass yet since I was born, nor indeed at any other Worship these Twenty years.

Court. Why then, Sir, between Man and Man, you are really of no Religion ?

Dared. May be I am, Sir ; may be I am not, Sir : When you come to know me better, twenty to one but you'll be better satisfied.

Court. Does your Honour think there may be a Devil ?

Dared. I never saw him, Sir.

Court. Have you a mind to see him ?

Dared. I'd go Fifty miles barefoot to see but a Fiend that belong'd to his Family.

Beaug. That's a damn'd Lie, to my Knowledge : For I saw the Rogue so scar'd, that his Hair stood upright, but at the sight of a poor Black Water-Spaniel, that met him in the dark once.

Court. What think you of Conscience ?

Dared. I do not think of it at all, Sir ; it never troubles me.

Court. Did you ever do a Murder ?

Dared. I won't tell you.

Court. Thou art the honestest Fellow for it ; I love a friendly Rogue, that can keep such a Secret at my Heart.

Dared. Do you ?

Court. Ay.

Beaug. So, that's well said ; now we'll to work with him presently. Dost thou hear, *Daredevil*, this honest Friend of mine is something troubled in Spirit, and wants a little of thy Ghostly Advice in a Point of Difficulty.

Dared. Well, and what is't ? I shall be civil, and do him all the good I can.

Beaug. In few words, he's married ; plagu'd, troubled, and Hag-ridden by the eternally-tormenting Witchcraft of a vexatious, jealous Familiar, call'd a Wife.

Dared. A Wife ! That ever any Fellow that has but two Grains of Brains in his Scull, should give himself the trouble to complain of a Wife, so long as there is Arsenick in the World !

Beaug. Nay, it is a meer shame, a scandalous shame, when it is so cheap too.

Court. Would you have me poison her ?

Dared. Poison her ! Ay, what would you with her else, if you are weary of her ?

Court. But

Court. But if I should be call'd to a terrible account for such a thing hereafter!

Dared. Hereafter! — Cross my Hand with a piece of Silver, — that is to say, — give me Three pence, — Three pence, my Dearest —

Court. Well, and what then?

Dared. Why, for that considerable Sum I'll be security for thee, and bear thee harmless for Hereafter; that's all.

Beaug. Faith, and cheap enough of all Conscience.

Court. This is the honestest Acquaintance I ever met withal, *Beaugard.*

Beaug. Oh, a very honest Fellow, very honest.

Court. Prethee then, *Daredevil*, if that be thy Title, since we have so happily met this Evening, let us grow more intimate, and eat and drink together.

Dared. Faith and troth, with all my Heart: Pox on me, Boy, but I love Drinking mightily; and to tell ye the truth on't, I am never so well satisfied in my out-of-the-way Principles, as when I am drunk, very drunk. Drunkenness is a great Quietter of the Mind, a great Soother of the Spirit.

Beaug. And shall we be very free, my little Atheistical disbelieving Dog? Wilt thou open thy Heart, and speak very frankly of Matters that shall be nameless?

Dared. Much may be done; I seldom hide my Talent, I am no Niggard of my Parts that way.

Beaug. To tell thee a Secret, then, *Daredevil*, we two are this Night, for some weighty Considerations, to give a Treat to the People of the *Duke's Theatre*, after the Play's done, upon their Stage; we are to have the Musick too, and the Ladies, 'tis hoped, will not deny us the Favour of their fair Company. Now, my dear Iniquity, shall we not, thinkest thou, if we give our Minds to it, pass an Evening pleasantly enough?

Dared. Rot me, with all my Heart: I love the Project of Treating upon the Stage extremely too. But will there, will there be none of the Poets there? Some of the Poets are pretty Fellows, very pretty Fellows; they are most of 'em my Disciples in their Hearts, and now and then stand up for the Truth manfully.

Beaug. Much may happen: But in the next place, after Supper we have resolv'd to storm a certain Enchanted Castle, where I apprehend a fair Lady newly enter'd into League with an honest Friend of thine, call'd my self, is kept a Pris'ner, by an old, ill-natur'd, snarling Dog in a Manger, her Guardian. Thou wilt make one at it, wilt thou not, my little *Daredevil*?

Dared. Dam' me, we'll burn the House.

Court. Dam' me, Sir? Do you know what you say? You believe no such thing.

Dared. Words of course, Child, meer Words of course: We use a hundred of 'em in Conversation, which are indeed but in the nature of Expletives, and signifie nothing: as, *Dam' me, Sir; Rot me, Sir; Confound me, Sir;* which purport no more than *So, Sir; And, Sir; or Then, Sir,* at

the worst : For my part, I always speak what I think ; no Man can help thinking what he does think : So if I speak not well, the fault's not mine.

Beaug. Distinguish't like a Learned School-Divine.

Court. When meet we at the Play-house then ?

Dared. Before the Clock strike Nine.

Beaug. Where we'll have Musick, Women, Mirth.

Dared. And very much good Wine.

End of the Second Act.

THE THIRD ACT.

Beaugard, Courtine, and Daredevil.

Beaug. **I**S not this Living now ? Who that knew the Sweets of Liberty, the uncontroll'd Delights the Free-man tastes of, Lord of his own Hours, King of his own Pleasures, just as Nature meant him first ; Courted each Minute by all his Appetites, Which he indulges, like a bounteous Master, That's still supply'd with various full Enjoyments ; And no intruding Cares make one Thought bitter.

Dared. Very well this ; this is all but very well.

Court. Nay, not one Rub, to interrupt the Course Of a long, rolling, gay, and wanton Life.

Methinks the Image of it is like a Laune

In a rich flow'ry Vale, its Measure long,

Beauteous its Prospect, and at the End

A shady peaceful Glade ; where, when the pleasant Race is over, We glide away, and are at rest for ever.

Beaug. Who, that knew this, would let himself be a Slave To the vile Customs that the World's debauch't in ?

Who'd interrupt his needful Hours of Rest, to rise and yawn in a Shop upon *Cornhill* ? Or, what's as bad, make a sneaking Figure in a Great Man's Chamber, at his Rising in a Morning ? Who would play the Rogue, Cheat, Lie, Flatter, Bribe, or Pimp, to raise an Estate for a Blockhead of his own begetting, as he thinks, that shall waste it as scandalously as his Father got it ? Or who, *Courtine*, would marry, to beget such a Blockhead ?

Court. No body but such a Blockhead as my self, *Beaugard*, that's certain ; but I will, if possible atone for that Sin of mine in the future Course of my Life, and grow as zealous a Libertine as thou wouldst wish thy Friend to be.

Dared. These

Dared. These are Rogues that pretend to be a Religion now! Well, all that I say is, Honest Atheism for my Money.

Beaug. No, grant me while I live the easie Being I am at present posselt of; a kind, fair Shee, to cool my Blood, and pamper my Imagination withal; an honest Friend or two, like thee, *Courtine*, that I dare trust my Thoughts to; generous Wine, Health, Liberty, and no Dishonour; and when I ask more of Fortune, let her e'en make a Beggar of me. What sayst thou to this, *Daredevil*? Is not this coming as near thy Doctrine as a young Sinner can conveniently?

Dared. Nay, I have very great Hopes of you, that's my Comfort.

Court. But why did we part with the Women so soon?

Beaug. Oh, *Courtine*, Reputation, Reputation! I am a young Spark, and must stand upon my Credit, Friend; the Rogues that cheat all the Week, and go to Church in clean Bands o' Sunday, will advance no necessary Sums upon my Revenues else, when there may be an Occasion: Besides, I have a Father in Town, a grave, sober, serious old Gentleman, call'd a Father.

Dared. One that will Drink, Rant, Whore, and Game, and is as full of Religion as his Worshipful Son here.

Beaug. Hah! ———

[Enter Father.

Fath. Very well, very noble, truly, Son! This is the Care you are pleas'd to take of my Family! Sit up all Night, Drink, Whore, spend your Estate, and give your Soul to the Devil! A very fine—Hickup----- This *Aquamirabilis* and the Old Hock does not agree with my Stomach.

Beaug. *Daredevil*, stick to me now, and help me out at a dead lift, or I am lost for ever.— Sir, I hope my being here, has not done you, nor any Friend of yours, an Injury.

Fath. Injury! No, Sir, 'tis no Injury for you to take your swill in Plenty and Voluptuousness—Hickup—while your poor Father, Sirrah, must be contented to drink paltry Sack, with dry-bon'd, old, batter'd Rogues, and be thankful. You must have your fine, jolly, young Fellows, and bonny, buxom, brawny-bum'd Whores, you Dog, to revel with, and be hang'd to you, must you? Sirrah, you Rogue, I ha' lost all my Money.

Beaug. I am sorry for it, Sir.

Fath. Sorry for it, Sir! —Hickup—Is that all?

Dared. If thou art very poor, old Fellow, take a swinging Dose of *Opi-um*, and sleep upon't; 'tis the best thing in the World for old Gentlemen that have no Money. Or wilt thou be good Company? wilt thou sit down and crack a Bottle, old Boy? Hah?

Fath. Heh! crack a Bottle!

Dared. Ay, crack a Bottle: What sayst thou to that comfortable Proposition?

Court. Come, Sir, here's your good Health, and to your better Fortune.

Fath. A very honest Fellow, *Jack*: These are very honest Fellows. What is your name, Friend?

Dared. My name is *Daredevil*, Friend; of the ancient Family of the *Daredevils* in the North, that have not had a Church in their Parish, Chaplain in their House, Prayers Publick or Private, or Graces at Meals, since the Conquest.

Fath. Sir,

Fath. Sir, I have heard much of your Family; it is a very ancient Honourable Family: and I am glad to find my Son has made choice of such Noble Acquaintance. — Sir, my Service to you. — I protest, a Cup of pretty Clarret, very pretty Clarret.

Court. And he has top't it off as prettily, I'll say that for him.

Fath. Jack, I ha' lost all my Money, Jack.

Beaug. Have you been robb'd, Sir?

Fath. Robb'd, Sir! No, Mr. Saucy-face, I ha' not been robb'd, Sir: but I ha' been nickt, Sir, and that's as bad, Sir. You are a worthy Person, and I'll make you my Judge.

Dared. Come along then.

Fath. The Main was Seven, and the Chance Four; I had just Thirty pound upon it, and my last Stake: The Caster threw, nothing came of it; I chang'd his Dice; he threw again, to as little purpose as before.

Dared. Very strange, truly.

Fath. I chang'd his Dice again, he threw again: So he threw, and I chang'd; and I chang'd, and he threw, for at least half an Hour; till at last — Do you mark me? — the Dice powd'ring out of the Box —

Dared. That's plain.

Fath. One of 'em trips against the Foot of a Candlestick, and up comes two Deuces, two Deuces, Sir, do you hear? And so I lost my Money. No, Sir, I was not robb'd, Sir; but I lost it upon two Deuces: and that was so hard Fortune, that I'll hold you, or any Man living, Fifty pound to Ten, that he does not throw two Deuces before Seven again.

Dared. Two Deuces afore Seven! Two Deuces are not to be thrown, Sir, not to be thrown.

Beaug. I am glad to hear you are so rich, Sir.

Fath. Rich, quoth 'a! Prethee be quiet, I am not worth a Shilling, Man. But, Sir, here you are a Lord at large, enjoy your Drink and your Drabs, sit up all Night in the fulness of Iniquity, with worthy Esquire *Daredevil* of the North here, with a Pox to you; whilst I must be kept without a Shilling in my Pocket. — But, Sir, —

Beaug. Sir, I sent you a Hundred pound yesterday Morning.

Fath. Well, Sirrah, and I have had ill Luck, and lost it all: What then?

Beaug. Sir, to avoid Dispute, shall I make one Proposition to you?

Fath. Heh! With all my Heart. Look you, *Jackie-boy*, I am not against thy taking thy moderate Diversions, so long as I see thou keepest good Company, neither. But — sneak what Ready-money thou hast in to my Hand, and send me the rest of t'other Hundred to my Lodging.

Beaug. Do you think it reasonable, that as often as two Deuces are thrown before Seven, I must advance a Hundred pound to make the Devil's Bones rattle, Sir?

Fath. Sirrah, you are a Rebel; and I could find in my Heart to cut your Throat. Sir, have you e'er a Father?

Dared. No, Sir.

Fath. No, Sir?

Dared. No, Sir; I broke his Heart long ago, before I came to be at years of Discretion: I hate all Fathers, and always did.

Fath. Oh

Fath. Oh Lord! Heark you, Sir, What's that Fellow's Profession?

Court. Oh, an Atheist, Sir; he believes neither God nor the Devil.

Fath. 'Sbud, I'll brustle up to him: Are you an Atheist, Fellow? hoh?

Dared. Ycs, Sir, I am an Atheist.

Fath. And what think you will become of you when you die? hoh?

Dared. I shall be buried six Foot under Ground, to prevent stinking, and there grow rotten.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Dared. If I chance to be hang'd, being a lusty Sinewy Fellow, the Corporation of *Barber-Chirurgeons*, may be, beg me for an Anatomy, to set up in their Hall. I don't take much care of my self while I am living; and when I am dead, whatever happens to me will never trouble me.

Fath. No more to be said; my Son's in a very hopeful way to be damn'd, that's one Comfort. Impudent Rogue! You keep Company with the Devil's Resident! You converse with Foreign Ministers, and deny your Father a little dirty Money! Fogh, Poltroon!

Beaug. This is very hard, Sir: But if Ten *Guinea's* will do you any Service——

Fath. Ten *Guinea's*? Let me see; Ten *Guinea's* are a pretty little piddling Sum, that's the truth on't: But what will it do, *Jackie-boy*? Serve, may be, to play at Tick-tack in an Afternoon, three Hits up for a Piece, or so; but when will that recover my Hundred agen? Ten *Guinea's*! Pox o' thy Ten *Guinea's*.——Well, let me see the Ten *Guinea's* though,——let me see 'em a little.——*Jackie-boy*, *Jackie*, *Jack*,——You ha' drunk damnable hard to night, you rogue; you are a drunken Dog, I believe——Han't you had a Whore too, *Jackie*?——e c c——You'll get the Pox, Sirrah, and then——But if thou dost, I know a very able Fellow, an old Acquaintance of mine——Ten *Guinea's*, *Jackie*!

Beaug. There they are, Sir; and long may they last you.

Fath. Make 'em Twenty, *Jackie* rogue;——you Plump-cheekt, Merry-eyed Rogue, make 'em Twenty,——Make 'em Fifteen then,——*Jackie-boy*, *Jackie*, *Jack*,——Do faith.

Beaug. Upon my Duty, you have stript me, Sir:

Fath. Then do you hear, Friend, you Atheist, that are so free of your Soul? let us see if you dare venture a litte of your Money now——Come.

[*Draws out a Box and Dice.*]

Seven's the Main: I'll hold you Ten pounds to Two, two Deuces does not come before Seven.

Beaug. At him, *Daredevil*; Beggar him once more, and then we shall be rid of him.

Dared. Done, Sir, done; down with your Money.

Fath. Here, you Blasphemous Dog.——Dost thou love Hazard?

Dared. Dearly, from the bottom of my Heart, Sir.

Fath. I love thee the better for't: Come along.——Seven.——

Dared. Right.

Fath. Seven.

[*Throws two Deuces.*]

Dared. Two Deuces!——You ha' lost, Sir.

Fath. Dam!

Fath. Dam' me, Sir, lay your Hand upon my Money!

Dared. Dam' me, Sir, 'tis my Money; I won it fairly.

Beaug. Now, *Courtine*, now——

Court. Now look to't, Atheist.

Fath. Son of a Whore, you lie. Thus to my Hat I sweep the yellow Scoundrels, and draw my Sword in witness th'are my own.

Dared. Nay then I'll——

Court. Hold, Sirs, no drawing Swords, no Quarrelling.

Dared. I am glad on't, with all my Heart; for though I am not much afraid of the Devil, I hate a drawn Sword mortally.

Beaug. Good Sir——

Fath. Stand off.——Dogs, Atheists win my Money!——Rascal,——
Good morrow.

Beaug. Till next time two Deuces come before Seven, and then I am sure to see or hear from you again infallibly.

Court. How dost thou intend to dispose of this wild, extravagant, old Father of thine, *Beaugard*?

Beaug. I hope to find him run so far in Debt within this Fortnight, that to avoid the Calamity, he shall be forced to compound with me for his Freedom, and be contented with a comfortable Annuity in the Country; that's all my hopes of him.

Court. Which he'll sell in one Quarter of a Year, and return to old London again, for t'other Game at Hazard.

Beaug. No, like a wise Guardian, I'll take care of the contrary, lay it too far out of his reach, and tie it too fast for him. Why how now, *Daredevil*? What in the dumps? 'Tis an unruly old Gentleman, but yet he has some Religion in him, *Daredevil*.

Dared. Yes, Pox on him, to cheat me of my Money. 'Tis well he was your Father, Sir.

Court. Why?

Dared. Had he been my own, by these Hilts I would have saw'd his old Windpipe asunder upon the Spot. Rob me of my Right!

Court. Does he love Fighting so well then? I thought most of your Atheists had not much car'd for that impertinent Exercise.

Dared. 'Tis a little impertinent, that I'll grant you, for honest Fellows to fall out, squabble, and cut one anothers Throats, to spoil good Company: But when my Honour's injur'd——

Beaug. Then, I know, thou art implacable. But for a foolish trifling Sum of Money——

Dared. Trash, trash, Dunghil, and Filthiness! I give it away to my Wenches and my Servants; we part with it to every Body, upon all Occasions. He that values Money, deserves never to have the Benefit of it.

Beaug. A very noble Fragment of Philosophy. But, *Courtine*, the Morning is new risen again, and I have receiv'd Intelligence this Night, by a certain Minister I keep for such Offices, where my poor distressed Widow is held in Durance: If thou thinkest there may be any Hopes for thee upon the Coast I am bound for, let us *embarque* together, and good Luck attend us.

Court. No,

Court. No, I have other Projects o' foot: Marriage has crackt my Credit so, that no body that knows my Condition cares to deal with me: Therefore I am resolv'd to set out for New Discoveries, and try how I can thrive where my Name's a Stranger.

Beaug. What, this Morning!

Court. This very Morning: Fortified with *Burdeaux*, as I am, will I issue forth; and let all stragling Wives, Widows, and Virgins have a care of their Cargo's.

Beaug. Nobly resolv'd, and good Fortune guide thee. Thou, *Daredevil*, wilt not part with me; thou art more a Friend than to leave thy Disciple, when there is good substantial Sinning like to go forward. May be we may do a Murder before we part; something that is very wicked we'll not fail of.

Dared. With all my Heart; let us fire a House or two, poison a Constable and all his Watch, ravish six Cinder-women, and kill a Beadle.

Beaug. Shall we do all this?

Dared. Do't! I'll do't my self.

Beaug. Thou art the very Spirit of Iniquity.

[*Enter Footman.*

Footm. Sir, Captain *Beaugard*.

Beaug. With me, Friend?

Footm. Sir, there is a Masqu'd Lady, in a Chair, at the Corner of the Street, desires a Word with you instantly.

Beaug. Tell her, I'm her Vassal, and will wait on her this Moment.
Courtine, good morrow.

Court. Gone, already?

Beaug. Trading comes in, Friend, and I must mind my Calling, that's all. *Allons, Daredevil.*

Dared. Friend, farewell to thee; if either of us are run through the Lungs, or shot in the Head, before we meet again, let us hear from one another out of the Lower World, how matters go there, and what Entertainment they give us.

Court. You shall find me a very civil Correspondent, Sir.

Dared. Farewell.

Court. The same good Wish to you, Sir. Now will I out into the middle of the Street, play at Blind-mans-buff by my self, turn three times round, and catch who I can.

Scene changes to the Street. Enter Beaugard and Daredevil.

Beaug. This should be the Place, and yet I see no Chair.

Dared. Then let us fall to Mischief.

Beaug. Prethee a little Patience, tho it be a Vertue, dear Temptation.

Enter another Footman.

Footm. Sir, is your name Captain *Beaugard*?

Beaug. Yes, my dear *Mercury*, I am the happy Man.

E

Footm. Then

Footm. Then, Sir, this Letter is for you.

Beaug. Stay till I read it, Friend.

Footm. Sir, it requires no Answer.

Beaug. What Jilts Trick now! — *Sir*, — to meet us with your Swords in your Hands this Morning, behind the Corner House of — By my Stars, a Challenge from the termagant Sparks that fell upon us last Night. Why, what a deal of Love and Honour have I upon my Hands now? *Daredevil*, thou canst fight?

Dared. Why, is there any occasion?

Beaug. Only a Challenge, *Daredevil*, that's all: See, there's a Breakfast for thee, if thou hast any Stomach to't.

Dared. Idle Rogues, Rascals, Hectors! Never mind 'em; hang 'em, these are some hungry Varlets that want Dinners; let us break the next Windows, and never think on't.

Enter six Ruffians.

1 *Ruff.* These are our Quarry; be sure we seize 'em both. Is the Coach ready?

2 *Ruff.* At the next Corner.

1 *Ruff.* Fall on then. Sir, you are our Prisoner.

Beaug. Villains! Rogues! Thieves! Murder! Thieves! Rascals, you'll not murder me?

1 *Ruff.* Nay, Sir, no noise, no struggling, as you tender your Safety.

Beaug. *Daredevil*, Dog, Coward, draw thy Sword and rescue me.

Dared. I am terrified, amaz'd; some Judgment for my Sins is fallen upon me; alas, I am in Bonds too! Have mercy on my Soul, and don't slay me, Gentlemen.

Beaug. Damnation! Blinded! Rascals, Villains, Ruffians! Murder!

Dared. Oh *Daredevil*, *Daredevil*, what will become of thee!

Enter Theodore and Gratian.

Theod. This Generosity makes good thy Character,
That thou art the bravest Man, and truest Friend.
How shall I deserve this from thee?

Grat. I should be unjust, both to my self, and the dear Mem'ry of thy Noble Brother, whose Friendship was so dear to me, should my true Sword be idle in thy Cause. Besides, the Love which I profess to *Porcia*, tells me a Rival must not tamely carry her.

Theod. She is thy Right: My dying Brother, her soon-forgotten Husband,
But thy remember'd Friend, with his last Breath thus told me;
I have a Friend, *Gratian*, the Man my Heart
Has cherish'd most; we from our Youth were Rivals
For my dear *Porcia*: tell him, if I die,
I left her to him, as the dearest Legacy
I could bequeath: Bid him be tender of her.

For she'll deserve it from him.——Would she did.

Grat. Heav'n knows, it is my Curse, spite of her Scorn, to love her even to Madneſs; nor ſhall this Man of War, this *French*-bred Hero, win her with nothing but his Cap and Feather: I wonder he's not come yet.

Theod. I have heard the Man is Gallant; but in honeſty,
As thou art my Friend, I wiſh thou wouldſt hear good Counſel.

Grat. Thine muſt be Noble.

Theod. I'd have thee think no more of this proud Woman.

Grat. I wiſh 'twere poſſible.

Theod. Their Sex is one groſs Cheat; their only Study
How to deceive, betray, and ruine Man:
They have it by Tradition from their Mothers,
Which they improve each day, and grow more exquisite.
Their Painting, Patching, all their Chamber-arts,
And Publick Affectations, are but Tricks
To draw fond Men into that Snare, their Love.

Grat. Would this could cure mine.

Theod. When w'are caught faſt, 'tis then they ſhew their Natures,
Grow haughty, proud, to vex the Wretch th'ave conquer'd;
Tho the ſame Hour they glance abroad for new ones.
Let but a Woman know y'are once her Slave,
Give her once Teſtimony that you love her,
She'll always be thy Torment, Jilt, deſign,
And practice Ends upon thy honeſt Nature,
So ſtrong is their Antipathy to Truth.

Grat. But let a Fool——

Theod. Oh give 'em but a Fool,
A ſenſeleſs, noiſie, gay, bold, briffling Blockhead,
A Rascal with a Feather, and Cravat-string,
No Brains in's Head; a vain, pert, empty Rogue,
That can prune, dance, liſp, or lie very much,
Th'are loſt for ever: They'll give all they have
To Fools, or for 'em.——

Grat. But, my Friend, this granted,
Grant *Porcia* this, and more, as ſhe's the Relict
Of thy dear Brother, and my valu'd Friend,
The Injury ſhe brings upon thy Honour
Muſt not be ſlighted; and that's my Cauſe now.

Theod. There thou o'recom'ſt me: Still our Men of Mettle
Delay their Time; the Day grows late; let's walk
Down by yon' Wall; may be they have miſt the Place:
Beſides, I fancy Company is coming this way, and we may be prevented.
Methinks I would not loſe ſo fine a Morning, and do nothing.

Grat. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sylvia and Lucrece.

Sylv. Oh *Lucrece*, 'twas the Pangs of Jealousie, curst Jealousie, that brought me hither.

Lucr. Where lodg'd you then last Night?

Sylv. Here, in this House, my Cousin *Porcia's* House: I met her late last Night, just as I alighted, harraist with my Journey, and the Cause of it: Had she not took pity of me, Heav'n knows how my Perplexities would have disposed me!

Lucr. What, in this House?

Sylv. Here, in this very House.

Lucr. I'm glad I know it; I'll take such care, it shall not be long a Secret.

Sylv. The Garden opening thus upon the Fields, invited me to take the Morning-air here; for Sleep's a Guest that stays but little with me. Why sighest thou, *Lucrece*?

Lucr. I'm thinking why my Cousin *Porcia* should chuse this Residence.

Sylv. 'Tis for a Lover, *Lucrece*; *Beaugard* courts her, a Friend and lewd Companion of my false Husband's.

Lucr. I know him but too well.

Sylv. Why, dost thou love him?

Lucr. So much, that I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in peace, for the tormenting Thoughts of him.

Sylv. By Heav'n's, I pity thee. Oh have a care of Marriage, *Lucrece*, Marriage; 'twill be thy Bane, and ruine thee for ever. Marriage spoils Faces; How I look with Marriage!

Lucr. I see no change.

Sylv. No change! I have not slept six Nights in peace since the curst Day I wedded.

Lucr. Will then a Husband spoil ones Sleep so sadly?

Sylv. A Husband's, *Lucrece*, like his Wedding-Clothes, Worn gay a Week, but then he throws 'em off, And with 'em too the Lover: Then his Days Grow gay abroad, and his Nights dull at home: He lies whole Months by thy poor longing Side Heavy and useles, comes faint and loth to Bed, Turns him about, grunts, snores: and that's a Husband.

Lucr. Is *Courtine* such a one?

Sylv. 'Tis pain to tell thee the Life I lead with him. He's colder to me, than Adamant to Fire; but let him loose amongst my Kitchen-Furniture, my Maids, never was seen so termagant a Towzer: He loves a nasty, foul-fed, fulsom Drab, and scorns the tender Joys my Arms invite him to. To be despis'd at that rate, so dishonour'd, makes me even curse the Chance that made me Woman: Would I had been any Creature else.—See yonder, yonder he comes: Thy Masque, thy Masque, dear *Lucrece*.

Lucr. Fare—

Lucr. Farewel; I'll away, and leave ye fairly both together. [*Exit. Lucr.*
Enter Courtine.

Court. What, fly thy ground, faint Soldier! How, another! Nay then 'twas nobly done, two to one had been odds else: Had it not pretty one?

Sylv. Why, who are you, Sir.

Court. E'en a wandering Knight, that have forsaken my Castle in the Country, and am come up to Town for Preferment truly.

Sylv. And one would think so proper, lusty, a well-made Fellow as you are should not be long out of Employment.

Court. Dost thou know me, my Dearest?

Sylv. No.

Court. Then I am sure thou canst have no Exception against me.

Sylv. But suppose I had a mind to a little farther Acquaintance with you; what then, Sir?

Court. Why, then thou may'st reasonably suppose that I'll make no evil Use of thy good Inclinations; Faith there are very pretty Gardens hereabouts, let us commit a Trespass for once, break into one of 'em, and roll a Camomile-walk together this Morning.

Sylv. Oh Lord, Sir!

Court. She's coming already.

Sylv. If I should let you make advantage of my Weakness now, you would be false afterwards, forsake me, and break my heart.

Court. Pretty fool! What innocent scruples she makes!

Sylv. Have you no other Mistress already? have you no Engagements that will return hereafter upon your heart to my prejudice?

Court. Shall I swear?

Sylv. But han't you truly?

Court. If I have, may that blew Mountain over our heads there, fall down and crush me like a pelted Toad.

Sylv. To shew you then that I desere your Faith——

Court. What wilt thou shew me?

Sylv. A Face which I am not ashamed of, though you'l perhaps be scandaliz'd when you see it.

Court. The Devil take me if I am though, so it prove not very horrible indeed.

Sylv. What think you then, Sir, is it such a one as you lookt for?

Court. My own Wife!

Sylv. Yes, thy unhappy Wife,
Thou false, deceitful, perjur'd, shameless Wretch:
Have I deserv'd this from thee?

Court. Pox confound her.—— [*Takes out a Book and falls to reading.*

Sylv. Is this the recompense of all my love?
Did I bestow my Fortune on thy Wants,
Humble my self to be thy Dove-like Wife?
And is this all I'm worth?——

Court. Wealth is a great

Provocative to am'rous heat

For what is worth in any thing,

But so much Money as 'twill bring?

Hudibras, Part the 2d. Canto the First.

Sylv. Patience direct me! have I wrought my Nature

To utmost sufferance, and most low contentment,

Set my poor heart to cares! have I been blest

With Children by thee, to be left with scorn,

Cast off, neglected, and abandon'd vilely?

Speak, is not this hard usage?—

Court. Umph!

Sylv. Umph! what's Umph!

Court. Umph, that's I, Child; Umph is I, I, I, my Dear.

Sylv. Death! death and torments! Cut my wretched Throat, don't treat me thus: By Heaven I'll bear't no longer.

Court. No more.

Sylv. I have done, Sir.

Court. What do you at *London*!

Sylv. Is it a fault to follow what I'm fond of!

Court. Can't I enjoy my pleasures, take my freedoms, but you must come, and spoil the high season'd dish with your insipid whining senseless Jealousie?

Sylv. Prethee forgive me.—

Court. Where did you lodge last Night?

Sylv. Here with a Kinswoman,

May be you know her not, her name is *Porcia*.

Court. Death! *Beaugard's* Widow! now I am finely fitted. What at this House?

Sylv. This very House, that Door

Opens into the Garden, let us walk there,

Won't you go with me *Courtine*?

Court. No.

Sylv. Prethee do, Love.

Don't be thus cruel to me.

Court. Then promise one thing,

And may be my good nature shall be wrought upon.

Sylv. I'll grant thee any thing; speak, try m'Obedience.

Court. then promise me, that during our abode

In this sweet Town, which I love very dearly,

That let me ramble, steer what course I will,

Keep what late hours, and as I please employ 'em,

That you'll be still, an humble, civil Doxy,

And pry into no secret to disturb me.

Sylv. Well, 'tis all granted.

Court. On then, I'll be dutiful.

Sylv. Enter you first.

Court. No.—

[Reads.

Sylv. Oh

Sylv. Oh, then you'l forsake me ;
You seek but opportunity again to leave me.

Court. Well, since I am trapt thus,
Like a poor Beast that wanted better pasture,
There is no Replevin, and I must to Pound.

[Exeunt.

Enter Theod. Grat. and Lucr.

Theod. What in this House ?

Lucr. Here in this very House,
My Cousin Sylvia, Courtine's Jealous Wife,
Coming to Town, Lodg'd with her here last Night.

Theod. No more, I guess the cause w'are disappointed.
Do thou go Gratian, Muster what Friends 'tis possible ;
I'll try my Interest too ; we'll storm your Fortress,
Enchanted Lady, though your Gyant guard it.

Scene changes to the inside of a very fair House, adorned with rich Furniture and Lights.

Enter Ruff. with Beaug. and Dared.

Beaug. Dogs ! Rascals ! Villains ! how do you intend to deal with us ?

1. Ruff. Much better than your language has deserv'd, Sir. [They unblind 'em.

Beaug. Sirs for this noble usage, had I a Sword or Pistol about me, I
would reward ye most amply. [They all bow and withdraw.

A Plague of your Civility ! where the Devil are we ?

Dared. Where are we quotha ! why, we are in a Palace Man, prithee
look about thee a little.

Beaug. By Heav'n here's a Paradise ; hark Daredevil ! Musick too !

Dared. I'll be hang'd if 'tis not a bawdy Dancing-School, some better
Whores than ordinary designing a private *Ballum rancum*, have pitcht up-
on our two proper persons for the bus'ness ; we are like to have a swing-
ing time on't, Beaugard.

Beaug. A plague o' your Cowardise ! you were whining and praying just
now, and be hang'd to you.

Dared. I praying ! prithee be quiet Man, I never pray'd in my life, nor
ever will pray : Praying quotha ! that's a merry jest with all my Heart.

Beaug. Impudent *Peltroon* ! he said two dozen of *Pater-Nosters* with-
in this half hour, and every jolt the Coach gave was afraid the Devil
would have torn him to pieces.

Dared. Odd I like this contrivance very well : Look, Beaugard, what
comes yonder ? 'sheart two Devils in Petticoats, how my Guts shrink to-
gether !

[Enter two Black Women.

Beaug. Heyday ! Lady *Blackamores* ! nay then we are certainly enchant-
ed. What are you two, Maids of Honour to the Queen of *Pomonkey* ? and is
this one of her Palaces ? Not a Word ! —

Dared. How I long now to be familiar with one of those Sooty-fac'd
Harlots ! I would beget a chopping Black Son of a Whore upon her, in
defiance to the Prince of Darkness.

Enter

Enter a Dwarf.

Beaug. What another too of the same Complexion? this must be her Majesties Page.

Dared. A Pimp, I'll warrant him; he's so very little, pert, and dapper, the Rogue looks as if he could insinuate himself through a Key-hole.

Dwarf. Welcome thou best-lov'd Man of the fair World.

Beaug. Well, Sir, and what's the Service you have in order to Command me?

Dwarf. My Orders are to lead you to repose in a Rich Bed prepared for Rest and Love.

Dared. I said it was a Pimp, what a smooth-tongu'd little Rascal 'tis?

Beaug. A very pretty sort of an Amusement this: But prithee young *Domine*, why to Bed? 'tis but now Day, and the Sun newly risen; for I have not been a Bed all Night, my little Monster; I know how the time goes, Child.

Dwarf. Such are the Orders of the Power I serve. For you are come a long unmeasurable Journey.

Dared. Hah!

Dwarf. Drawn by wing'd Horses through the untract Air.

Beaug. A Pox upon thee for a little black lying well-instructed Rascal, but since it is the Custom of the place, and my last Night Fatigue requires it, I'll accept of the offer, and dispense with an hour or two of sleep to fit me for better exercise when I wake again.

[Sits down in the Chair to be undrest.]

Dared. Drawn by Wing'd Horses through the Air, said he! if this should be true now, what would become of us! Methought indeed the Coach whew'd it away a little faster than ordinary.

[While Beaug. is undressing the two Black Women dance.]

Beaug. A very notable Entertainment truly, and your little Black Lady-ships have tript it most featly. — *[The Wo. advance towards him.]* What, and must you take charge of me now! — With all my heart. *Daredevil* farewell to thee; but that I am in hopes of a better, I'de invite thee for a Bedfellow. *[Women lead in Beaug.]*

Dared. Bedfellow, quotha! would I were a Bed with any Bedfellow that I was sure had but flesh and bones about him.

Dwarf. Come, Sir, you are my charge.

Dared. I hope your little Impship will be civil to me: pray, Sir, what place is this?

Dwarf. A Chrystal Castle built by Enchantment in a Land unknown to any but the fair one that Commands it: The Spirits of the Air keep guard about it, and all obey her Charms.

Dared. Oh Lord! and what Religion is the Lady off?

Dwarf. That's a secret, you'll know more hereafter.

Dared. Lead on then: Now in the lower World whence I come lately, were this but known,

*How would the fate in Ballad be lamented,
Of Daredevil the Atheist that's Enchanted.*

End of the Third Act.

THE

ACT IV.

Enter Gratian and Theodoret.

Grat. **T**Hese are your Men of Honour now : I never knew a blustering, roaring, swashing Spark, that, at the bottom, was good for any thing.

Theod. Your faux Braves always put on a shew of more Courage than ordinary ; as your beggarly half-Gentlemen always wear tawdry finer Cloaths than their Fortune will afford 'em.

Grat. But, to lye conceal'd in private in the House with her !

Theod. Dam' her, she's a Prostitute ; has given her self already to his Arms.

Grat. Yet, I'll warrant you, she has an excuse for that too, if it be so ; as, Alas ! you know, Woman is but a weak Vessel.

Theod. A Pox o' the weakness of her Vessel ! Dam' her ! Would my Sword were in her Throat ! But will our Friends be ready ?

Grat. Most punctually. It was an odd old Fellow, that, which we met with. Was he certainly *Beaugard's* Father ?

Theod. No body can swear that, for his Mother was a Woman ; but that merry conceited old Gentleman has the honour of it : he has the Title, but whose was the Property, that I dare not determine.

Grat. I hope he'll be as good as his word with us.

Theod. It will not be amiss if it prove so. See, here he comes too.

Enter Father and Fourbine.

Fath. You lie, you Dog ; you *Scanderbeg* Varlet, you lie. Do not I know that he sat up all Night with a Consort of Whore-masters and Harlots ; and have you the impudence to tell me he is not at home ? Do not I know, you Villain, that, after a Debauch, he will out-snore a *Fleet-street*-Constable and all his Watch, for six hours ; and dare you tell me, he is not at home, you Caterpillar ?

Fourb. Upon the word of a true *Valet de Chambre*, Sir, I deal sincerely and honestly with you.

Fath. No more to be said : But, Sirrah, do you take notice in his behalf, and tell him, he shall pay for this ; pay for it, do you hear you Mongril ? Fob me off with ten stinking Guinies, when I had lost a hundred ! Friends and Furies, I'll not bear it. Good morrow my little Thunder-bolts ! What say you, my tiny brace of Blunderbusses ? can I be serviceable ? shall we about the business while it is practicable ? hah ? —

Theod. Have you considered of it thoroughly, Sir ?

Fath. Trouble thy head no farther ; I'll do't, my Darling.

Theod. Have you considered, Sir, that she is your Son's Mistress ?

Fath. So much the better still; I'll swinge her the stoutlier, for alienating his Affections from his natural Father.

Grat. But suppose you should meet him too, there in her defence, Sir?

Fath. Still better and better, and better for that very reason; for I would swinge him too with much fatherly Discipline, and teach him the duty which a Son, with a great deal of Money, owes an honest old Daddy, that has none.

Theod. Very piously resolved, this; that's the truth on't. But, Sir, I would have you satisfied, into the bargain, that this will be no trifling matter. No Boys Play, old *Tilbury*.

Fath. Boys Play, Sir; Sir, I can fight, Sir; though I am an old fellow, I have a Fox by my side here, that will snarl upon occasion. Boys Play! I don't understand your Boys Play, Sir—

Theod. I would not have you take my plainness ill, Sir: I only hinted it, to deal with you according to an old fashion of sincerity which I profess, Sir. I hope you are not offended at it.

Fath. Then, to rectify all mistakes, let us fairly have a Breakfast, *hoc Momento*. I have a sort of gnawing Courage, that when it is provok'd, always gives me a Stomack to a savoury Bit, and a cheerful Bottle. I hate to be run through the Guts, with nothing in 'em to keep the Wind out.

Grat. Very well propos'd, I think; for we have more Fiends to meet us at a Tavern hard by here, where we intend to wish our Enterprize well in a bonny Bottle or two, and then about it as cheerfully as we can.

Fath. Very well said, that: This is a pretty fellow, I'll warrant him. Now, if my Rebel be run through the Midriff in this business, I am the next Heir at Law, and the two thousand Pounds a year is my own, *declaro*. Come along my little Spit-fires.

Nous allons.

Brave strippons.

Sans sçavoir ou Nous allons.

Six Bumpers in a hand to him that drills the first Whore-Master through the small Guts.

Grat. We'll pledge it heartily, Sir.

Fath. You are both my honest Boys, my best Children: march along then, bravely and boldly.— I must borrow Money of these Fellows before I part with 'em. *Nous allons, Brave strippons,* [Exit.

Enter Courtine.

Court. Oh the unconscionable Importunity of an unfavoury, plegmatick, cold, insipid Wife! By this good day, she has kiss'd me till I am downright sick; I have had so much of her, that I shall have no stomach to the Sex again this fortnight.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. My Dearest, pray my Dearest, don't thus leave me: by this kind kiss I beg it. *Court.*

Court. Oh, the Devil!

Sylv. Look kindly on me; speak to me. —

Court. Plague intollerable! —

Sylv. Indeed, my Dear, I love you with such fondness! Pray speak.

Court. I cannot.

Sylv. Why? an't you well?

Court. Oh, there's a sudden faintness comes o'er my Spirits! Oh, I'm very sick! Leave me, if thou lov'st me, stand off, and give me Air; I die else. Ohh! —

Sylv. I'll kiss thee then to life again.

Court. Stand off, I say; I'll not be stifled! Murder! Help! Murder! Help!

Sylv. Ill natur'd Tyrant!

Court. Good natur'd Devils! Kiss, i'th' Devil's name! —

Sylv. Come near me, Husband.

Court. Come not near me, Wife. How am I tortur'd! —

Sylv. You must be kind; indeed, my dear, you must.

Court. Indeed, my Dear, by your good leave, I sha' not,—Damnation!

Sylv. You long to be rid of me again.

Court. That I do most mightily; but how to bring it about, if I know, I am a Rascal. Oh! Oh!

Sylv. What's the matter, Dearee?

Court. Oh, I am sick again of the sudden! Give me the Chair there: Oh! my Heart beats, and my Head swims! Oh! oh!

Sylv. Alas, I fear y'are very sick indeed! if my poor Lovee should die, what would become of me!

Court. A Plague o' your whining! Would I were well out of the House once!

Sylv. Shall I fetch thee some Cordial, my dearest Love, my Joy? Speak to me; shall I? —

Court. Ay if thou wilt, my Jewel. Jewel quotha! — what a plagu's this: Hush, is she gone? — Now for a convenient Balcone to venture the breaking of a Neck at. —

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, Sir, a word with you.

Court. With me, Sweetheart; thy business?

Page. A Lady, Sir, that dog'd you hither this Morning —

Court. A Lady! —

Page. Yes, a Lady, Sir.

Court. Hilt! Get you in, you little Monkey's skip, sculk, or you'll spoil all else. — Here's the blessed comfort of a Wife again now: — Oh, oh! —

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. How is's, my Blessing? Here, take this: Heaven guard thee!

Court. From thy confounded troublesome Company, if it be possible.

[Drinks.]

Sylv.

Sylv. How is't, my Dearee?

Court. If I had a little more on't, Dearee.

Sylv. I'll see what's left, my Joy.

Court. Do, prithee do, my Joy then. Joy in the Devil's name. *[Exit Sylv.]*
Hilt, Sirrah Page, come hither.

Enter Page.

Page. Is your Lady gone, Sir?

Court. Yes: But what News of the other Lady, my trusty Mercury?

Page. She's now below, Sir; and desires to see you.

Court. Is she young? handfome?

Page. I can't tell that, Sir; but she's rare and fine.

Court. Are her Cloaths rich?

Page. Oh Sir, all Gold and Silver; with a deep Point *Thingum Thangum* over her Shoulders: and then she smells as sweet as my Ladies Dressing-Box.

Court. Fly little Spright, and tell her, I'm impatient: tell her, I'll wait on her within a moment: tell her ———

Page. But Sir ———

Court. Be gone, be gone, you Knave, or you'll be caught else. Oh!

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Here's all that's left, my Heart.

Court. I am sorry for it, it is very comfortable. *[Drinks.]* Oh, oh, oh!

Sylv. What ails my Life?

Court. Oh, I have a horrid tremor upon my Heart! 'tis the old Palpitation us'd to be troubl'd with, return'd again. Oh, if I were but ———

Sylv. Where, Love?

Court. Oh! but in a condition to go abroad, there is an able Fellow of my Acquaintance, that always us'd to relieve me in this extremity.

Sylv. Where does he live? I'll take a Coach my self, and go to him.

Court. The Devil take me if I know. — Oh! 'tis a vast way off. — Oh! now it kills me again.

Sylv. I shall not think it so, when it is my duty.

Court. That's but too kind, my Sweetest; though, if I had but one Bottle of his Elixir. —

Sylv. How is it call'd?

Court. *Specimen Vitæ.*

Sylv. *Specimen Vitæ?*

Court. Ay, *Specimen Vitæ*: 'tis a damn'd hard name, but it is very good.

Sylv. Where is he lives then? Prithee let me go thither.

Court. Oh, 'tis a horrid way off! Besides, it would trouble me now, in this condition, to be so long without thee.

Sylv. Prithee let me go.

Court. Why, 'tis as far as *Grubb-street* Child, as *Grubb-street*?

Sylv. I'll be back again instantly.

Court. I had rather, indeed, thou shouldst go thy self, than send a Messenger, because the business will be done more carefully.

Sylv.

Sylv. How's the Direction then?

Court. In *Grubb-street* Child, at the Sign of the *Sun* and *Phenix*, I think it is, there lives a Chymist; ask for him, and in my name desire a Bottle of his *Specimen Vitæ*. Oh!

Sylv. *Specimen Vitæ*?

Court. Ay, *Specimen Vitæ*—I'll try in the mean time if I can walk about the Room, and divert the tressour of my Fits.

Sylv. Heavens blefs my dearest Dearee.

Court. Thank you, my only Joy.—Would in the Devil's Name she were gone once, and had her Guts full of that Quack's *Specimen Vitæ*.

Sylv. You'll be careful of your self, Child?

Court. As careful as I can, Child.

Sylv. Gud b'w'y *Courtee*.

Court. B'w'y my *Sylvee*.—Oh, oh!
Is she gone?

[Exit Sylvia, Enter Page.]

Page. Yes, Sir.

Court. Where's the Lady?

Page. Here; just entring up the back Stairs. [Lady appears at the Door.]

Court. Madam, this Honour done your worthless Servant—

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Oh, my dear Heart, I had forgot my Wages. Pray *Courtee*, kifs me before I go.

Court. Confound her, Come again! Oh, my Love! I have made hard shift to crawl to the Door here.

Sylv. Who's that behind you?

Court. Nothing but a Page, come to know if I wanted any thing. A Plague of her Hawks eyes!—

Sylv. Gud b'w'y my dearest Love.

Court. Gud b'w'y my Joy.

Sylv. Nay, give me another. B'w'y *Courtee*.

Court. B'w'y *Sylvee*.—So, is she gone again?—The Devil take me, if thou interruptest me any more.

[Locks the Door after her.]

Enter Lady.

Lady. Is that your Lady, Sir?

Court. Yes; but I hope you'll not think the worse of me, pretty One, for keeping a Wife Company now and then, for want of better.

Lady. Can you be so kind, Sir, not to forget me? Do you remember me still, Captain?

Court. Remember thee, Child! Is it possible for that Face to be ever blotted out of my Memory!—Though, the Devil eat me, if ever I saw it before, to the best of my knowledge.

Lady. Where is your Lady gone Sir?

Court. To *Grubb-street*, Jewel, for some *Specimen Vitæ*.

Lady. *Specimen Vitæ*, Sir! Oh dear, what's that?

Court.

Court. Oh, come but quietly into the next Room, and I will shew thee what *Specimen vite* is presently.

Lady. You may, perhaps think strange of this freedom I take with you, Sir.

Court. Not in the least, Child; it shews thy Generosity.— I love her now, for understanding her business, and coming close to the matter quickly.

Lady. But, Sir, presuming on your *Quondam* Favours to me, I am come to beg your Advice in a matter of Law, which I am at present involv'd in: and if you please—

Court. To retire a little in private?— Oh, thou couldst not have pick'd out such another Man for thy purpose: I am, may be, the best Lawyer in the World for Chamber-practice. And if I do not find out the Merits of thy Cause as soon as—

Lady. Really, you are so good natur'd—

Court. *Grubb-street* and *Specimen Vite*, quotha! He that has the Palpitation of the Heart, and an Armful of this won't cure him, let him die upon a Dung-hill, and be buried in a Ditch, I say.— This is the rarest Adventure.

[*Exeunt Courtine and the Lady.*]

The SCENE changes to a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Beaugard in, as Dressing himself.

Beaug. Heigho! Heigho! Boy, Imp, where art thou?

Dwarf. Here: Your pleasure? What's your pleasure, Sir?

Beaug. What is't o' Clock, Boy?

Dwarf. Sir, in your World, by Computation, I guess it may be Afternoon.

Beaug. A very pretty little Rascal, this; and a very extraordinary way of Proceeding, I am treated withal here: I have been abed, 'tis true, but the Devil a wink of sound Rest came near my Senses all the while; but broken Slumbers, Dreams, Starts, and sprawling from one side to the other, in hopes the fair Unknown that keeps this Castle might have been so good natur'd to have given a Stranger a Visit. This can be no less than some Romantick design of the little Fairy, that threatned she would cheat the Widow of me:— Now will I, for once, if she does attempt me, put on that monstrous Virtue, called Self-denial, and be damnably constant.— What, Musick again! This is a merry Region, I'll say that for it, where ever it be, Boy!

Dwarf. Did you call, Sir?

Beaug. My Cloaths, Monster; my Vestments: I hate a *Dis-babiliee* mortally: I long to be rigg'd, that I may be fit for Action, if Occasion should present it felt.

[*Dwarf dresses him.*]

A S O N G.

1.
Welcom Mortal to this place,
Where smiling Fate did send thee:
Snatch thy happy Minutes, as they pass;
Who knows how few attend thee!

2.
Floods of Joy about thee roil,
And flow in endless measure.
Dip thy Wishes deep, and fill thy Soul
With Draughts of every Pleasure.
Fest

3.
Feast thy Heart with Love's Desire,
Thy Eyes with Beauties Charms :
With Imaginations fan the Fire.
Then stifle it in thy Arms.

4.
For, since Life's a slippery Guest,
Whose Flight can't be prevented ;
Treat it, whilst it stays here, with the best,
And then 'twill go contented.

Come you that attend on our Goddesses Wall,
And sprinkle the Ground
With Perfumes around ;
Shew him your Duty, and shew us your Skill.

Enter four Black Women, that dance to the same Measure of the Song,
and sprinkle Sweets.

Circle him with Charms,
And raise in his Heart
Such Alarms,
As Cupid ne'er wrought by the Pow'r of his Dart.

They dance round him.

Fill all his Veins with a tender desire,
And then shew a Beauty to set 'em a fire ;
Till kind panting Breasts to his Wound she apply,
Then on those white Pillows of Love let him die,

[The Dance ends.

Beaug. Faith, and with all my heart ; for I am weary of the lingring Disease, and long to taste my Mortality most mightily. Hah ! A Banquet too, usher'd in by a couple of Cupids ! Pretty innocent Contrivance ! Well, here's no fear of starving, that's one comfort. *Two Cupids run in* *Table furnished.* Now, my dear Musicians, would ye be but as good as your word, and shew me the Beauty you have so prepared me for ! — But then, my Widow ! my Dear, Generous, Noble-hearted Widow ! She that loves Liberty as I do. She that defies Matrimony as I do too. Shall I turn Recreant, and be false to her ? Ah Dardevill, Dardevill ! How I want thee to help me out in this Case of Conscience a little !

Enter Dardevill.

Dard. Beaugard, Where art thou ?

Beaug. Ah dear Damnation ! I was just now heartily wishing for thee.

Dard. Such News ! Such Tidings ! Such a Discovery !

Beaug. Hah ! What's the matter, Man ? —

Dard. Only six and fifty Virgins apiece for us, that's all ; pretty little blushing opening Buds, you Rogue, that never had so much as a blast of Masculine Breath upon them yet. — What's here ? A Banquet ready ? Nay, then I am satisfied. Never were Heroes so enchanted as we are.

Beaug.

Beaug. But where are the Virgins, *Dardevill*? the Virgins!

Dard. There's only one of 'em, Child; only one; — but such a one, my Souldier.—

Beaug. Is there but one then?

Dard. That's no matter, Man; I'll be contented till thou hast done with her: I hate a new Conveniency that was never practis'd upon; 'tis like a new Shooe that was never worn, wrings and hurts ones Foot basely and scurvily. I love my ease, I.

Beaug. But is she very Lovely?

Dard. Such a Swinger, you Dog! she'll make thy Heart bound like a Tennis Ball, at the sight of her: with a Majestick stately Shape and Motion.

Beaug. Well.

Dard. A Lovely, Angelical, Commanding Face.

Beaug. By Heavens.

Dard. With two Triumphant, Rolling, Murdering Eyes, that swear at you ev'ry time you look upon her.

Beaug. Stand off, stand off, I say; she's mine this Minute. But then again, my Widow!— Hah!— Mask'd too; when the Devil shall I see a Woman with her own natural Face again? Madam—

Lady. Be pleas'd, Sir, to repose your self a little; there is a small Account, Sir, to be adjust'd betwixt you and I. Where are my Servants? Who is it waits there? [*Several Men Vizarded, and Arm'd, appear at the Doors.*]

Beaug. What the Devil can be the meaning of this now? I am not to be murdered, I hope, after all this Ceremony and Preparation.

Dard. Murder'd, in the Devil's Name? Here is great fear of being murder'd, truly.

Lady. Come Sir. sit down Sir.

Beaug. Madam, I'll obey you.

Lady. I doubt not, Sir, but, since your coming hither, You are much surpris'd, and wonder at your Treatment.

Dard. So, now the Fardle's opened, we shall see what is in it.

Beaug. Madam, 't has been so very highly generous.

Lady. That you are prepar'd with Complements to pay me for it. But, Sir, such Coyn's Adulterate and Base: I must have honest Dealing from your Heart.

Dard. Swear to her, swear to her a little, Man; pour out a Bushel of Oaths upon her instantly: Swear, swear, if thou wilt do any good upon her.

Lady. I know my Rival.

Beaug. Ay, 'tis so, just so, just as I thought, my poor widow will run a damnable hazard of losing this sweet Person of mine, if I do not take abundance of care in the business. Here are Rogues on each hand, with Blunder-busses too: I shall be ravish'd.

Lady. She, by her Arts,
And the good fortune to have first attempted it,
I know, 's posses'd already of your Heart.
But know too, I'm a Woman loath Refusal.
Scornful Refusal—

Dard.

Dard. Swear to her, I tell thee : That ever a Fellow should lose all this time for an insignificant Oath or two !

Lady. Or, if my Fortune,
Which is not despicable, prove too weak
An Argument to tell you I deserve you ;
Yet I have this to boast, I ne'er conceal'd my self,
Either for Shame or Ends ; but rather chose
To run the Risque of being deny'd your Love,
Than win it by base Artifice and Practices.
What think you, Sir ? —

Beaug. Hah ! —
That, Madam, I'm most miserable,
Unless —

Lady. Your Widow *Porcia*, Sir, your Widow.

Beaug. Madam, I must confess —

Lady. Well :

Beaug. That I love her, and will for ever. —

Lady. Death ! Do you confess it too ?

See you not here your self within my power,
And dare you still confess you love that Creature ?
Thus far I've kept my Word, I've cross'd her Stratagems.
You are here my Pris'ner, and by what is past,
You ought to think me capable of more.

Dard. If this Fellow would but swear a little, all this might be rectifi'd.
Madam, to my own knowledge —

Beaug. Fool, stand off.
I'm sensible that you are the loveliest Creature
My Eyes e'er gaz'd on ; but —

Lady. But what ? —

Beaug. I'm sure
You'd your self scorn, nor think me worth your Heart,
Could I be faithless, could I be unconstant.
Pity me, fair One ; yet, methinks this Hand —

Lady. Should send a Dagger to thy ungrateful Heart.
By Heav'n, I'll never bear it —

Beaug. Madam !

Dard. Madam,
Could you but throw some favour on your Servant.

Lady. By all the fury in a Woman's Heart,
I'll be reveng'd on his. Make ready, Slaves,
To do your Office —

Dard. Madam —

Beaug. Look you, Madam, your Ladyship may do your pleasure ; you may command half a dozen of Bullets through my *Pericranium*, if you have a mind to have your Beauty spoke well of by the Criticks of *Holborn*, that once a Month swarm at their Windows to spy handsom Faces : Upon that consideration you may murder a poor constant Monster if you please, Madam.

H

Lady.

Lady. Still am I scorn'd then.

Beaug. Would you kill me barbarously?
Sure those sweet Eyes could not see such a Sight.

Lady. No, take your Life, and with't this satisfaction;
Porcia scorns you, as much as you do me:
And, till thou sue'st upon thy humble Knees
To me for Pity, *Porcia* shall despise thee.

Beaug. Madam, I swear!

Lady. No more.

Beaug. By all those Beauties.

Lady. Be gone, for ever fly this. Ah h!——

[Squeaks.

Enter Courtin.

Court. Death, Damnation, Devils! How came I hither? *Beaugard!*

Beaug. Friend *Courtine!* Speak Man: What's the matter?

Court. Damnation! Jilted, chous'd, betrayed!——

Enter Woman.

Wom. A Midwife! Run for a Midwife, run for some good Woman.
Oh Madam, an Accident.

Beaug. A Midwife!

Lady. Heavens! a Midwife!

[Exit Lady.

Court. Yes, Friend, a Midwife. I am sweetly manag'd, I — I thought I had been in private here, in this House, with a civil Person of good Reputation, and it proves a damn'd trappanning Strumpet. Just in the middle of all our good Understanding together, she fetches a great Shreik, and roars out for a Midwife: The Drab is full gone with Bastard, and swears I am the Father of it.

Beaug. A very great happiness, take my Word for't, Friend; Children bring a great Honour with them, *Courtine*: It may grow up to be a Comfort to thee in thy old Age, Man.

Dar. Oh, Your Olive Branches are unspeakable Blessings, the Gift of Heaven. I love to see Posterity go forward, and Families increase, with all my heart.

Court. Let me be hang'd and quarter'd, Gentlemen, if ever I set Eyes on the Harlot in my life before. My sweet Wife, with a Pox to her brought me hither.

Beaug. Why, Is thy Wife in London?

Court. Yes, Hell confound her! she has hunted me full Cry up to Town; seiz'd upon me this Morning, and brought me hither, where it seems she lay all the last night.

Dard. Why then, for ought I know, we may be still enchanted.

Beaug. I am glad to hear that, with all my heart. Is she in the House?

Court. No; I was forced to counterfeit sickness, 'till I was e'en sick indeed, to get rid of her, upon pretence of going to my Physitian, in the Devil's name, that this confounded Bulker, with her Guts full of Bastard, and I might con-
fide

sole together for half an hour; and I am sweetly fitted with a Concubine: that's the truth on't.

Beaug. This comes of your Whoring, *Courtine*; if you had kept me company, and liv'd vertuously, none of this had happened to you now. But you must be wandering: No reasonable iniquity will serve your turn.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll swear, Captain *Courtine*, you are the happiest Gentleman! Yonder's the finest chopping Boy for you. Why, it will be able to carry a Musquet in your Company within this Fortnight. And then, I am so obliged to you for bringing the Lady to lye in at my House, that if your Wife will do me the honour, I'll take it for a favour to stand for Godmother with her.

Court. And, Madam, to return your Compliment, I wish with all my heart you were pregnant with a Litter of nine such chopping Boys, upon condition that I were bound to be Godfather to the whole Kennel.— Confound your being witty, with a Plague to you. [*Aside.*]

Beaug. That's something coarse though, Friend, to a Lady that's so civil to you.

Enter several Maids of the Family, one with the Child.

1. *Maid.* See *Jenny*, Yon's the Man; that, that's the Father.

2. *Maid.* I'll swear it is a proper person.

3. *Maid.* Oh Sir, Heavens bless you, you're the happiest Man! Here is my young Master, as like you as if you had bore it your self.

1. *Maid.* What a pretty little Nose it has!

2. *Maid.* And just its Father's Eyes for all the World.

1. *Maid.* It would never grieve a Body to have a Child by such a handsome Gentleman.

Court. Ye Whores! ye Drabs! ye fulsom, stinking Whores! Clusters of Poxes on ye, and no Hospitals pity ye!— Confound ye, leave me.

Beaug. Fye upon it, *Courtine*; fye for shame: give something to the Nurse, Man; that's but civil.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. A Bastard! Death, a Bastard! Under my Nose too! Where's the vile hateful Monster?

Beaug. Have patience, Lady.——

Sylv. False, loathsome Traytor.

Court. Now my Joy's compleated.

Sylv. Let me come at him, let me go.——

Court. Hold her fast, Friend, if thou lovest me.

Sylv. Thou Devil!— Thou treach'rous, faithless, perjur'd Wretch! Thou Husband! Look in my Face.

Court. Well.——

Sylv. Did I e'er deserve this?
Degenerate Brute! Thou, only in Falshood, Man.

Thou rampant Goat abroad, and Drone at home.

Court. (*Sings*) *Like a Dog with a Bottle, &c.*

Sylv. Thou perfect Yoke-fellow! Thou heavy Ox,
That want'st a Goad to make thee know thy strength!
Death, Fiends and Torments! I could dig those Eyes out!
I'll bear't no longer: *Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam!*

*{Court. sings, and
dances a Jigg.*

Sylv. No more! I'll stay no more to be his Triumph.
Be warn'd by me, ye Virgins that are blest
With your first native Freedom; let no Oaths
Of perjur'd Mankind wooe ye to your Ruin.
But when a creeping, fawning, weeping Crocodile
Moans at your feet, remember then my Fall:
And when for pity most his Tears implore,
Like me, your Vertue to your Hearts recall;
Resolve to scorn, and never see him more.

[Exit Sylvia.]

Court. With all my heart, thou dear, dear Wife and Plague.

Beaug. Methinks a very pitiful Case, this, Madam.

Lady. If your Widow were but here, Sir, now, she might fairly see what
she is like to trust to.

[Here the Sham Scene.]

Enter a Woman and Dardevil.

Woman. Oh Madam, Madam! What will become of us all?

Lady. Become of us, Woman! Prithee, what's the matter? are we in any
danger?

Dard. Only your Brother in Law, Madam, and his Friend, with about a do-
zen Armed Men more, Madam; that's all the matter, Madam.

Lady. My Brother in Law!

Dard. Yes, your Brother in Law, Lady, if your Name be *Porcia*: such a
one they ask for.

Beaug. *Porcia*!

Court. Yes, *Porcia*: I could have told you she was *Porcia* before.

Porcia. 'Tis but too true, Sir; my unhappy Name is *Porcia*.

Beaug. *Porcia*, my Widow! my dear lovely Widow! What an ill natur'd
trick was this Concealment!

Porcia. Though, Sir, you never saw my Face before,
If now you think it worth your least Regard,
Protect me; for I dread my Brother's Fury,
Ev'n worse than Matrimony. Here, Sir, I yield my self
Up yours for ever.

Beaug. And shall I claima thee?

Porcia. From this Hour, for ever.

Beaug. And, by this happy Hour, I'll keep thee mine then.
Secure thy self in the next private Closet.
Peace to thy Heart, poor Widow.
Give us but Arms!—

[Exit Porcia.]

Dard.

Dard. Those I've provided for you.

I found our Swords in a certain private Corner that shall be nameless, where I was proposing some civil Familiarities to the Lady Governess of the Family, just as the Blusterers entred.

Beaug. Are they in the House, then?

Dard. Yes, and have bound the Servants too; the hungry Rogues were all surpris'd at Dinner; you'll hear more of them presently, I'll warrant you.

Court. Stand to your Arms, *Beaugard*; the Enemy's upon us.

Dard. We have had a Succession of very pretty Adventures here; first we are enchanted, then we are fiddled to sleep, then we are fiddled up again: Then here's a Discovery of a very fair Lady followed by another, of a bounding brown Bastard; and when we might have thought all Fortunes Tricks had been over, we are in a very fair way at last of having our Throats cut: But I'll secure one life that shall be my care.— [Is stealing off.]

Beaug. Dog, stay and fight, or, by Heaven, I'll rip your Heart out.

Dard. Well then, if I must fight I must: What a Pox, I have two good Seconds o' my side; and that has sav'd many a Cowards Credit before now.

[Noise within.]

Theod. Break open the Door there, force the Passage, down with it.

Enter Theodoret, Gratian and Father.

Beaug. Well Gentlemen, what farther? What means this Violence here?

Theod. I hope, Sir, that's no Secret, when you see who we are.

Fath. We come, Sir, to demand a Lady, Sir; one *Porcia*.

Beaug. How's that, my Father!

Fath. Father me no Fathers: I am none of thy Father, Fellow; but I am these Gentlemens Friend here.— Now, Atheist, will I murder thee.

Dard. Oh Law'd!

Fath. *Jack, Jack, Jack!* Come hither *Jack*; a word with thee, *Jack*: Give me a hundred Pieces now, and I'll be o' thy side *Jack*; and help thee to beat off these impudent Fellows. Gentlemen, I cannot but own to you that this is my Son.—

Beaug. Sir, were you nick'd to your Shirt, I would not part with a single Shilling, Sir.

Fath. Though, if he were my Son ten thousand times, in such a Cause as yours, I'd draw my Sword against him. [Draws.]

Beaug. You may remember, Gentlemen, a Challenge.

Grat. Which you forgot, Sir.

Court. Hah! A Challenge, *Beaugard*?

Beaug. I'll tell thee more hereafter. To shew you I ha' not forgot it, the Lady you thus persecute is now under my Protection, and with my Sword I'll keep her so. [Draws.]

Court. If we don't, may my Wife get the better of me, and wear mine for a Bodkin.

Theod. Come on then, Sir.

Beaug. For the Lady.

Grat.

Grat. For my Honour.

Court. And for my Friend, Sir,

Dard. Old Brimstone-Beard, have at thee.

Court. Base Traytors! Odds!

Beaug. Confound 'em, thrust.

Dard. Oh, I am slain! My Maw runs out: What will become of me! Oh!

[*Gratian and Dardevil fall.*]

{*Fight. The rest of Theodore's Party fall in.*}

[*Beaugard and Courtine driven off.*]

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Secure that Passage now:— How fares my Friend?

Grat. I'm wounded: send for a Chyrurgion quickly, for I bleed much.

Theod. Look to your Master, Sirrah; and you, Fellow, be careful of this Beast here.

Dard. Oh, a Parson! a Parson! dear Sir, a Parson! Some pious good Divine, if you have any Charity.

Enter Father with Porcia.

Fath. Here, here she is: I ha' got her for you; let me alone for ferreting a Female's Quarters out.

Theod. I'd have you, Sir, take care for your Security: There's mischief done, Sir.

Fath. The more mischief the better; thou shalt find me no Flincher, Boy: here, here; make sure of her.

Porcia. Inhumane Tyrant! Why am I abus'd thus? Help! Murder! Help!

Theod. None of your Tricks; no Cries, no Shrieks for Succour: By Hell, here's that shall silence you for ever.

Thou Woman! Thou young, itching, wanton Devil!

Fly to base Cells of Lust! Give up thy Vertue, Disgrace thy Name, and triumph ev'n in Infamy.

On what a tott'ring Point his Honour stands, That trusts the Treasure in such lavish hands.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Lucrece in Man's Cloaths, and Chloris.

Lucr. FROM this gay minute farewell Love and Doating : I have shook the lazy, stretching, wishing Folly out of my Blood, and now my wandering Heart is at home again. Let me see ; I have a hundred and a hundred times wish'd my self a Man ; and now, in outward appearance, I am a very Fellow ; nay, a very pretty Fellow : for, methinks Foppery, Impertinence, Self-conceit, and other Masculine Qualities grow upon me strangely. — Oh, Mischief, Mischief, Mischief ! thou art a very sweet Employment : — But Opportunity ! Bewitching, Lovely, Omnipotent Opportunity ! How shall I come at thee ? *Chloris* ! —

Chloris. Madam.

Lucr. Give me my Sword.

Chlor. Here Madam : Bless us, What will your Ladyship do with your self in this Equipage !

Lucr. Ladyship, Huzzy ! take notice from this important Moment, I am no more your Mistress ; but that Imperial Creature, your Master : and therefore know too, I will have my Fœminine Habiliments burnt instantly, and an Operator sent for to make me a Beard grow. I will learn to Ride, Fence, Vault, and make Fortifications in Dirt-Pyes : Nay, if the humour hold, I'll go Voluntier into *Germany* against the *Turk*.

Chlor. But what will be the end of all this, Madam ?

Lucr. Why, if I go into the War, I shall have the privilege, when I return home, to talk of Marches, Battels and Sieges, which I never was at, nor understand any more than the Fools I tell my story to. If I stay at home, with the privilege of good Cloaths, Pertness and much Simplicity, will I set up for a Spark, grow familiar at *White-Hall*, and impudent with some great Man there or another ; run in Debt with a high Hand, be terrible in eating Houses, and noisy all over the Town.

Chlor. A very hopeful Resolution.

Lucr. As thus : When I and another Spark meet ; Dam me, *Jack*, says I, What Times are there stirring ? What ready to be had ? What Caravans have you met with, or what Loose lately managed ? You Rogue, you look very high upon the Huckle.

Chlor. Well Madam ; But what will all this Gibberish signifie ?

Lucr. Signifie, you Fool ! why what it signifies already ; Wit, Courage, Martial Discipline, Interest at Court, Pretence to Preferment, Free Quarters in my Lodgings, and Free Booty in every Cuckold's Shop, who shall trust me against his palpable knowledge, that I'm not worth a Groat ; and never have the Impudence to hope to be paid.

Chlor. And must your Honour have a Mistress too ?

Lucr.

Lucr. Yes Huzzy, and you shall be serviceable to me in the matter : I'll have a Doxy this very Night ; I have singled her out already ; *Courtin's* Wife, that jealous, raging, insatiable Help-meet of the Captains shall be my *Ducinea del Toboso*. She's in Love with me already, that's my comfort : as I passed through the Hall just now, the coming into the House to pay a Visit to the Widow *Porcia*, (who, by the way, is as wicked as my self, and my great Councillor in this noble Project) we met : I, you must know, bow'd very respectfully ; she taking me for a Stranger, Curt'fy'd as low ; and viewing me strictly leer'd at me, as if that Minute she took Aim at my Heart, and deligned me for her Quarry.

Chlor. But, Madam, she knows, and must discover you.

Lucr. Thou art a fool : she never saw me till yesterday in her life-time, then too disguised : So that if I do not practise on her frailty, and by that means find a way to revenge my self on that Vizard-monger *Beaugard*, may I be condemn'd to wear Breeches as long as I live, and never know more than the present use I make of them.

Chlor. Hilt Madam, she's returning.

Enter Sylvia.

Lucr. Hush then : now my Cause is coming on, and have at her.

Sylv. Sweet-heart, pray oblige me so far to shew me the way to the Gardens ; I come to pay a Visit to Madam *Porcia*, and am informed she's gone there for the Air.— A very handsom Youth—

[*Aside.*

Chlor. Madam, this young Gentleman here is come hither on the same kind Errand with your Ladyship, and waits till her Return.

Lucr. But, Madam, the good fortune of seeing you is a happiness would recompence the being disappointed of all the Conversation of your Sex besides.

Sylv. Indeed, Sir !

Lucr. Yes indeed, Madam.

Sylv. Are you a Relation to this Family, Sir ?

Lucr. Madam, the greatest Advantage I hope from the Family is, henceforth to have oftner the Honour of kissing your fair Hands here : It is an Opportunity I should make no Ungentlemanly use of.

Sylv. Opportunity, Sir ?

Lucr. Yes, Opportunity Madam : I am not ashamed to mention so honest a Friend as Opportunity, to one that, by her Years and Beauty, should not, methinks, be a mortal Foe to Opportunity.

Sylv. Do you know me, Sir ?

Lucr. Why, Madam ; do I treat you like a Stranger ? Know you, by this good Hour, there has not been a Day or Night since I first saw you, that I have thought or dreamt of any thing else. Are not you the Wife of a certain swaggering Squire about this Town, who calls himself Captain *Courtine* ?

Sylv. Yes Sir ; such a Friend in a Corner I have, Sir ; and what have you to say to him, Sir ? I'll swear, a very handsom Youth still.—

Lucr. What, Madam ! what I have to say to you, rather than lose you, I would say to him : which is, that I like you, love you, languish for you ; and would, with all my Heart, Blood, Spirit and Flesh, I—

Sylv.

Sylv. I'll swear, Sir, I am mightily obliged to you, and so is Mr. *Courtine*; ha, ha, ha! —

Lucr. Mr. *Courtine*! Take notice, Madam, I receive that Expression as kindly as if you had called him what I wish him: for, pretty one, if my Intelligence be true, he lives with your Ladyship as much like Mr. *Courtine*, as much like a Gentleman —

Sylv. Sir!

Lucr. Madam!

Sylv. Oh Gaud! he's very handfom.

Lucr. Shall we walk in these Gardens anon, for I have the privilege of a Key that opens into the Fields: The Moon shines too.

Sylv. Between Ten and Eleven does the Moon shine?

Lucr. As bright as any thing but your self.

Sylv. But you'll tell, young Gentleman.

Lucr. Only you how I love you.

Sylv. Eleven's a late Hour.

Lucr. Not too late.

Sylv. Indeed!

Take this, and my Word for it.

[Kisses her.

Sylv. Fye, how you use me, when you mean to forget me.

Lucr. Hush, no more; Company's coming. Eleven.

Sylv. Ten if you are kind enough.

Lucr. Well said, my chaste Sex.

Enter Porcia.

Porcia. Oh Cousin, art thou come! Thou art the welcomest Creature on the Earth; I have expected thee almost to despair for these three Hours. Oh, Sir! your Servant.

Lucr. I am here, Madam, in order to your Commands.

Sylv. Her Commands!

Porcia. Oh, Cousin, the prettiest best natur'd Youth! He is something related to us a great way off; and by that means has the privilege of Visiting, without offence to my jealous Brother in Law, and Tyrannical Guardian. Have you contriv'd that business?

Lucr. Madam, it is done.

Sylv. Bus'ness! What Bus'ness, Cousin?

Lord, Cousin, you seem concern'd at it.

Porcia. I'll tell thee: Seeing my self here confin'd to the Rules and Limits of a very Prison, I have resolv'd to put as good a face upon the matter as it will bear, and make my misfortune as easie as I can. Wherefore, for a little present diversion, I have contriv'd a Letter in an unknown name, by this young Agent here, and convey'd it to thy lewd Husband, with another in my own to *Beaugard*; and sent for thee, my Dear, to share in the pleasure of the Consequence.

Sylv. Ha, ha ha! But what will be this Consequence, Cousin?

Porcia. Twenty to one but it occasions some new Alarm, and Divertisement to my Jaylours; who are so very capricious, they would fancy a Rat behind

the Hangings for a concealed Lover. It may too, by chance, produce me some lucky opportunity once more to make my Escape out of their merciless Power. Nay, they are already half disposed to run away themselves ; for by my Womans interest in the Chirurgeon, who has care of the swearing Atheistical Fellow, yesterday hurt in the scuffle, and afterwards conveyed hither, he gives it out, that he fears his Wounds may be mortal. Upon which, my Lover *Gratian* sighs, and turns up his Eyes like a Godly Brother at Exercise. My Brother *Theodore* puffs, swells, grinds his Teeth, and stamps as if he would brain himself against the next Wall ; while poor *Beaugard's* ne'er be good Father has, with pure fear, lost a red Nose that has been his fast Friend for these 40 years ; and every time he sees his Face in a Glass, fancies every Wrinkle there has the shape of a Gibbet.

Enter Phillis.

Phill. Oh, my dear, dear Lady, what will become of us ! the most unhappy Accident !

Porcia. Hah !

Phill. Indeed Madam, I could not possibly help it : I ha' lost it.

Porcia. Lost it, lost what ? What hast thou lost ? Would thou hadst lost thy self ; lost a Leg or an Arm, or any thing, rather than have put me in this fright. Speak, what is the matter ?

Phill. Oh, Madam, the Billet ; Madam, the Billet.

Lucr. }
Sylv. } How's this ?

Porcia. What, the Note I sent to *Beaugard* ?

Phill. As I hope to see you happy, Madam, I put it as fast here between these two poor naked Breasts here, as ever it could stick, so I did, when, just as I was going forth, who should meet me but the old, wicked, ranting, roaring Gentleman that lies hid here for fear of hanging, would he had been well hang'd a Twelvemonth since ; and there he fell a towzing, and a mowzing, and a meddling with me ; I was never so afraid of being ravish'd in my life, Gad he knows : So in the struggle, I guess the Note was lost truly ; though, in my heart, I wish I had been ravish'd six times over, rather than such a misfortune had happened. Nevertheless, I ha' done your bus'ness for you, so I have.

Porcia. Bus'ness ! what Bus'ness ? Ugliness and ill Reputation light on thee. Thou hast undone and ruin'd me for ever.

Phill. Why, I have met with the Captain, and told him the whole matter, as well as if he had read it in the Letter himself. He's but too kind a Man to you, and I too faithful a Servant, so I am, to be thus reviled and cursed by you, for all this.

Porcia. What then did he say ? Fool, Beast and Blockhead ; tell me.

Phill. Why, he said, he'd die a thousand and a thousand times for you, were it possible, so he did ; and that that he will not eat, drink or sleep till he has set you at liberty, so he wo' not ; and that he will be in the Garden before Ten.

Lucr. What's in this Case to be done, Madam ?

Porcia. O dearest Cousin, retire if you love me ; for, should the Lords of my Liberty get any notice of this Billet, and find a Man here, notwithstanding
your

your Relation, who knows what ill usage it may aggravate! ——— To thy Chamber, dear *Lucrece*, e'er the Storm comes upon us, [Aside.

Lucr. I am all Obedience. Sweet Creature, you'll remember! [To *Sylvia*.

Sylv. It is not possible to forget you, surely.

Lucr. Blessings on you for this Goodness. [Kisses her Hand, and Exit.

Enter Theodoret in a Rage.

Theod. Double Bar up all the Doors and Windows: Load all the Arms in the House, and be ready for Execution instantly, all of ye. By those Devils that dance in your gogling Eyes, Madam, I'll try if you have given your self over to Hell so far, that you can out at a Key-hole.

Porcia. What means the great He Brute?

Theod. To cut off your Intelligence, Lady, and make thee, e'er I have done, to curse thy Father and Mother, that let thee learn to write. Seest thou this! thou irreclaimable profligate Wretch! Fogh! Send you the draggel-tail'd Minister of thy lewd Affairs a hunting, full cry about the Town, upon the rank Scent of a Brawny-back'd Hector! By Heavens! the thought of it makes me loath the House, and fancy it stinks of the foul Sins thou hast imagined in it.

Porcia. Thou barbarous, ill manner'd, worse than Beast! Why am I abus'd thus? Why made a Prisoner too, at your sawcy Will? Fetter'd up, and barr'd all Liberty and Converse?

Theod. For the same reason other too hot blooded Females are; because, if possible, I would not have a good Breed spoil'd.

Porcia. What a Load of Dirt is the Thick-Skull cram'd withall, if the Tongue were able to throw it out!

Theod. Filthy, filthy, fulsom filthy! What, be a Doll-Common, follow the Camp! How lovelily would your fair Ladyship look, mounted upon a Baggage-Cart, presiding over the rest of the Captain's dirty Equipage!

Sylv. If any thing in the World would make me follow a Camp, it would be a very strong fancy I have, that I should never see you in one, Sir.

Theod. Your Ladyship has reason to defend the Souldiers Cause: You have married one, as I take it, Madam. Ha, ha, ha.

Porcia. He in a Camp! He has not Courage enough to animate half a Taylor, nor good Nature enough to make a Spaniel of, or Sence enough, if he were that Animal, to learn to fetch and carry.

Theod. This will open no Locks, Lady.

Porcia. But there are Instruments to be had, that will break open Locks, Sir.

Theod. Will you please to retire, and consider farther of that in your Chamber.

Porcia. No, I'll not stir, Sir.

Theod. Nay, by Heaven, but you shall, Madam.

Sylv. Nay, by Heaven, but she shall not, Sir.

[Father at the Door.

Theod. How!

Fath. By Jove, and that's well said, I'll stand still a little, and see what's the matter.

Theod. Do not drive me to use Violence.

Fath. How! Violence to a fair Lady! That's not so well, neither.

Porcia. Hark you, Sir; my Jaylor, or my Hang-man; for which of the two your Office will end in, by your proceedings I cannot imagine: do but touch me, or offer the least force, to compel me to a closer Confinement; by this injur'd Heart, I'll fire the House about your Asses Ears: I'll sooner burn with you, to be reveng'd, than endure such Insolence and Torment any longer.

Theod. Very well.

Fath. I Gad, a brave Girl, a delicate Wench! How my Fingers itch to take her part now! I have a Months mind to espouse her Quarrel, and make Friends with poor *Jacky* again. Honest *Jacky*! 'tis the best natur'd Boy in the World, though I was such a Beast to fall out with him.

Porcia. Inhumane, cruel *Theodore*! Why do you afflict me thus? Why do you force the Tears from my poor Eyes, and wrack a tender Heart that never wrong'd you? ————— [Weeps.]

Theod. For your Souls Health, Lady; and the Welfare of your wasting Reputation. A Pox o' your Whining! Come, to your Chamber, to your Prayer-Book and Repentance: Fasting and Humiliation will be good for you. To your Chamber.

Porcia. To my Grave first.

Theod. Nay then—Wha, ho!

[Offers to lay hold of her.]

Porcia. Stand off! Murder! Cramps, Rheums and Palfies, wither thy unmanly Hands.

Theod. By Heav'n!

Porcia. You dare not do't.

Theod. Hah!

Sylvia. No Sir, you dare not do't, you dare not.

Theod. *Avant Pass!* Confound me, but I shall be scratch'd here presently, for my patience.

Sylv. What an ill bred Camel 'tis!

Fath. Nay, and what's more; you shall not do't, you shall not, Sir. Hoh! Is this the Issue of your honourable Pretensions?

Theod. Et tu Brute!

Fath. Brute, Brute! Brute me no Brutes Friend: Oonds I am a Man, Fellow, Battoons and Bilboes! Brute! a Gentleman!

Theod. Your Pardon, Sir!

Sylv. Don't pardon him, Sir.

Enter Gratian leaning on a Staff.

Grat. Oh, Friend!

Theod. Poor Gratian.

Grat. If ever we ought to do any thing for our Safety, let us now prepare, and look about us: I have made hard shift to hobble hither, my Wound's grown very troublefom. — We are all lost.

Theod. I can fear nothing when my Friend's so near me.

Sylv. Now Cousin rebel, and force your Freedom nobly.

Fath.

Fath. Jacky, I hope. Jacky at the Head of Mirmidons, and declaring for his Property. Look you, Gentlemen; I must confess, I have Remorse of Conscience, and am sensible I have been a Rebel: wherefore, if my Liege Son and Heir have recruited his Power, and be once more up in Arms, Loyalty and Natural Affection, Friends, will work, I must pronounce for Prince Jacky; and here I resolve to defend his Territories. *[Draws a broad Sword.]*

Grat. If Prince Jacky have Interest enough to get your Pardon for Murder, Sir, it will be your best way to close with him; for, in short, the Atheist *Dardevil*, your Antagonist, is dead Sir.

Theod. Hah! Dead!

Fath. Dead!

Gratian. Yes dead, Sir.

Sylv. So much the better. *Porcia*, let us run up to the Leads, and cry out Murder to the Streets this Moment.

Fath. Then I find that I am but a short liv'd Sinner; farewell for ever old Hock, Sherry, Nutmeg and Sugar, Seven and Eleven; Sink-Tray, and the Doublets! Never comes better of rebleting against one's natural born Children. I shall be hanged one of these Sun-shiny Mornings, and a Ballad come out in the Afternoon to a lamentable Eighty eight Tune of the careful Son, and prodigal Father. Dead said you, Sir.

Grat. Or, at least, cannot survive half an Hour; therefore it is my Opinion that we instantly quit the House, and provide all for our Safety.

Theod. Confusion, Devils!

Porcia. Nay, Sir, stand fast! dare but to open a Door, Sir; by Heav'n, that Moment I'll alarm the Town: you shall not think to escape, reeking with a poor Man's Blood, shed in defence of me.

Theod. Lady, no fooling.

Porcia. No Sir, no fooling: but now, Sir, do you to your Chamber, Sir, to your Chamber; to your Prayer-Book and Repentance; Fasting and Humiliation will be good for you: To your Chamber, Sir; as you tender your Neck, Sir.

Theod. Damnation! Unhand me!

Porcia. I'll dye e'er I'll unhold you. Think you so barb'rously to leave me here in the House with a dead Wretch, and have the Punishment of his horrid Murder light on my innocent Head.

Theod. What do you resolve to do, Sir?

Fath. Do, Sir! What can I resolve to do, Sir? I have no means to hope to escape, Sir: for, in the first place, I have no Money; and a Man that kills another, without Money in his pocket, is in a very hopeful condition. In the next place, for a disguise, I have no Cloaths but these you see on my Back; with this Tripe-Buff Belt here, which there is not a Constable in the whole City but knows, and has had in his Custody, Sword and all. Look you, Gentlemen, I have civilly kill'd a Man for your Service; if you will resolve, fairly and squarely, to hang like Friends together, so: If not, I mutiny; and the word is, Discover the Plot, the old Boy must impeach.

Enter Rosard.

Ros. Oh, Sir! where are you?

Grat. Well, Rosard; what's the News now?

Ros. The Gentleman, Heav'n be thanked, is reviv'd again, Sir; though the Doctors say, such another Fit will certainly carry him off. The poor Creature is very weak, but very penitent.

Fath. In troth, and that's a very ill Symptom; therefore my Opinion is still—I am for hanging all together.

Theod. Heark you, old Rull; you say you have no Money, wherefore, during the present Interval, in the first place, because I will have no Mutiny upon this occasion; in order to your Escape, there's Money for you: in the next place, as you want Change of Rayment, here is the Key of a small Wardrobe, at the lower end of the Gallery above, you'll find the Door to it: Equip your self, and provide for your Security, as your best Discretion shall direct you.

Fath. Look you, Friend, the sooner the better; for, to tell you the truth, else I shall make but a scurvy matter of it at Tyburn Cross; with a whining, snivling Account of breaking the Sabbath, and keeping ill Company. Wherefore, not being good at making Speeches, I will leave the Opportunity to you, of shewing your politer Rhetorick, and save a Member of the Commonwealth.—— There's no great harm in Murder, when it brings a Man Money. [Aside, and Exit.

Porcia. And now, my Tyrant Brother, I hope we stand on even Terms.

Theod. No, Lady, not yet: There's Life return'd, and therefore hopes still, though, at present, in some measure to comply with you, and ease your Apprehensions, within the Limits of the House and Gardens you are at your Liberty, but no farther this Night: And, for your ampler satisfaction, if I have any Midnight Alarms from your Correspondent abroad, there's Entertainment ready for him, which he may not be very fond of; so Good Night, it is almost Ten. Who waits? What hoa, be ready there. Come Gratian, I'll see you to your Repose, and then to my Post of Guard.

Porcia. Ten! That was the Hour, Phillis, Beaugard mentioned; was it not?

Phill. It was, Madam.

Porc. Be ready then, all ye propitious Powers, that smile on faithful Love; Wait, like kind Angels, on him; Establish Conquest in his able Hand, and Kindness in his Heart. Oh, Sylvia!

*Sylv. You are transported, Cousin!

Porc. With hopes of Liberty I am indeed: it is an English Woman's natural Right. Do not our Fathers, Brothers and Kinsmen often, upon pretence of it, bid fair for Rebellion against their Sovereign; And why ought not we, by their Example, to rebel as plausibly against them?

Sylv. Most edifying Doctrine this is, truly.

[A Whistle without.

Porcia. The Sign! Heark, the Sign! Phillis, heard you nothing? [Whistle again. 'Tis there again; he's true, and I am happy. Sylvia, let us retire our selves; you know your old Apartment, for pretious mischief will be soon on foot; and Action worthy Love's great Cause. Thy Husband too, may chance to have

ve his share in the bus'ness; and, as I have order'd Matters, meet something in the Adventure, to mortifie his roving Humour, and reconcile him to his Duty and Allegiance.——— Heark : [Whistle again.
There, 'tis once more a Summons to the Citadel to surrender. This shall, in after Story, be call'd, Captain *Beaugard's* besieging of the Widow.
Which, as 'tis laid sure, with Success must end, }
Since Justice does his Enterprize attend
Without, and powerful Love within's his Friend. }

SCENE changed to Fields on the Back-side of a Garden.

Enter *Beaugard*, with a Party.

Beaug. Hold, stand fast; I have just now receiv'd Intelligence over the Garden-Wall, that our design has taken air, and there will be no easie Entrance.

1. *Man.* Ah Captain; the time has been, when, under your Command, we should have had no need of a Council of War for the attacking such a Fortification as this is.

Beaug. Peace *Plunder*, Peace you Rogue; no Moroding now: we'll burn, rob, demolish and murder another time together: This is a Bus'ness must be done with Decency.——— Heark.

2. *Man.* Some Company coming, Sir, from the Back-Street Ward.

Beaug. Hold then, *Plunder*: Do you, with your flying Party, hover at a distance about the Fields; while I, with the rest of the Body, post my self as advantageously as I can, to watch the Enemies Motions.——— [Exeunt.

Enter *Theodoret* and his Party.

Theod. This way the noise was: Be sure keep safe the Garden Gate, and follow me carefully. [Exit *Theod.*

Enter Courtine.

Court. So, here I am; and now for my Instructions. Let me see. [Reads the Billet.
Pray come disguised, that if the Design should miscarry, your Retreat may be the easier. Your unknown blushing Servant——— Humph! *Blushing Servant!* Passingly modest, I'll warrant you! *Pray come disguised!* So I am, or the Devil's in't; for I look more like a Cut-throat, than any thing else. Let me see; Upon this very Spot, the last time I was here, did I meet my damn'd Wife: Avert the Omen, sweet Heaven, I beseech thee. And now, as I am considering, where can my Friend *Beaugard* be at present too? With a Whore. There's that Question answer'd. Wherefore, would but my unknown blushing Servant appear, or give me a kind Sign; would but my little Partridge call, methinks I could so shuckle, and run, and Bill, and clap my Wings about her. Hah! [Turns about.

Enter

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Stand : Who goes there ?

Court. What's the matter now ?

1 Serv. Stand, Sir : What are you, Sir ?

Court. What am I, Sir ! A Man, Sir.

Theod. A Man, Sir, we see you are : But what Man are you, Friend ?

Court. A Gentleman, Friend ; and you had best use me so. — By Heaven, *Theodoret* ; and if I am but discover'd !

Theod. Hands off, unloose him. You are not him we look for, Sir.

Court. I am glad of that with all my Heart.

Theod. And therefore I ask your Pardon. But, if you are a Gentleman, you will assist one in me, that have been injured. I have reason to believe, my House is now beset by Villains, who have base designs upon the Honour of my Family. Wherefore, if you are what you pretend, you'll draw your Sword to do a good Cause Justice.

Court. Sir, I wear it for no other end ; and you shall command it. — Ay, 'tis so *Beaugard* ; upon new Exploits for the Recovery of his Widow. Nothing but Knight-Errantry stirring this Moon.

Theod. Please you then, Sir, to stay here with my Servants, while I walk to the Corner of yon Wall, and try what I can discover. [Exit Theod.]

Court. You may trust me, Sir. Now will I shew my self a true *Renegado* ; take Entertainment in Christian Service, to betray 'em to my Brother *Turk*, upon the first opportunity. And so, my blushing Unknown, you may e'en stay your Stomach with your Sheets for this Night.

Re-enter Theodoret.

Theod. They are here, stand fast ; be resolute, and be rewarded.

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Now, for a convenient Opportunity to do a mischief : *Beaugard*, I find, is come, and my kind Mistress punctual to Appointment in the Garden. Now, could I but order the Affair so, as to slur *Beaugard* upon her, instead of my self ; and her upon him, instead of *Porcia*, my Conscience would be satisfied ; and he, *Mr. Courtine*, my Rival Widow, and the Wife serv'd all in their kind.

Theod. Hold, Sir ; What are you ?

[To Beaugard at the Entrance.]

Court. Ay ; Now, now.

Beaug. No matter, Sir ; this is not a time of Night to answer Questions.

Theod. Nay, then. —

Beaug. Nay, now Sir ; and when else you think fitting, Sir : I am the Man you look for ; and you are him I wisht to meet here.

Court. Now how the Devil I shall do to tilt Booty ; Hang me like a Dog if I can imagine.

Beaug. COME on there.

Theod.

Theod. You pass upon your death.

Beaug. I have learnt to scorn death more since first you threatned it ;
I see your Numbers too, and come prepar'd,
Pere's my Claim, and here I'll win or lose her.

Theod. Then take thy due ; and dye like a midnight Thief. Fall on.

[Beaug. and Theod. engage, and their Parties. Beaug. and Theod.
quit each other. Beaug. falls upon Courtine, and Theod. upon
Beaug. Party ; who retire from him, as Court. does from Beaug.
off from the Stage.

Theod. He runs, he runs ; the Half-bred Hector runs. False Cards and Dice,
and Quart-pot Brothel-Brawles, were fitter for his Management, than honour-
able Difference : Hark, Clashing of Swords still, by Heaven I miss our Friend
the honourable Stranger, that so generously took our Party ; if it be him, let's
out, and give him succor.

Enter Beaugard driving in Courtine, who retires beyond the reach of his Sword.

Beaug. Bafe Rascal ! Coward flie !——

Court. No, Sir, I stand stock still, and won't stir an Inch ; but since you are
so uncivil, resolve not to fight a stroke more : So there's my Sword, and here's
your humble Servant.

Beaug. Courtine !

Court. The same.

Beaug. And thou my Enemy too !

Court. No, Sir, your Friend, had you been wise enough to have found it ; I
came hither disguis'd, for a Reason you shall know hereafter ; But falling into
the hands of the Enemy, was forced to take Party against you, for fear of be-
ing beaten for you : Yet with a design of revolting would you have given me
leave ; but you, when you should have kept at the head of your Friends, took
a particular fancy to be tickling my small guts, and now you see what you have
got by it.

Beaug. Then farewell for ever poor Widow.——But stay, it were base and
unmanly to give it over so——Let me see——Lend me thy Disguise, Quickly,
quickly, quickly, my Imagination's warm.

Court. Ay, with all my heart, and glad to be rid of it so——[Disguises Beaug.

Beaug. Take this, and rally my scatter'd Forces, [Gives him his Whistle.
They know the sign ; and cannot be far off under the conduct of Plunder that
was my Serjeant abroad, thou know'st him ; make what trade is possible, I'll
be hereabouts, and be near me, if any new Disaster should happen.

Court. Well, with all my heart for once, here is a new design in Embrio now,
though I fancy when we have got her, we shall never make of this Widow
what she has cost us.

Beaug. No more ; I hear Company ; Vanish.——[Exit Court. Enter Theod.

Theod. This way I think I heard it : Look, Is not that he ! Oh my dear ge-
nerous Friend, let me embrace you : I hope you are come off well.

Beaug. Very well, Sir, I thank you, if I were but well off from this place; I fear the man I had to deal withall is fallen, for I left him stagg'ring. Security were best for us all, Sir.

Theod. My house shall be your Sanctuary, and I'll dye with-you but I'll protect you.

Beaug. I gad, and that's kindly said, as things stand between us, and if he knew all. [*Aside.*

Theod. Open the Garden-gate there: You shall rest your self in an Arbor, while I dispose of the gross of my Family, and prepare an Apartment for your privacy.

Beaug. If I had dy'd in your Quarrel, Sir, a Generosity like this had over-rewarded it. [*Courtine at the Entrance.*

Court. Stand still ye beaten scatter'd Scoundrels, I think that's he, follow me but at a distance.

Theod. Open the Gate I say there, come Sir——— [*They enter the Garden.*

Court. The Stratagem succeeds, and Troy at last is taken.

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Oh dear Sir, are not you Captain *Beaugard*?

Court. The same, my dear Child, the same; Hast thou any good tydings for me?

Lucr. The private door of the Garden on the other side is opened, and you may enter Sir. My poor Lady is dying almost with despair, that she shall never see you more: Could you now tell me news of Captain *Courtine*?

Court. Hah! Does then my Blushing unknown belong to these Territories? It must be so, Captain *Courtine* is just gone in before Sweet-heart, therefore if thou art a true Friend to Love, quickly conduct me.

Lucr. I'll shew you, Sir, into the door where you may conceal your self in one of the Arbors till I go through the House, and bring you farther intelligence.

Court. And if my Adventure happen really to be at the end of this business, my Friend and I shall not, I fancy, pass our time very uncomfortably. [*Exeunt.*
Rogues follow me, follow me Rogues.

SCENE, The Garden.

Beaugard looking out of an Arbor.

Beaug. So, so, thus far I am undiscovered; it is as dark, as if the Devil himself were abroad a solacing amongst a Company of Northern Witches to Night: if *Courtine* be but enter'd with my Mermidons, the Widow's infallibly all my own. Hiss! Who comes here?

Enter

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Sir, Sir, where are you?

Beaug. Here, here, my Friend, I wait you.

Lucr. Friend! Is not your Name?—

Beaug. My Name, what! what can this mean?—

[Aside.

Lucr. Beaugard, Come, come, I know you: You need not distrust your self, my design is to do you service; your Porcia knows you are here, and expects you with her Arms open, follow me.

Beaug. Be thou my good or bad Angel, at the charm of that name I must follow thee, though thou lead me to Perdition.

Lucr. Softly, no noise, this way, give me your hand.

[Exeunt.

Enter Courtine.

Court. Hold, let me see; Ay, there I think is an Arbor where I will creep in, and lie as close, as a Coward in the Hold at a Sea-fight.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Hereabouts it was I left him, it is wonderfully dark: Friend! Friend! Where are you?

Court. Hah! that's another sort of Voice than the Youngsters I depend on: By Heav'n, Theodoret!

[Aside.

Theod. Friend, Friend, I say, where are you?

Court. Ay, but the Devil a word you get of me.

[Aside.

Theod. Why, Sir Friend, do not you hear me?

Court. No.

[Aside.

Theod. I am sure this must be the Arbor; I'll run and call a Flambeaux.

Court. That may not be so well neither, my affairs will not agree with the light as I take it.

[Aside.

Theod. May be he's fallen asleep, let me see. [Gropes into the Arbor, and feels him.

'Tis even so: What hoa, Sir!—

[Courtine snores.

Court. Who's there? What are you?

[Aloud, as if frighted suddenly.

Theod. Hush, make no noise; but come away.

Court. Is it you, Sir?—He mistakes me for Beaugard, I hope.

Theod. The same: I wait upon you, follow me.

Court. If he discover me, all again is ruin'd; but Darknes, I hope, and Impudence, will befriend a good Cause.

SCENE, Dardevill's Chamber,

With only one small Lamp burning, and Dardevill on the Bed.

Dard. Oh! oh! oh! my Wounds and my Sins! Conscience, Conscience, Conscience, how shall I quiet thee! [*Beang. Father at the door.*

Fath. This cowardly Chicken-hearted Rascal will dye, and be damn'd at last. How do you do Sir? How do you find your self?

Dard. Oh very ill, Heav'n knows! within few hours of a Grave, and without great mercy of a deeper place: Who ever you are, if you have any Charity, procure me some Conscientious Godly Divine to unburden my self of my iniquity to.

Fath. This puling, whining, repining Rogue, within these two days was blaspheming: Ought I to be hang'd now for such a Varlet! Shall I send you a Divine, said you Sir?

Dard. It would be a great Favour, and a Comfort to me, Sir.

Fath. I'll try what I can do for you, since I see your condition so dangerous, a Pox o'yr Queasy Conscience: There is no safety for me in staying here, that's one thing, the House being certainly beset for the apprehending some body: For looking out at the Wardrobe Window as I was dressing my self, I observed six or seven arm'd Rogues with hangmanly Faces, sneaking and sculking about the Garden, that's another thing; wherefore I will hatten, and finish my disguise, and if there come an Alarm, take the fairest opportunity to get off in it, and that for me will be the best thing. [*Exit Father.*

Enter Courtine.

Court. To what an insignificant purpose have I taken all this pains to night, here have I been put into a Room with a Bed in it, with pray, Sir, will you be pleased to take your rest in the Devil's Name; when my design has not been to take my rest, but my Recreation: I fancy I heard a kind, small complaining Voice this way too, and must at present confess my self in a very good natur'd humor, very much inclined to succor any distressed Danisel that wants a Companion to pass away a tedious Night withall.

Dard. Oh! oh! Would but this dear Man come now!

Court. Hah! heark! That must certainly be me she means; nay, I am sure on't: I'll on a little farther.

Dard. Oh h h!

Court. Where art thou, thou poor Creature? I am come to comfort thee.

Dard. I wish you had come a little sooner, I am very ill.

Court. Alas, kind Soul, she's sick with passionate expectation: This must be my blushing, unknown Servant at the least.

Dard. Whereabouts are you? Give me your hand hither, will you?

Court. Here, here it is, and my heart too, thou hast 'em both: I'll swear she

she has a well grown palm, by the Rule of proportion I'll warrant her a Swinger : ——— but no matter 'tis in the dark. [*Aside.*

Dard. Heart, said you Sir ? Alas ! my poor heart's breaking.

Court. Breaking, dear Soul ! No, no, never fear it, I'll give thee a Recipe to keep it whole I'll warrant thee : This is the most Romantick Adventure.

[*Falls to undressing himself.*

Porcia and Phillis at the door.

Porcia. Has then *Beaugard* gotten entrance art thou sure ?

Court. Hah !

Phillis. Madam so sure ; that his *Valis Fourbine* is here in the House, and told me so himself.

Court. What's that ?

Porcia. Then now my part begins : Was there ever such inhumane Cruelty committed, a Wretch barbarously murder'd and expos'd, without comfort or succor ?

Court. Murder, said they ? What, Manslaying ! when all my thoughts were upon nothing but Manmaking. I gad then 'tis time that I take care for one, and till a better conveniency offer it self, here's my Burrough, murder in the Devil's name. What do they say now ? [*Creeps under the Bed.*

Porcia. No, no, my Conscience will not bear it, I must proclaim it to the World : What hoa there, Murder, Murder, Murder.

Court. Oh Lord, here's a comfortable Condition that I am got into.

Porcia. But does the Chyrurgeon say there is certainly no danger ?

Phillis. Only a thin skin Wound on the outside of his Belly ; but that the force of Fear in the Cowardly-hearted Fellow, will let him think of nothing but a Grave and Damnation.

Porcia. The present advantage of it then must be improv'd : wherefore I say the stinging of my Conscience will not let me rest, I dare not conceal this Murder. Murder, Murder, Murder ! Cry Murder you Witch, and alarm the House.

Phillis. Here is somebody coming already, *Madam.*

Porcia. Stand still, and observe then.

Enter Beaugard.

Beaug. I think it was this way, but no matter, for I am sure I reign Lord Paramount of this Castle now : The angry jealous Brother is gone to Bed, and all his warlike Family, where he lies as fast, and snores and gapes so wide, one might steal the Widow out of his mouth if she were there : Now could I but find the way to her Ladiship's Chamber, while *Plunder* is according to Orders, with his Crew binding the drowzy Rogues of the Family in their Beds ! What an opportunity would that be ! For there is but one way of making a slippery Widow sure to you.

Porcia. No matter, happen how it will, I say again it is a Crying Sin, it is an Abomination, 'tis a——Ah ! [*Seeing Beaug. disguis'd, is frighted, and runs out.*

Beaug.

Beaug. Hah! What do Ghosts walk here at this time o'Night, and in Petticoats too; Nay, then have at you: Ye Airy Forms. [*Going out, is met by his Father, disguis'd like a Phanatique Preacher.*]

Fath. Yes, verily, and indeed it is an Abomination, a burning Shame, and a lewd Abomination.

Beaug. Hell and the Devil! My Spirit in Petticoats that squeak'd Abomination in *Ela*, converted to the fleshly similitude of a Holy Brother, that Cants it in Gamut——Hoh! Speak, what art thou?

Fath. A Minister of Peace to wounded Consciences, I come here by appointment with an Olive Branch in my mouth, to visit a mortal Ark tofs'd and floating in floods of its own Tears, for its own Frailties.

Beaug. And are you really, Sir, a Man? Really the Godly Implement you appear to be, for the scowring of foul Consciences.

Dard. Ha! ha! ha! Godly Implement, it has almost made me laugh; that's a merry Gentleman, I'll warrant him: Oh h h!

Fath. I am, Friend, I tell thee, an instructor of the Chosen: Thou favour'it of the old Man, stand off, and do not pollute me with too near communication: I come to convert a Sinner to the Truth, it was I that converted——as some say no body; and expounded the groans of the Protestant Board. How fareth our Brother?

Dard. Alas, Sir, very weak; upon the point of Dissolution, and tormented with the stings of a terrify'd Conscience.

Fath. Lay then one hand upon thy heart.

Dard. I do so.

Fath. Lend me the other; that in the pouring forth thy sins, thy right hand may not know what thy left hand doth.

Beaug. A very material Point that is truly.

Fath. Thou hast lived in Wickedness long.

Dard. From Sixteen to Eight and Forty, without the least Repentance, or a thought of it.

Fath. A very dangerous state; but for thy darling Sins, *Imprimis*, what?

Dard. Drunkenness.

Fath. A very pernicious sin, and of the Devil's own institution; for it sets our Souls a fire: Nay, it sets our Noses o' fire, and sets Houses o' fire. Drunkenness!——Did you ever burn any Houses?

Dard. Never but three, and they Houses of pollution too: Bawdy-houses, Sir.

Fath. So much the worse: For if Bawdy-houses be burnt, what civil Family in this City sleeps safe? I never burnt a Bawdy-house in my life, that's my comfort. *Item.*

Dard. Whoredom, Adultery!

Fath. For Adultery, I mean corrupting of other mens Wives, let me tell you it is a crying Sin, and a very loud one too; but do you repent?

Dard. From the Bottom of my heart.

Beaug. So, Heav'n be thanked, there's no harm in plain Whoredom.

Fath. No more to be said then; be comforted, and I'll absolve thee: But with whom was this Wickedness committed last?

Dard. With my Bosom Friend's Wife, and one that deserv'd much better of me.

Beaug.

Beaug. And that was very friendly done of thee truly.

Fath. Impudent Rogue! But was she very young?

Beaug. Ay, now the feeling, circumstantial Questions are starting.

Dard. About Eighteen; and not yet wedded a full year.

Fath. Voluptuous Dog! But handfom too? Was she very handfom?

Dard. Too beautiful, to have had so little Virtue.

Fath. Her Name, her Name! Tell me her Name. Quickly, I say unto thee, let me know her Name.

Beaug. Well said, well said there, old Fornication!

Dard. That I have promised shall for ever be a Secret, Sir.

Fath. Then thou art damn'd, and I do not absolve thee. I must know this precious young Harlot. [*Aside.*] Once more I say her Name!

Dard. But I have sworn, Sir; you'd not have me be forsworn?

Fath. A mortal Sin in it self: Swearing is another Sin. Farewel, I'll have no more to do with thee: Thy Sins are of too deep a Dye, and Satan be upon thee, a damn'd Rogue not to tell me her Name.

Dard. Oh! oh! dear Sir, come back again, and leave me not in this desperate, desponding, sad condition. [*Exit Father.*]

If he has any mercy in this Case but upon his own conditions, he's no Father of mine I am sure on't. [*Aside.*]

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Oh, Sir, I am glad I have met with you, a word with you in private, turn, turn this way into the next Room quickly, *Porcia, Porcia*, your Widow *Porcia*, Sir.

Beaug. Hah! speak, where is she, thou pretty, smiling Mercury!

Lucr. I am to bring her to you this moment: No more words, but in Sir, in, if you'll be happy.

Court. *Porcia, Porcia*, said he? Then I am sure it must be *Beaugard*, a pretty Pimp that I'll warrant him. [*Aside.*]

Beaug. And shall I trust thee?

Lucr. Why should I deceive you?

Beaug. Be sure thou dost not, as thou lovest the welfare of this soft, tender outside; adieu for a minute. [*Exit.*]

Lucr. That minute gives her to your possession, Sir———Hift, Madam, Hift! The Coast is now clear.

Sylvia. Where are you ill nature?

Lucr. Here, tortur'd with my Longings: Where are you? come, come.

Sylvia. Why do you make me do this?

Lucr. Is that a Question now? Turn, turn into the dark Chamber: I'll but secure this Door, and then the Night's our own.

Sylvia. Don't tlay too long.

Court. How afraid she is, lest he should come again too soon! [*Aside.*]

Lucr. Be satish'd, I'll fly———that is from you as fast as I can, for I hope I have fitted you.

[*Exit Sylvia.*
Court.]

Court. Nay, faith, if this be the Custom of the House, I'll lurk here no longer: The Devil again!

Re-enter Father.

Fath. Trouble me no more, I say I will not be persuaded, I will know the Adulteresses Name, that I may admonish her; for it has been of ancient practice in these our pious Offices, to make our Converts confess not only all they know, but all that we have a mind to know.

Dard. Not Sir, I hope, if it be improper.

Fath. No matter for that, proper or improper, right or wrong, true or false, if it be for our use, it must be confessed. Therefore I say, and say again, I do not absolve thee, thou art in the state of Perdition still; tell me her Name, or for thy Drunkenness, and burning of Houses; Thy Whoredoms, and Adulteries; Blasphemy, and Profaness; Thy Swearing, and Forswearing; Thy rubbing out Milk-scores, and lamb-blackening of Signs in Covent-Garden; Thy breaking of Windows, killing Constables and Watchmen, Beadles, Taylors, Hackney-Coachmen and Link-Boys: for all these——

[*Noises of squeaking from each side of the Stage, one from Sylvia, Heark there the screaming Fiends are at thy door already. Heark, scream again.*]

Court. Nay, Madam, if you squeak, and think to alarm the House, I do not behave my self like a true Friend to Love, I am mistaken, and so here I am pelted, and thus will maintain the Pass. [*Goes to the door where Beaugard and his wife are, and draws his sword to defend it.*]

Lucr. at the door. Well said, my civil, dear and friendly Cuckold.

Enter Theodoret and Porcia crying.

Theod. Come forth thou Strumpet.

Porcia. Nay, cruel Theodoret, do not, do not kill me: here on my knees.

Court. How's this? Porcia taken there, and my Friend here in private with Porcia too!

Theod. By Heav'n thou dy'st this moment.

Court. By Hell though but the shall not, Sir.

Enter Sylvia, and Beaugard pursuing her.

Beaug. Nay, Madam, then! how's this? My Widow split in twain! My Porcia there, and Porcia here too? Confound me Courtine's Wife! I have done finely.

Theod. You'll justify this usage?

Court. You see, Sir, I am responsible.

Beaug. By Heav'n I caught her, or—Nay, look Sir well, you'll know me.

[*Shows ~~Sir~~ Beaugard.*
[*Throws off his disguise.*
Porcia.

Porcia. My faithful Souldier!

Beaug. My victorious Widow!

[*She runs into his Arms.*

Theod. Call up my Servants there, raise all the Household.

Beaug. I'll do't Sir———[*Gives the Sign, Plunder and his Party appear.*
See, here are those that are ready to wait on you, if you have any service to command them.

Theod. And I will find 'em service that shall warm 'em.

[*Exit.*

Court. Now, I fancy, by this Lady's concealing her self, she may be a discovery worth the making. Madam, you see here my Friend is unconstant, but truly nothing could ever wean him from this Widow here——*Sylvia!* My Wife! my rigid vertuous Wife! my damn'd, confounded, jealous Wife!

Beaug. Now here are very hopeful matters towards.

Court. It was very courteously done of me, *Beaugard*, was it not, to keep the door for you, with my own Wife, Sir?

Beaug. Nay, let us not quarrel *Ned*: I'll give thee a friendly account of this matter to morrow between our selves, in the mean time be satisfi'd, I have not wrong'd thee.

Porcia. Will you never leave this Foraging into other Folks Quarters, Captain?

Beaug. I am afraid, Widow of mine, you had a finger in the Plot, though—

Sylvia. Indeed, my dearest.

Court. Your humble Servant, my Dearest! I am only glad of this fair opportunity, to be rid of you, my Dearest: henceforth, my Dearest, I shall drink my drink, my Dearest, I shall whore my Dearest; and so long as I can pimp so handfomly for you, my Dearest, I hope if ever we return into the Countrey, you'll wink at a small Fault now and then with the Dairy-Wench, or Chamber-Maid, my Dearest.

Sylv. I always was a Burden to your sight, and you shall be this time eas'd on't.

[*Exit.*

Court. With all my heart! Heav'n grant it would last for ever.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. My Doors lockt up! My Servants gag'd and bound! I am betray'd, undone, and I'll not live to bear it.

Beaug. Nay, hold, Sir, none of that neither: This Design was not laid for a Tragedy.

Theod. How do you intend to deal with me?

Beaug. Like a Gentleman, Sir, though you hardly deserve it of me: In short, this Lady is in my Charge now, and you in my power, and by her Authority, this being her own House, I have made thus bold with it, and will take care to dispose hereafter out of the reach of your merciless Tyranny, nay, if this reverend person will do us the friendly Office, though I have often renounc't it, am ready to do it one way this moment. *Dardevil*, wilt thou lend me thy Chaplain?

Dard. Heh!

L

Porcia.

Porcia. Rise, Sir! Won't you rise? If your old Friend and I make a match on't, I hope you'll be so kind to dance at the Wedding.

Dard. Dance, Madam! I am dying.

Philis. That's false, to my knowledge, Madam: for the Surgeon told me last dressing, it was so slight a Wound, he had much ado to keep it from healing.

Dard. Yes, by the same token when he had done with me, he began with you, forsooth, and said he would shew you a little of his operation, for handling and tampering with his Box of Instruments, and there's the truth out now.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Dard. Why Gentlemen, Ladies, Friends, Acquaintance, Am not I dying? Am not I wounded? Is not there a Hole in my belly, that you may turn a Coach and six in?

Beaug. No, no: Prithee leave raving, and get up for shame, man. Thou an Atheist, thou believe neither a God nor a Devil, and be afraid of a hurt no bigger than a Pin-hole! *Courtine*, lend us thy hand to raise up our old Friend here: Well, how is't now? [Set him on his Legs.

Dard. Hah! Faith and Troth, I fancy, not so bad as I thought it was. Methinks I begin to find my self pretty hearty; I can stand, I can walk too, I have no pain at all. How dost thou do, {Strikes him on the Shoulder, which
shakes the Disguise from his Face.
old Orththodox?

Court. Ah! but you repented, *Darde vill*; thou didst repent, Friend: I am sorry to hear of it with all my heart, it will be a foul blot in thy Escutcheon: But thou didst repent.

Fath. A Pox on the Block-head, now I shall be known {Fumbling to fix his
Disguise again.

Dard. Repent! Prithee be quiet, Man: Repent, quotha! Why, dost thou think I did not know my old Customer for two Deuces here, old *Anti-Abraham*, the Father of Unbelievers?

Fath. My *Jacky*! my little Rogue! my dainty Boy! Thou Son of thy nown Father, I can hold no longer; and I must kiss thee, and I will kiss thee, eeee you Dog, you Dog, you Dog, you little dear damn'd Dog. [Sing Old Simon.
Huzza, the Widow's our own: There lie Divinity.

Beaug. A very *Cutter*, as I live, had he but a *Tabitha*, a perfect *Cutter*.

Fath. Now, *Jacky* Boy; *Jacky*, you Rogue, shall not I have a little spill out of this Portion now, hah? The jolly Worms that have fatten'd so long in this Malmsey Nose of mine with the Fumes of Sack will die, and drop out of their Sockets else. Couldst thou have the Heart to see this illuminated Nose of mine look like an empty Honey-Comb; Couldst thou be so hard hearted?

Porcia. Faith, Captain, be mollify'd; the old Gentleman, methinks, proposes very moderately.

Fath. It shall be so: She shall be my Daughter in Law, though I invert the Order of Duty, and ask her Blessing.

Beaug. Look you, Sir: Though you have been a very ungracious Father, upon condition that you'll promise to leave off Gaming, and stick to your Who'ing and Drinking, I will treat with you.

Fath.

Fath. The truth on't is, I have been too blame, *Jack*! But thou shalt find me hereafter very obedient; that is, provided I have my Terms: which are these.

Beaug. Come on, then.

Fath. Three Bottles of Sack, *Jack*, *per diem*, without Deduction, or false Measure: Two Pound of Tobacco *per Month*; and that of the best too.

Court. Truly this is but reasonable.

Fath. Buttock-Beef and *March-Beer* at Dinner, you Rogue: A young Wench of my own chusing, to wait on no body but me always: Money in my Pocket: An old Pacing Horse, and an Elbow-Chair.

Beaug. Agreed. You see, Sir, already, I am beginning to settle my Family; and all this comes by the Dominion Chance has over us. By Chance you took the Charge of an old Father off from my Hands. and made a Chaplain of him. By the same sort of Chance I have taken this Lady off from your Hands, and intend to make her another sort of Domestick. What say you, Sir? Are you contented?

Theod. I cannot tell whether I am or no.

Beaug. Then you are not so wise a Man as I took you for. In the mean time; for your Liberty, you must dispense with the want of it, till I have this Night secured the Safety of my Widow. Your Friend *Gratian*, because of his Wounds, is only lock'd in his Chamber, and may take his Rest as otherwise. For the other part of the Family, I care not to make Excuses.

*Thus still, with Power in hand, we treat of Peace;
But when 'tis ratify'd, Suspicions cease:
The Conquer'd to recruiting Labours move.
Like me, the Victor, Crowns his Ease with Love.*

F I N I S.

But the time, as I have been told, is past! But then to all the

And the time, as I have been told, is past! But then to all the

And the time, as I have been told, is past! But then to all the

And the time, as I have been told, is past! But then to all the

And the time, as I have been told, is past! But then to all the

And the time, as I have been told, is past! But then to all the

And the time, as I have been told, is past! But then to all the

And the time, as I have been told, is past! But then to all the

F I N I S

Titus and Berenice,

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the DUKE'S

THEATRE

With a FARCE called the

Cheats of Scapin.

By Tho: Otway.

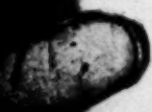
*Grandis Oratio non est Turgida
Sed Naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. Pet. Arb.*

Licensed Febr. the 19th. 1677.

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Richard Tonson* at his Shop under *Grays-Inn-Gate*,
next *Grays-Inn-Lane*. 1677.





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
JOHN EARL of
ROCHESTER.

One of the Gentlemen of his *Majesties*
Bed-Chamber, &c.

My Lord,

D*edications are grown things of so nice
a Nature, That it is almost impossi-
ble for me to pay your Lordship those
Acknowledgments I owe you, And not
(from those who cannot Judge of the Sentiments
I have of your Lordships Favours) incur the
Censure either of a fawner or a flatterer. Both
which ought to be as hateful to an Ingenuous Spi-
rit as Ingratitude. None of these would I be guilty
of, and yet in letting the World know how Good
and how Generous a Patron I have, (in spite of
Malice) I am sure I am honest.*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

My Lord,

Never was Poetry under so great an oppression as now, as full of Phanaticism's as Religion, where every one pretends to the Spirit of Wit, sets up a Doctrine of his own, and hates a Poet worse then a Quaker does a Priest.

To examine how much goes to the making up one of those dreadful things that resolve our dissolution It is for the most part, a very little French breeding much assurance, with a great deal of talk and no sence.

Thus he comes to a New Play, Enquires the Author of it, and (if he can find any) makes his personal misfortunes the subject of his malice to some of his Companions, who have as little Wit and as much ill Nature as himself; and so to be sure (as far as he can) the Play is damn'd.

At night he never fails to Appear in the With-drawing room, where he picks out some that have as little to do there as himself, who mustering up all their puny Forces damn as positively, as if like Muggleton it were their gift, when indeed they have as little right to Wit, as a Journey man Taylor can have to Prophecy.

Wit,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Wit, which was the mistress of former Ages, is become the Scandal of ours; Either the Old Satyr to let us understand what he has known Damns and decryes all Poetry, but the old; or else the young affected Fool that is impudent beyond Correction, and ignorant above instruction, will be Censuring the present; tho he misplace his wit as he generally does his Courage, and ever makes use of it on the wrong occasion.

How great a Hazard then does your Lordship run in so stedfastly protecting a poor Exil'd thing that has so many Enemies! But that your Wit is more Eminent than all their Folly or Ignorance, and your Goodness greater than any Malice or Ill Nature can be. I am sure (and I must own it with gratitude) I have tasted of it much above my Merit, or what even Vanity might prompt me to expect; Though in doing this, I shall at best but appear an humble debtor, who acknowledges honestly what he owes, though to keep up his Credit he must be forc'd to borrow more; For my Genius alwayes led me to seek an interest in your Lordship; and I never see you, but I am fir'd with an Ambition of being in your Favour:
for

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*for all I have receiv'd, the highest return I am
able to make, is my acknowledgment, in which
I can hardly distinguish whether my Thankful-
ness or my Pride be the greater, when I subscribe
my self*

Your Lordships

Most Obliged and most
Devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PRO.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Underhill.

G Allants our Author met me here to day,
And beg'd that I'd say something for his Play.
You Wagg's that Judge by Roar, and damn by Rule,
Taking your measures from some Neighbour fool;
Who has Impudence a Coxcombs useful Tool;
That always are severe you know not why,
And would be thought great Criticks by the By:
With very much ill Nature, and no Wit,
Just as you are, we humbly beg you'd Sit,
And with your Silly selves divert the Pitt.
You Men of Sence, who heretofore allow'd,
Our Author's Follies; make him once more proud;
But for the Youths, that newl' are come from France,
Who's Heads want Sence, though heels abound with dance:
Our Authour to their Judgment won't submit,
But swears that they who so infest the Pit,
With their own Follies, ne're can Judge of Wit.
'Tis thence he Chiefly favour would Implore,
And Fair Ones pray oblige him on my Score.
Confine his Foes, the Fops within their Rules,
For Ladies you know how to manage Fools.

[to the Boxes.]

Persons

Persons Represented in the *Tragedy* By

<i>Titus Vespasian</i> , Emperour of <i>Rome</i> —————	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Antiochus</i> , King of <i>Comagene</i> —————	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
<i>Paulinus</i> , The <i>Emperors</i> Confident —————	Mr. <i>Medbourn</i> .
<i>Arfaces</i> , <i>Antiochus</i> his Confident —————	Mr. <i>Crosby</i> .
<i>Rutilius</i> , A Tribune —————	Mr. <i>Gillow</i> .
<i>Berenice</i> , Queen of <i>Palestine</i> —————	Mrs. <i>Lee</i> .
<i>Phenice</i> , Her Confident —————	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .

The SCENE *ROME*.

Persons Represented in the *Farce*. By

<i>Thrifty</i> }	Two old Merchants. —————	{	Mr. <i>Sandford</i> .
<i>Gripe</i> . }			Mr. <i>Noakes</i> .
<i>Octavian</i> , }	Their Sons —————	{	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Leander</i> , }			Mr. <i>Percivall</i> .
<i>Scapin</i> , A Cheat —————			Mr. <i>Anth. Leigh</i> .
<i>Shift</i> , }	<i>Scapins</i> Instruments —————	{	Mr. <i>Richards</i> ,
<i>Sly</i> , }			Mr. ———
<i>Lucia</i> , <i>Thrifty's</i> Daughter, —————			Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Clara</i> , <i>Gripe's</i> Daughter. —————			Mrs. <i>Gibbs</i> .

The SCENE *DOVER*.

TITUS.

TITUS

and

BERENICE.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A Palace.

Enter Artiochus and Arsaces.

Artiochus.

THou my *Arsaces* art a Stranger here,
This is th' Apartment of the Charming Fair,
That *Berenice*, whom *Titus* so adores,
The Universe is his, and he is hers :

Here from the Court himself he oft conceals,
And in her Ears his charming story tells,
Whilst I a Vassal for admittance wait,
And am at best but thought importunate.

Arsac. You want admittance ! who with generous care
Have follow'd all her Fortunes every-where,
Whose Fame throughout the World so loudly rings,
One of the greatest of our Eastern-Kings.
As once you seem'd the Monarch of her Breast,
Too firmly seated to be dispossest,
Nor can the pride she doth in *Titus* take,
Already so severe a distance make.

Antio. Yes ! still that wretch *Artiochus* I am.
But Love ! oh how I tremble at the name ;
And my distracted Soul at that doth start,
Which once was all the pleasure of my heart,

B

Since

TITUS and BERENICE.

Since *Berenice* has all my hopes destroyed,
And an Eternal silence on me laid.

Arfac. That you resent her pride, I see with Joy,
'Tis that which does her gratitude destroy;
But Friendship wrong'd should into hatred turn,
And you methinks might learn her Art to scorn.

Anti. *Arfaces*, how false Measures dost thou take,
Remove the *Poles*, and bid the *Sun* go back:
Invert all Natures Orders, Fates Decrees,
Then bid me hate the Charming *Berenice*.

Arfac. Well, love her still, but let her know your pain,
Resolve it you shall see, and speak again;
Urge to her face your rightful Claim aloud,
And court her haughtily, as she is proud.

Antio. *Arfaces*, No, she's gentle as a Dove,
Her Eyes are Tyrants, but her Soul's all Love,
And owes so little for the Vowes I've made,
That if she pry me, I'm more than paid. [Enter *Rutilius*.

But see the man I sent, at last returns;
Oh how my heart with Expectation burns.

Rutilius, have you *Berenice* seen?

Rut. I have.

Antio. Oh speak! what says the Charming Queen?

Rut. I prest with difficulty, through the Croud,
A throng of Court-Attendants round her stood.
The time now past of his severe retreat,

Titus laments no more his Fathers fate.

Love takes up all his thoughts, and all his cares,
Whilst he to meet these mighty Joys prepares:

Which may in *Berenices* arms be found,

For she this day will be *Romes* Empress crown'd.

Anti. What do I hear? Confusion on thy tongue!

To tell me this, why was thy speech so long?

Why didst not Ruine with more speed afford?

Thou mightst have spoke and kill'd me in a word.

But may I not one Moment with her speak,

And my poor heart disclose before it break?

Rut. You shall; for when I told her what you design'd,
She sweetly smil'd, and her fair head inclin'd:
Titus ne'r from her had a look more kind.

[Enter

TITUS and BERENICE.

[Enter Berenice and Phœnicia.]

She's here.

Berenice, At last from the rude Joy I'm freed,
Of those new Friends whom my new fortunes breed.
The tedious form of their respect I shun,
To find out him whose words and heart are one.

Antiochus, for I'll no flattery use
Since your neglect I justly may accuse,
How great your Cares for *Berenice* have been,
Ev'n all the *East*, and *Rome* it self have seen,
In my worst fate I did your friendship find,
But now I grow more Great, you grow less kind.

Antio. Now durst I hope, I would forget my smart,
So well she understands to sooth my heart.
But, Madam, its a truth by Rumour spread,
That *Titus* shall this night possess your bed.

Ber. Sir, All my Conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Though half the Fears I've had, I cannot tell;
So much did *Titus* for his Father mourn,
I almost doubted Love would ne'r return;
He had not for me that Assiduous heat
As when whole days fixt on my Eyes, he sate.
Grief in his Eyes, Cares on his Brows did dwell;
Oft came and lookt, said nothing but farewell.

Ant. But now his kindness he renews again,

Ber. Oh! he will doubly recompence his pain
For that, if any Faith may be allow'd,
Two thousand Oaths, two thousand times renew'd;
Or any Justice in the Powers Divine,

Antiochus, He'll be for ever mine.

Antio. How she insults and triumphs in my ill,
Sh'as with long practice learnt to smile and kill.
Oh *Berenice*, Eternally farewell.

**Ber*. Farewel! good Heav'n! what Language do I hear;
Stay! I conjure you Sir--- by all's that dear.

Antiochus, What is it I have done?

Why don't you speak?

Antio. Madam I must be gone.

Ber. How Cruelly you use me! I implore
The Reason——

Ant. I must never see you more.

TITUS and BERENICE.

Ber. For Heav'n's sake tell, you wound me with delay.

Ant. At least remember I your Laws obey.
 Why should I here wretched and hopeless stay?
 If the remembrance be'nt Extinguish'd quite,
 Of that blest place where first you saw the light;
 'Twas there, oh there began my Endless smart,
 When those dear Eyes prevail'd upon my heart,
 Then *Berenice* too, my Vowes approv'd,
 Till happy *Titus* came and was belov'd.
 He did with Triumph and with Terror come,
 And in his hands bore the Revenge of *Rome*.
Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
 First felt his weight, and found my self undone.

Ber. Hah!

Antio. You too, then t'encrease the pains I bore,
 Commanded me to speak of Love no more.
 So on your hand I swore at last t'obey;
 And for that taste of Bliss gave all away.

Ber. Why do you study ways t'afflict my mind,
 You believe Sir, I am not unkind.
 Alas I'm sensible how well y'have serv'd,
 And have been kinder much than I deserv'd.

Antio. Why in this Empire should I longer stay,
 My Passion and its weakness to betray.
 Others, though I retire, will bring their Joys,
 To Crown that Happiness which mine destroys.

Ber. You triumph thus, because your pow'r you know,
 Or if you did not, you'd not use me so.
 Though Crown'd *Rome's* Empress, I the Throne ascend;
 What pleasure in my Greatness can I find,
 When I shall want my best and truest Friend.

Ant. I reach your purpose, you would have me there,
 That you might see the worst of my despair.
 I know it, the Ambition of your Soul;
 'Tis true, I've been a fond obedient Fool.
 Yet came this time but to new freight my heart,
 And with more Love possess than ever part.

Ber. Though it could never enter in my mind,
 Since *Cæsar's* Fortunes must with mine be join'd.

TITUS and BERENICE.

That any Mortal durst so hardy prove,
T'invade his Right, and talk to me of Love.
I bear th' unpleasing Narrative of yours,
And Friendship, what my Honour shuns, endures.
Nay more; Your parting, I with trouble hear,
For you next him, are to my Soul most dear.

Antio. In Justice to my Memory and Fame,
I fly from *Titus*, that unlucky Name.
A name which ev'ry Moment you repeat,
Whilst my poor heart lies bleeding at your feet.
Farewel: Oh be not at my Ravings griev'd. }
When of my death the news shall be receiv'd. }
Remember why I did, and what I liv'd----- }

[*Ex. Antioch.*]

Phen. I grieve for him, a Love so true as this,
Deserv'd, methinks, more fortunate success.
Are you not troubled Madam----

Ber. Yes, I feel
Something within me difficult to quell.

Phen. You should have staid him.

Ber. Who, I stay him? no,
From my Remembrance rather let him go.
His Fancy does with wild Distraction rove,
Which thy raw ignorance, interprets Love.

Phen. *Titus* his thoughts, yet to unfold, denies.
And *Rome* beholds you but with jealous eyes.
Its rigorous Laws, create my fears for you;
Romans no-Forrain Marriages allow
To Kingly Power still enemies th'ave been,
Nor will, I fear, admit of you a Queen.

Ber. *Phenicia*, no, my time of fear is past,
Me *Titus* loves, and that includes the rest.
The splendor of this night thou hast beheld,
Are not thy Eyes with his bright Grandeur fill'd?
These Eagles fasces, marching all in state:
And crowds of Kings that with their Tributes wait.
Triumphs below, and Blessings from Above,
Seem all at strife to grace this Man of Love.
Away *Phenicia*, let's go meet him strait,
I can no longer for his coming wait.

TITUS and BERENICE.

My Eager wishes drive me wildly on;
Nor will be temper'd till my Joy's begun.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Titus Paulinus, Attendants.

Titus. **T**Oth' Syrian King, did you my Message bear?
And does he know that I expect him here?

Paul. Sir, in the Queens apartment, He alone
Was seen, but e'r I there arriv'd, was gone.

Tit. 'Tis well *Paulinus* for these ten days past.

Tit. I have to *Berenice* a stranger been:
But you can tell me all---- how does the Queen?

Paul. She does, what speaks, how much she values you;
When you mourn'd for your Father, she mourn'd too.
So Just a Sorrow in her face was shown,
It seem'd as if the Loss had been her own.

Tit. Oh lovely fair one, little dost thou know [aside.
How hard a Trial thou must undergo.
Heav'n! oh my heart!

Paul. What is't your Grief should raise
For her whom almost all the *East* obeys.

Tit. Command *Paulinus* that these retreat, { Paul. moves his
Rome of my purposes uncertain yet, { hand and all the
Expects to know the fortune of the Queen; { rest exti.
Their Murmurings I have heard, and Troubles seen.
The business of our Love, is the Discourse,
And expectation of the Universe.

And by the face of my affairs, I find,
'Tis time that I resolve and fix my mind.
Tell me *Paulinus*, justly, and be free,
What says the World of *Berenice* and me?

Paul. In every heart you Admiration raise:
All, Your high Vertues, and her Beauty praise.

Tit. Alas! Thou answerst wide of my desire,
Paulinus, be my Friend, and come yet nigher
How do they of my sighs and vows approve?
Or what expect they from so true a love?

Paul.

TITUS and BERENICE.

Paul. Love or not love, Sir, all is in your power,
The Court will second still the Emperour.

Tit. Courtiers *Paulinus* seldom are sincere
To please their Master they have too much care.
The Court did *Nero's* horrid Acts applaud,
To all his lusts subscrib'd, and call'd him God.
Th' Idolatrous Court shall never judg for me,
No, my *Paulinus*, I rely on thee :
What then must *Berenice* expect ? declare,
Will *Rome* be gentle to her, or severe ?
My happiness is plac'd in her alone.
Now they have rais'd me to the Imperial Throne,
Where on my head continual cares must fall,
Will they deny me what may sweeten all ?

Paul. Her vertues they acknowledg and desert
Proclaim indeed she has a Roman heart :
But she's a Queen, and that alone withstands
All which her beauty and her worth demands.
In *Rome* the Law has long unalter'd stood,
Never to mix it's race with strangers blood.

Tit. It is a sign they are capricious grown,
When they despise all vertues but their own.

Paul. *Julius*, who first subdued her to his Arms,
And quite had silenc'd Laws with Wars alarms,
Burning for *Cleopatra's* love ; to Fame
More just fled from her eyes, and hid his flame.

Tit. But which way from my heart shall I remove,
So long establish'd and deep rooted love ?

Paul. The Conflict will be difficult I guess,
But you your rising sorrows must suppress ;
Who can a heart that's not his own controul ?
Her presenee was the comfort of my Soul.

Tit. After a thousand Oaths confirm'd in tears,
By which I vow'd my self for ever hers,
I hop'd with all my Love and all her charms,
At last to have her in my longing Arms.
But now I can such rare perfections crown,
And that my love's more great than overgrown,
When in one hour a happy Marriage may
Of all my five years vows the tribute pay.

TITUS and BERENICE.

I go *Paulinus*----- how my heart does rise.

Paul. Whether?

Tit. To part for ever from her eyes,
Tho I requir'd th'assistance of thy zeal,
To crush a passion that's so hard to quell.
My heart had of it's doom resolv'd before,
Yet *Berenice* does still dispute the war.
The conquest of so great a flame must cost
Conflicts, in which my soul will oft betost.

Paul. You in your birth for Empire were design'd,
And to that purpose Heav'n did frame your mind;
Fate in that day wise providence did shew,
Fixing the destiny of *Rome* in you.

Tit. My youth rejoyc'd in love and glorious wars,
But my Remains of life must waste in cares.
Rome, my new Conduct, now observes 'twould be
Both ominous to her, and mean in me,
If in my Dawn of power to clear my way
To happiness, I should her Laws destroy:
No, I've resolv'd on't, Love and all shall go;
Alas! it must, since *Rome* will have it so.
But how shall I poor *Berenice* prepare?

Paul. You must resolve to go and visit her,
Sooth her sad heart, and on her patience win,
Then by degrees-----

Tit.-----But how shall I begin?
Oh my *Paulinus*, I have oft design'd
To speak my thoughts, but still they stay'd behind.
I hop'd as she discern'd my troubl'd Brest,
She might a little at the cause have guest;
But nought suspecting, as I weeping lay,
With her fair hand she'd wipe the tears away,
And in that mist never the loss perceiv'd
Of the sad Heart she had too much believ'd;
But now a firmer constancy I take,
Either my heart shall vent its grief, or break.
I thought to have met *Antiochus*, and here
All I e're lov'd surrender'd to his care.
To morrow he conducts her to the East,
And now I go to sigh, and look my last.

Paul.

Paul. I ne're expected less from that Renown,
Which all your Actions must with glory crown.

Tit. How lovely's glory, yet how cruel too!
How much more fair and charming were she now,
If through eternal dangers to be won!
So I might still call *Berenice* my own.

In *Nero's* Court where I was bred, my mind
By that example to all ills inclin'd,
The loose wild paths of pleasures I pursu'd,
Till *Berenice* first taught me to be good.
She taught me Vertue, but oh! cursed *Rome*!
The good I owe her, must her wrong become.
For so much Vertue and Renown so great;
For all the Honour I did ever get:
Her for whose sake alone, I fame pursu'd,
I must forgo to please the Multitude.

Paul. You cannot with Ingratitude be charg'd,
You have the bounds of *Palestine* enlarg'd.
Event' *Euphrates*, her wide power extends;
So many Kingdoms *Berenice* commands.

Tit. Weak Comforts, for the Griets must on her dwell!
I know fair *Berenice*, and know too well;
To greatness she so little did incline,
Her heart ask'd never any thing but mine.
Let's talk no more of her, *Paulinus*.

Paul. Why!

Tit. The thought of her, but shakes my constancy,
Yet in my heart if doubts already rise,
What will it do when I behold her eyes?

Enter *Rutilius*.

Rutil. Sir, *Berenice* desires admittance here----

Tit. Paulinus----- Oh!

Paul. Can you already fear?
So soon are all your resolutions shook?
Now, Sir, 's the time---

[*Ex. Rutil.*

Enter *Berenice*, *Phænicia* and attendants.

Tit. I have no power to look.

Ber. Sir, be'n't displeased, that I thus far presume,
It is to pay my gratitude I come.
Whilst all the Court assembled in my view,
Admire the Favour you on me bestow;

C

It

It were unjust, should I remain alone,
 Silent, as though I had a sense of none.
 Your mourning's done, and you from griefs are free.
 Are now your own, and yet not visit me?
 Your present of new Diadems I wait.
 Oh! give me more content, and less of state.
 Give me a word, a sigh, a look at least,
 In those th' Ambition of my Soul is plac'd.
 Was your discourse of me when I arriv'd?
 Was I so happy may it be believ'd?
 Speak, tell me quick, is *Berenice* so blest;
 Or was I present to your thoughts at least?

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, by the Gods I swear't;
 That *Berenice* is always in my heart.

Nor time, nor absence, can you thence remove.
 My heart's all yours, and you alone I love.

Ber. You vow your Love perpetual and sincere,
 But 'tis with a strange coldness that you swear.
 Why the just Gods to witness did you call?
 I don't pretend to doubt your faith at all.
 In you I trust, would only from you live;
 And what you say I ever must believe.

Tit. Madam!

Ber. Proceed: Alas, whence this surprize!
 You seem confus'd to turn away your eyes.
 Nothing but trouble in your face I find,
 Does still a Father's death afflict your mind?

Tit. Oh, did my Father good *Vespasian* live!
 How happy should I be!

Ber. Ah, cease to grieve!
 Your tears, have reverenc't his mem'ry now.
 Cares are to *Rome*, and your own glory due.
 A Father you lament, a feeble grief,
 Whilst for your absence I find no relief.
 But in your presence only take delight,
 I, who shall dye, if but debarr'd your sight.

Tit. Madam, what is it that your griefs declare?
 What time d' you choose? For pitty's sake forbear.
 Your Bounties my Ingratitude proclaim.

Ber. You can do nothing that deserves that name;

No Sir, you never can ungrateful prove.

May be I'm fond, and fire you with my Love.

Tit. No Madam! No, my heart (since I must speak)
Was ne're more full of Love or half so like to break.

But-----

Ber. What?

Tit. Alas!

Ber. Proceed.

Tit. The Empire Rome-----

Ber. Well.

Tit. Oh, the dismal secret will not come----

Away *Paulinus*, e're i'm quite undone.

My Speech forsakes me and my heart's all stone.

[Ex. Tit. Paul.

Ber. So soon to leave me, and in trouble too?

Titus how have I this deserv'd from you?

What have I done, *Phanicia*? tell me, speak.

Phen. Does nothing to your memory appear:
That might provoke him---?

Ber. By all that's to me dear,
Since the first hour I saw his face, till now,
Too much of Love, is all the guilt I know.
Thus silence is too rude, and racks my breast,
In the uncertainty I cannot rest,
He knows, *Phanicia*, all my moments past.
Perhaps he's jealous of the *Syrian* King;
'Tis that's the root whence all this change must spring.

Titus, this Victory I shall not boast.

I wish the Gods would try me to the most.

With a more potent Rival, tempt my heart,

One that would make me greater than thou art.

Then my dear *Titus*, shouldst thou soon discern,

How much for thee I all mankind would scorn.

Let's go, *Phanicia*, with one gentle word

He will be satisfied, and I restor'd:

"My Injur'd truth by my compliance find,

"And if he has a heart he, must be kind.

Exeunt Omnes.

Ends the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Titus, Antiochus and Arsaces.

Tit. **A**ntiochus! y'have done your Friendship wrong,
In that y'have kept this Secret hid so long.
What is't that your departure does incite,
Which not unjustly, I may call a Fright?
Tho on the Imperial Throne I'm plac'd,
So highly seem with Fortunes favour grac'd;
As if the nothing further had to grant:
I more than ever, do your friendship want.

Ant. Sir, your great kindness I so well did know,
I durst not stay where I so much did owe.
When first *Judæa* heard your loud alarms;
You made me your Companion in your arms.
Nay, nearer to you did' with friendship joyn,
And lodg'd the secrets of your Brest in mine.
Yet all this goodness but augments my sin,
For I have false and most ungrateful been.

Tit. I can't forget that to your arms alone,
I owe the half of all I ever won:
Witness those precious Spoils you hither brought,
Won from the *Jews* when on my side you fought.
To all those Purchases I lay no claim;
Your heart and friendship are my only aim.

Ant. My Heart! my Friendship! Heav'n, how you mistake!
On my deceit how weak a gloss you make!
When first you thought your self of me posselt,
You took a very Serpent to your brest.

Tit. *Antiochus*, I find where thou art stung,
Tell me th' officious Slave that does me wrong.
Some base Detractor has my Honour stain'd,
And in your easie heart a Credit gain'd.
Abus'd and told you *Titus* is unjust;
But I will know the treacherous Fiend, I must.

Tho

Tho you unkindly from your friend would run,
And own th' injustice which you think I've done.

Ant. Oh *Titus*, if I durst but speak my heart;
But 'tis a Secret hard from thence to part.
'Tis not from you, it is from *Rome* I fly,
There's a Disease in't, I must shun or dye.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When most your friend, I shall appear your foe.

Tit. I either to your heart a stranger am,
Or sure *Antiochus* is not the same:
What else should make you not your mind declare?
What is't that you dare say, I dare not hear?

Ant. If then, what e'r I utter; you dare hear,
Receive the fatal Secret in your Ear.
But arm your heart with Temper; well 'tis this:

Tit. Go on,

Ant. I love the charming *Berenice*.

Tit. Hah!

Ant. Yes, nor was I hateful to her Eyes,
Till you came on and robb'd me of the prize.
When at your Armies head you did appear,
You sackt *Jerusalem* and conquer'd her.

Tit. A braver Rival I'd not wish to find,
Than him that dares be just and tell his mind.
So far's Resentment from my heart remov'd;
That *Berenice* is by my friend belov'd.
That I, *Antiochus*, the thing extol,
For she was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that shall possess her;

Ant. True,

But 'tis fit none should be so blest but you,
And *Berenice* for none could be design'd,
But him that's the Delight of all Mankind.
'Tis for this cause to *Syria* I repair,
For when you 're blest no envy should be near.

Tit. O my *Antiochus*, when thou shalt see,
How small's the happiness in store for me:
Thou needst not fear thy Envy, let me have
Thy pitty and thy aid, 'tis that I crave.

My best and truest friend, you must be so,
 For there's none fit for't in the World but you.
 None but a King, my Rival and my friend,
 Is fit to speak the torments of my mind.
 In my behalf you *Berenice* must see.

Antio. Is that an office, *Titus*, fit for me?
 It's not enough her Cruelties I bear,
 But you must too solícite my despair?
 I swore for ever from her to depart;
 Alas! and dare not trust again my heart.
 Your passion by another may be shown,
 I have enough to do to rule my own.

Tit. He that so well his own misfortunes bears,
 Can best instruct her how to temper hers.
 Nay, my *Antiochus*, you must not start.
 I know by mine, your news will shake her heart,
 For I must too, for ever from her part.

Antio. You part?

Tit. Yes! curst necessity! 'tis true,
 She that both conquer'd me and setter'd you;
 In whom alone I sum'd up all Delight,
 Must be for ever banish'd from my sight.

Antio. It cannot be. No Slave that wears her Chains,
 Upon so easie terms his Freedom gains.

Tit. Lord of the World my Empire wide does flow,
 I can make Kings, and can depose 'em too.
 The stubborn'st hearts must to my power bow down,
 And yet I am not Master of my own.
Rome that to Kings so long a foe has been,
 Will not admit my marriage with the Queen.
 If *Berenice* to morrow be not gone,
 The Multitude will to her Palace run;
 And from their rude outrageous tongues, she'll hear
 The news I dread to tell, and you to hear.

Antio. Now if my heart was to Revenge all'd,
 How might I triumph in her falling Pride?
 To see her Cruelties to me repaid,
 And with 'em all her tortur'd soul upraid.
 But, *Titus*, I'm more just, and rather mov'd,
 That ev'n, Sir, you dare wrong the thing I've lov'd.

Tit. When I the Imperial Power did first assume,
 I firmly swore t'uphold the Rights of *Rome*;
 Should I to follow Love, from Glory fly,
 Forsake my Throne, in every Vassal's eye,
 How mean and despicable must I prove!
 An Emperor led about the World by love!
 No, Prince, the fatal story you must tell,
 And bid from me, poor *Berenice* farewell.
 But if the hopes of reigning in my heart
 May any ease to her sad mind impart;
 Swear, friend, by all that to my Soul is dear,
 Entire I will preserve her ever there.
 Mourning at Court, and more exil'd than she,
 My Reign but a long Banishment shall be,
 From all those Joys that wait on Pomp and Power.
 To-morrow she her journey hence must take,
 And so I all that e'r I lov'd, forsake.
 Her to your Care and Conduct I commend,
 For tho my Rival as a King and Friend,
 The dearest Treasure I dare with you trust;

Antio. Sit, do not tempt me, lest I prove unjust:
 Her charms that made me my own Fame forgo,
 Will be too apt to make me false to you.

Tit. No more; I know thee, have thy Honour try'd,
 Firm still in Dangers found thee by my side.
 Thou knew'st my Love, whilst thine was yet conceal'd,
 When all thy hopes by my success were quell'd:
 Even at that time thou didst no falshood show, [*Exit Titus*]
 And wilt not wrong me on advantage now.

Antio. No, I'll not see her, neither dare I go:
 Too soon from others her hard lot she'll know.
 Dost thou not think her Fate's enough severe,
 Unless that I th' unwelcome Message bear?
 I who'm her hate, enough have felt before,
 And need not seek new ways to purchase more.

Arfa. See, she approaches, now the Coward plays,
 And when you might have Conquer'd run away.

Enter

*Enter Berenice and Phœnicia.**Antio.* Oh Heaven!*Ber.* My Lord, I see you are not gone,
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would shun.*Antio.* You came not here *Antiochus* to find,
The visit to another was design'd.*Cesar*, and 'tis on him the blame must light,
If now my presence here offend your sight.Th' are his Commands, are guilty of the sin:
It may be else I had at *Ostia* been.*Ber.* His friends are always with his presence Grac'd,
'Tis I alone that cannot be so blest.*Antio.* Too much his prejudice upon you gain'd:
'Twas for your sake alone I was detain'd.*Ber.* For mine? away.*Antio.* *Tyrannick* fair, 'tis true,
He kept me here only to talk of you.*Ber.* Of me, my Lord! forbear this courtly art,
Y' are brave and should not mock an easie heart.
In my distress, what pleasure could you see?
Alas! or what could *Titus* say of me?*Antio.* Better a thousand times than I can tell,
So firm a passion in his heart does dwell.
When you are nam'd, he's from himself transform'd,
And every way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his face does like a Tyrant rise,
And Majesty's no longer in his eyes.
But there are things behind I dare not speak:
For at the news your tender heart would break.*Ber.* How Sir?*Antio.* Ere night the truth of what I've said you'll know,
And then, I doubt not, Justifie me too.
Farewell.*Ber.* Oh, Heaven what can this Language mean!
You see before your eyes a wretched Queen.
Sir, of my quiet, if you have such care,
Or if my self your eyes held ever dear,
Dispel this mist of trouble from my Soul.*Antio.* Madam, your self excuse,

For

For your own sake it is that I refuse.

'Twill not be long before the doubt's remov'd.

Ber. You told me once *Antiochus*, you lov'd;
But sure'twas only that you might betray;
Or else you more would fear to disobey.

Antio. I disobey you, ask my life and try,
How gloriously I for your sake can dye.
It would by far, be the more welcome fate.
Then now to speak, and ever gain your hate.

Ber. No Sir, you never shall my hatred find,
'Tis my desire, and you must be so kind.
Will you? ---

Antio. Heaven this constraint is worse than death,
You drive, and will not give me time to breath.
Oh, Madam! put me too no further pain.

Ber. Must I then ever beg, and beg in vain?
Hence forward Prince, either the truth relate,
Forbear or be assur'd for ever of my hate.

Antio. My heart was always yours, and is so still:
For ever must depend upon your Will.
I wish another way, your power you'd try'd:
But you 're resolv'd, and must be satisfi'd;
Yet flatter not your self, I shall declare,
Those horrors which perhaps you dare not hear.
You cannot but believe I know your heart,
Look then to feel me strike its tender'st part.
Titus has told me.

Ber. What? fear no Surprise.

Antio. That he must part for ever from your eyes.

Ber. We part! can things another nature take?
Or *Titus* ever *Berenice* forsake?

Antio. Perhaps 'tis strange that I shou'd tell you so,
But you shall find I'll do him Justice too,
What ever in a heart both kind and great
Love with despair most dreadful could create.
I saw in his he weep's, laments, and more,
Then ever dos fair *Berenice* adore.
But what avails it, that such love he shows?
A Queen suspected to *Rome's* Empire grows.
And *Titus* cannot with her Laws dispence,
For therefore 'tis you must be banisht hence.

Ber. What do I hear, alas *Phenicia*!

Antio. Nay, to morrow is your last and utmost day,
In bearing this the Courage well you'll prove
Of that great haughty Soul which scorn'd my love.

Ber. Will *Titus* leave his *Berenice* forlorn?
He who so many Oaths, so oft hath sworn?
I'll not believe't, his love and faith's more strong,
I'm sure he's guiltless and you do him wrong.

This is a snare to disunite us laid,
Titus, thou lov'st me, dost not wish me dead.

No, strait I'll see him, and secure all fear.

Let's go.

Antio. Too well you may behold him here;

Ber. Too well you wish it to persuade it, No;
In this your base degenerate Soul you show.

When you no other stratagem could find,
T' abuse my heart you would betray your friend.

How e're he prove, Know I your sight abhor,
And from this minute never see me more.

Antio. Oh *Berenice*! remorseless cruel fair!

Born only for my torment and despair,

Was it for this so faithfully I serv'd?

Is this the recompence I have deserv'd?

I who for you did all Ambition wave,

And left a Kingdom to become your Slave.

Curse on my Fate!

Ber. If're my heart you priz'd,

You never had this cruelty devis'd.

Never to work my Torment, been thus bold;

And so Triumphantly the story told.

Away *Phenicia* no more I'll hear him speak.

Ex. Ber. Pha.

Antio. Now, my *Arfaces*, would my heart but break

But yet I hope in part I've freedom won.

And what love would not, by her hate sh'as done.

The pain I lately endur'd thou hast beheld,

I left her all Enamour'd, Jealous, Wild.

But now performing this ignoble part,

Perhaps, I'll ever banish her my heart.

Sho

She left me cruelly, and let her go;
 My Honour and Repose command it too,
 For ever to my eyes a stranger be,
 Till I have learn't to scorn as well as she.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Berenice in disorder.

Ber. **I** Of my wrong too well am satisfied;
 To see the perjur'd *Titus*, twice I try'd.
 Twice for admittance to him begg'd in vain.

Nor is *Phenicia* yet return'd again.

Phenicia has no answer to bring back.

Ingrateful *Titus* will not hear her speak:

But hides himself and from my fury flies:

Nor will have sense, though *Berenice* dies. [*Enter Phœnice.*]

Phœnice, Well, my *Titus* hast thou seen?

What will he come and make me live again?

Phœ. Madam, the Emperor I alone did find;

And saw in his the trouble of your mind;

I saw the tears he would have hid run down.

Ber. But was he not sham'd they should be shown?

Look't he not as he thought his Love disgrace?

And was not all the Emperor in his face?

Phœ. Doubt it not, Madam, he will soon be here,

But wherefore will you this disorder wear?

Your riss'd dress let me in order place;

And these dishevel'd locks that hide your face.

Ber. Forbear, *Phœnice*, let it all alone:

No, he shall see the triumph he has won;

How vain those foolish ornaments must prove.

If neither faith nor tears nor means can move!

Enter Antiochus, Arsaces.

Oh, my unruly sorrows! Oh, my fears!
Who's here?

Antio. Arsaces, Berenice in tears;

Ber. Antiochus! Phœnice, let's away,
To let him see my torments I'll not stay. [Ex.

Antio. Now whither's all my resolutions gone?

Arsaces, who could see't and be his own?

I said I'd never see her face again:

But come and find my boastings all were vain;

Seeing her sufferings, all her scorn forget,

And lose at once my vengeance and my hate.

VVretched *Antiochus*! with how much care

And labours, my own mischiefs I prepare!

How poorly all my injuries have born!

Hopeless, undone and to my self a scorn,

Leave me alone unhappy as I am:

I would not have a witness of my shame.

Enter Titus Attended.

Tit. 'Twas cruel not to see her, Oh my heart!

And now I go to see her, but to part.

Rutilius, fly and sooth the Queens' despair,

And for our meeting *Berenice* prepare.

Antio. What have you done, Sir? Berenice will dye

I saw her hence with hair dishevel'd fly.

'Tis only you her fury can surcease.

When e're you're nam'd she's instantly at peace.

Her eyes still bent to your apartment were,

And every moment seem'd to wish you near.

Tit. Antiochus, assist me what to do.

I'm not prepar'd, for the sad Interview.

I have not yet consulted well my heart,

And doubt it is not strong enough to part!

Since first I took possession of the Throne,

What is it for my honour I have done?

My love and folly only I've disclos'd,

And

And nothing but my weaknesse expos'd.
The golden days where are they to be found,
So much expected, when this head was Crown'd?
Whose tears have I dry'd up? or in what face
Can I the fruits of any good act trace?
Know I what years Heaven has for me decreed?
And of these few, how few are to succeed?
And yet how many have I spent in wast!
But now to honor Ple make greater hast.
Alas! 'tis but one blow and all is past.

Enter Berenice, pressing from Rut. and Paul.

Ber. Let me alone, your counsels all are weak.
See him I must, he's here, and I will speak.
Has *Titus* then forsook me? is it true?
Must we too part, does he command it too?

Tit. Oh! stop the deluge, which so fiercely flows;
This is no time t' allay each others woes.
Enough I feel my own afflictions smart,
And need not those dear tears to damp my heart.
But if we neither can our griefs command,
Yet with such honour let 'em be sustain'd.
As the whole World to hear it told shall smart;
For dearest *Berenice* we must part.
And now I would not a dispute maintain,
Whether I lov'd, but whether I must Reign.

Ber. Reign (Cruel) then and satisfy your pride,
And for your Cruelties be deifi'd.
I'll ne'r dispute it farther, I but stay'd
Till *Titus* who so many vows had made,
Of such a Love as nothing could impair.
Should come himself and tell how false they were,
Now I believ't, enough I've heard you tell,
And I am gone--- eternally farewell,
Eternally--- Ah, Sir, consider now,
How harsh that word is and how dreadful too.
Consider, Oh the Miseries they bear,
That are for ever rob'd of all that's dear.
From this sad Moment never more to meet,

Is it for day to dawn, and day to set,
 In which I must not find my hopes still young,
 Nor yet once see my *Titus* all day long?
 Heav'n's how I wildly rave--- to lose my pains
 On him ungrateful that my tears disdains!
 Of all those days of absence I shall count,
 With him, the number will to nothing mount.

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, there will be no need
 To count the days that shall your loss succeed.
 I hope e're long that you will hear from fame,
 How very wretched and how just I am.
 My heart bleeds now, I feel the drops run down;
 Nor can it be long dying when you're gone.

Ber. Ah why, Sir, must we part if this be true?
 My claims to Marriage I'll no more renew.
 Will *Rome* accept of nothing but my death?
 Or why d'ye envy me the air you breathe?

Tit. Madam, you are too powerful every way,
 Shall I withstand it? no, for ever stay.
 Then I from bliss must always be debarr'd,
 And on my heart for ever keep a guard.
 With fears through all my course of Glory move,
 Lest e're aware I lose my self and Love.
 Ev'n now my heart is from my bosom stray'd,
 And all its swellings on a sudden laid.
 Bent thus to you by all Loves softest pow'rs,
 And only this remembers that 'tis yours.

Ber. O *Titus*, whilst this charming tale you tell,
 D'ye see the *Romans* ready to rebel?

Tit. How they will look on the affront who knows,
 If once they murmur and then fall to blows:
 Must I in Battel justify my Cause;
 Or if they should submit and set their Laws;
 How must I be expos'd another day;
 And for their Patience too, how largely pay!
 With Grievances and wild Demands still curst,
 Shall I dare plead the Laws that break 'em first?

Ber. How much you are an Emperor now I find,
 'Tis plain in your unsteady anxious mind.
 You weigh your Peoples Rights to your own fears,

But

But never value *Berenices* tears?

Tit. Not value 'em! Why are you so unjust?

Now by the honour of my Father's dust,

By Heav'n and all the gods that govern there,

If to me any thing be half so dear;

May I be as a Slave, depos'd and serve,

Or else forlorn in some wild Desert starve,

Till I'm as wretched as my ills deserve.

Ber. Laws you may change, why will you for their sake,

Into your brest eternal sorrows take?

Rome has her Priviledges, have not you

Your Int'rests, your Rights as sacred too?

Say, speak.

Tit. Alas! how do you rend my brest!

I know indeed I never can have rest;

And yet the Laws of *Rome* I cannot change,

Do, break my heart and take your full Revenge.

Ber. How weak a Guard does now your Honor keep!

You are an Emperor, and yet you weep!

Tit. I grant it, I am sensible I do,

I weep, alas! I sigh and tremble too,

For when to Empire first I did attain,

Rome made me swear I would her Rights maintain.

I did, and must perform what I then vow'd,

Others before me to the Yoke have bow'd:

And 'tis their Honor: yet in leaving you;

All their Austere Laws I shall out-do.

And an Example leave so brave and great,

As none shall ever after imitate.

Ber. To your Barbarity there's nothing hard,

Go on, and Infamy be your reward.

Long since my fears your fallhood had display'd;

Nor would I at your Sute have longer stay'd.

Would I the base Indignities had born,

Of a rude People, publick Hate and Scorn?

No, to this breach I would have spur'd you on,

And I am pleas'd it is already done.

No longer shall the fear of me prevail;
 Alas! you must not think to hear me rail;
 Or Heav'n invoke, its vengeance to prepare;
 No, for if Heav'n vouchsafe to hear my Pray'r,
 I beg no memory may there remain,
 Of either your Injustice, or my Pain. [Kneels.
 But the sad *Berenice* before she dies,
 Is sure to have Revenge if you have eyes.
 Nor, *Titus*, need I go to find it far,
 No further than that heart, I have it there: [Points to his breast.
 Within your self shall rise your dreadfull'st foe;
 My past Integrities, my Torments now;
 Which you, ungrateful perjur'd Man, have bred,
 My blood which in your Palace I shall shed.
 Sufficient terrors to your Soul shall give,
 And 'tis to them that my Revenge I'll leave.

[Exit furiously

Paul. Thus, Sir, at least the Conquest you have won,
 The Queen you see's contented to be gone.

Tit. Curse on thy *Roman* Rudeness, that canst see
 Such tears, unmov'd, and mock such Misery!

Oh! I am lost, and 'tis in vain to strive,

If *Berenice* dies, I cannot live.

Fly and prevent that Fate to which she's gone.

Bid her but live, tell her the World's her own.

[Exit Rut.

Paul. Sir, if I might advise, you should not send,

Rather command her women to attend;

They better can her Melancholy chear;

The worst is past, and now 'tis mean to fear.

I saw your melting Pity when she wept,

And my rough heart but very hardly scap'd.

Yet look a little farther and you'll find

That spite of all your fortune yet is kind.

What triumphs the whole World prepares, you'll see,

And then hereafter think how great you'll be.

Tit. VVho for Barbarity would be ador'd!

I hate my self, *Nero* so much abhor'd,

That bloody Tyrant, whom I blush to name;

VVas never half so cruel as I am.

No, I'll pursue the Queen, she loves me still,
VVill pardon me when at her feet I kneel:
Let's go, and let proud *Rome* say what it will.

Paul. How Sir?

Tit. By Heav'n I know not what I say:
Excess of Sorrow drives my mind astray.

Paul. O follow where your full Renown does lead,
Your last adieus Report abroad has spread.

Rome that did mourn, does now new triumphs frame,
The Temples fume with Offerings to your name:

The people wild in the applause y'have won
With Laurel Wreaths to crown, your Statues run.

Tit. By that their Salvage natures they betray,
For so wild beasts roar o'r their murder'd prey.

VVho would have sense the sweets of power to prize!
Since most in danger when we highest rise:

For who by Greatness e'r did happy grow?

None but the heavy Slave is truly so.

VVho travels all his life in one dull road,

And drudging on in quiet, loves his load.

Seeking no farther than the needs of Life,

Knows what's his own, and so exempt from strife.

And cherishes his homely careful wife.

Lives by the Clod, and thinks of nothing higher;

Has all, because he cannot much desire.

Had I been born so low, I had been blest

Of what I love, without controul posselt.

Never had Honour or Ambition known,

Nor ever to be Great, had been undone.

[*Shout within.*]

Paul. The Tribunes, Sir, and Senate with their State,

I'th' name of all the Empire for you wait,

They'r follow'd too by an impatient throng,

VVho seem to murmur, you delay so long.

Tit. Toyle me no more, disperse that clamorous Rout:
 Tell 'em they shall no more have cause to doubt;
 The Queens departure they'll to morrow see,
 And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
 Take this *Paulinus*: bear it to the Queen, [*Writes on a Tablet.*
 For should we meet, I must relapse again;
 I h've bid her here eternally adieu,
 Stay while she reads it, and her troubles view,
 And bring me faithful word, as thou art true. }
 Hold! oh my Heart! yet go, it it must be done,
 For what's necessity, we cannot shun.
 Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
 Or a new Being to my self could give.
 Some monstrous and unheard of Shape now find,
 As Salvage, and as Barbarous as my mind.
Antiochus!

Enter Antiochus, Attendants, Arfaces.

Ant. My last Adieu to pay,
 I come, and dare in *Rome* no longer stay.
 My griefs, and my afflictions, grow so high;
 If not by absence slacken'd, I must dye.

Tit. What reason have the happy to repine?
 Now *Berenice* for ever will be thine.
 With all her charms receive her to thy brest,
 And be of all I ever lov'd, possesst.

Ant. It is beneath you, Sir, to mock my pain:
 I ever kneel to *Berenice* again!
 No, should I stay to see you when you part,
 Tho I am sure the sight would break my heart,
 Yet she, as still my prayers have been deny'd,
 Tho I but beg'd one blessing ere I dy'd,
 Even then with scorn would throw me from her side.

Tit. Oh Heaven! she's entring, from her Charms lets fly,
 I know my weakness; if I stay, I dye.

Meet,

Meet, and prevent her

[Ex. Titus.

Enter Berenice, &c.

Ber. How he hasts away!

Ingrateful! Dearest Perjur'd Titus, stay. [kneels

Afflictions catch him, great as those I bear.

My Lord, at last I have receiv'd my Doom:

'Tis seal'd; but ere I part from you and Rome,

I ask, and I your pardon would receive:

Can you the wrongs which I have done, forgive?

Ant. I never any Injuries did find;

No, Berenice has always been too kind.

With one soft word, how suddenly I'm lost,

And have no sense of my disgraces past!

But must I then for ever lose you so?

I am no Roman, nor was ere your foe.

No, rather here continue, and be Great,

Whilst I live ever hopeless at your feet.

Ber. Should I stay here and my wrongs tamely bear

From him that stuns, and flies me every where?

I have a nobler mind, and you shall see

I can disdain and scorn as much as he:

For tho' tis true, I never can be yours;

Both Rome and him my heart this hour abjures.

Ant. To banish him your heart, whilst you prepare,

What will you do with all the Love that's there?

There's no one Mortal can deserve it all,

And sure a little to my share might fall.

Ber. Oh of that killing Subject, talk no more,

I would have lov'd you, if I could, before.

Love for another struck me with his Dart,

And 'tis not in my power to force my heart.

Ant. When first my Passion was disdain'd for him,

You kept me yet alive with your esteem.

But now at last his breach of Faith you see,

And bear it nobly too: how can it be

T' your self so Just, and yet so hard to me?

Ber. What cruel storms, and fierce assaults you make,
To batter down a heart you cannot take !
Till you have broke it. Will you not give o'r ?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more.

Antio. O stay, since of the Victory you are secure,
Pitty the pains and anguish I endure ;
In wounds which you and none but you can cure. } [Kneels
Look back, whilst at your feet my self I cast,
And think the sigh that's coming is my last.
My heart it's sad eternal farewell takes :
Be but so kind to see me when it breaks.

Ber. Rise, rise my Lord. The Emperor's return'd.
Conduct me hence, let me not more be scorn'd.

Enter Titus.

Tit. How am I lost ! resolve on what I will,
Spite of my self I wander this way still.

Why would you *Berenice* my presence shun ?

Ber. No ! I'll hear nothing. I've resolv'd, on flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my sight ?
Why come you thus to exasperate my despair ?
Are you yet not content ? I know you are.

Tit. If ever yet my heart was dear to yours ;
By all our plighted vows, those softest hours
In which for ever to be true I swore,
I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.

Ber. I till to morrow had your leave to stay ;
But my resolves are to be gone to day.
And I depart.

Tit. No journey must you take.
Would you poor *Titus* in his griefs forsake ?
No ! Stay----

Ber. I stay ! Ungrateful as you are.
For what ? a Peoples rude affronts to bear.
That with the sound of my misfortune rend
The Clouds, and shouts to Heaven in Vollys send ?
Does not their cruel joy yet reach your ears,
Whilst I alone Torment my self in tears ?
By what offence or crime are they thus mov'd ?
Alas ! what have I done, but too much Lov'd ?

Tit.

Tit. D'you mind the voice of an outrageous throng?
I ever thought your constancy more strong.
Never believ'd your heart so weak could be,
Whose powerful charms had captivated me.

Ber. All that I see distraction does create,
These rich Apartments and this Pompous State.
These Places where I spent my happiest hours,
And plighted all my Vows, false Man; to yours.
All, as most vile Impostors I detest,
How strangely, *Titus*, might we have been blest!

Tit. This art to torture souls where did you learn?
Or was it in your nature with you born?
Oh *Berenice*! how you destroy me!

Attendants, bring your Chair nearer.

Ber. No,
Return and to your famous Senate go;
That for your cruelties applaud you so.
Have you not honour to your full delight?
Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
What more in expiation can you do?
Have you not ever sworn to hate me too?

Tit. Can you do any thing to make me hate?
Or can I ever *Berenice* forget?
This hard suspicion was unjustly urg'd,
'Gainst a poor heart too much before surcharg'd.
Oh Madam I know me better, and recall
The wrong, since first I at your feet did fall.
Count all the single days and minutes past,
Where in my vows and my desires I prest.
And at this time your greatest Conquest know,
For you were never so belov'd as now.
Nor ever----

Ber. Still your Love you'd have me own,
Yet you your self command me to be gone.
Is my despair so charming to your view?
D'you think the tears I shed are all too few?
Of such a heart, a vain return you make,
No never call those dear Ideas back.
But suffer me in this belief to rest;
That secretly, long since-exil'd your breast,

I only from a faithless wretch depart,
 And one that never lays the loss to heart.
 If you had Lov'd me, this had nere been sent;
 Here you have commanded me to banishment. [*Opens the Tablets*
 What wondrous Love you bear me this doth show.

Read, read, ungrateful, read and let me go. [*Gives him the Tablet*

Tit. You shall not go, I have not given consent,
 Nor will I ever to your banishment.

Your cruel resolution I descry,
 To be reveng'd of me you seek to dye.
 And then of all I love, except the pain,
 Nought but the sad remembrance will remain.

Antiochus ! be thou a witness here
 Of all my misery and my despair.

Ber. *sinks down in*
a Chair.

Antio. Despair's a Theam I only understand;
 You, if you will, your wishes may command.
 Such Beauty ready for possession see,
 And leave that ugly hag Despair, to me.

Antio. Behold those eyes how dull and dark they grow!
 Madam, when at your feet I fall thus low, [*Kneels.*
 Vouchsafe my sad afflictions to believe,
 Alas! 'tis all the ease I'm like to have.
 When first the dreadful minute I beheld;
 That by my duty and the Laws compeld,
 I found it forc'd that you must hence depart.
 Though nothing e're can banish you my heart.
 'Twas then my soul had first a sense of fears,
 Foreseeing your reproaches and your tears.
 I then expected, Madam, all the weight
 Of woes that can on worst misfortunes light.
 But whatsoever fears oppress my heart,
 I find I but foresaw the lesser part.
 I thought my vertue not so apt to bow;
 And am asham'd 'tis thus intangled now.

Ber. Let me alone and vex my soul no more,
 You of your vertue talk't enough before.
 Urge it not still to aggravate my shame.
 VVhen Crown'd with conquest from the wars you came,
 I know you brought me but to fill your state;
 For else the triumph had not been complete.

Tit.

Tit. Since you have then resolv'd: It shall be so.
And judg by this if y'are belov'd or no.
No longer Torments on my soul shall prey,
Since I to freedom see so brave a way;
A way by more than one great Roman shown;
Who, when their Misery's had prest 'em down,
Propt from within, shook off with life, the weight, *Offers to*
And thus fell nobly grappling with their fate. *Establish his*

Ber. Oh stay! to wrong me more what way dy'e take?
Would *Titus* die for *Berenice's* sake?

I see the blow you cruelly prepare
To wound that breast where I, you say, have share.
To hurt what's mine would be unjustly done,
No, rather strike this heart, that's all your own.

Tit. Best of thy sex! and dearest, now I see.
How poor is Empire when compar'd to thee.
Hence ye, perplexing Cares, that clog a brain,
Whilst struck with extasie, I here fall down.
Thus at your feet a happy prostrate laid,
I'm much more blest than if the world I swaid.

[Kneels]

Ber. Now the blest *Berenice* enough has seen:
I thought your Love had quite extinguisht been:
But 'twas my error, for you still are true.
Your heart is troubled, and your tears I view.
Ev'n my worst sufferings much o'repaid I see,
Nor shall th' unhappy world be curst for me,
Nothing since first 'twas yours, my love would shake,
So absolute a Conquest did you make.
But now I'll bring it to the utmost test,
And with one fucal Act crown all the rest.

[Kneels]

Tit. Hah! tell me *Berenice* what will you do?

Ber. Far from your sight and *Rome* for ever go:
I have resolv'd on't, and it shall be so.

Tit. *Antiochus*! I'm born to be undone;
When I the greatest conquest thought t'have won:
Ev'n in my noblest race I am out-run.
But thou wer't always gen'rous, always kind;
Your enlarg'd Kingdom shall to hers be joyn'd.
And now how much you are my faithful friend;

}

In being so to her, you'l best express. *[Falling on
Never forsake her in sad distress. this neck,*

Where e're she goes, for ever with her be.

And sometimes in my absence sigh for me.

Antio. Arfaces! on thy bosome let me lye,

VVhilst I but take one last dear look, and die.

Ber. No live: and by a generous strife out-do

Us both, and of your self be conqu'rou too.

Farewel.

Let us all three a rare example prove:

Of a most tender though unhappy love.

Thus, Sir, your Peace and Empire I restore.

Farewell and reign, I'll never see you more. *[Ex. Ber.*

Antio. Oh Heaven!

Tit. She's gone and all I valu'd lost:

Now Friend, let *Rome*, of her great Emp'ror boast.

Since they themselves first taught me cruelty,

I'll try how much a Tyrant I can be.

Henceforth all thoughts of pitty I'll disown,

And with my arms the Universe ore-run.

Rob'd of my Love, through ruins purchase fame,

And make the world's as wretched as I am.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

The

T H E

Cheats of Scapin.

A& First. Scene First.

Enter Octavian Shift.

Oct. **T**HIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you say he is return'd already

Sh. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this Morning?

Sh. This very Morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a resolution to Marry me?

Sh. Yes, Sir, To Marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.

Sh. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really couldst do me no good. Speak: Has Necessity taught thee no Wit? Hast thou no Shift?

Sh. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busie in Contriving some Trick to save my self; I am first prudent, and then good natur'd.

Oct. How will my Father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happen'd in his absence? I dread his anger and reproaches.

Sh. Reproaches! Would I could be quit of him so easily; methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Oct. Dis-inheriting is the least I can expect.

Sh. You should have thought of this before, and not have fallen in Love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover-Coach*; she is indeed a good smug Lass, but God knows what she is besides, perhaps some——

Oct. Villain.

Sh. I have done, Sir, I have done.

F

Oct.

Ocf. I have no Friend that can appease my Father's anger, and now I shall be betrayed to want and misery.

Sh. For my part, I know but one Remedy in our misfortunes.

Ocf. Prithee what is it?

Sh. You know that Rogue and arch-Cheat *Scapin*.

Ocf. Well, What of him?

Sh. There is not a more subtle Fellow breathing; so cunning, he can cheat one newly Cheated; 'tis such a Wheadling Rogue, I'll undertake in two hours he shall make your Father forgive you all, nay, allow you Money for your necessary Debauches: I saw him in three days, make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymist and Projector.

Ocf. He is the fittest person in the World for my Business; the Impudent Varlet can do any thing with the peevish old Man. Prithee go look him out, we'll set him a work immediately.

Sh. See where he comes—*Monfieur Scapin*!

Enter *Scapin*.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Sh. I have been giving my Master a brief Account of thy most Noble Qualities: I told him, thou wert as Valiant as a ridden Cuckold, Sincere as Whores, Honest as Pimps in want.

Scap. Alas Sir! I but Copy you: 'Tis you are brave, you scorn the Gibbets, Halters and Prisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

Ocf. Oh *Scapin*! I am utterly ruin'd without thy assistance.

Scap. Why? What's the matter good Mr. *Ocfavian*?

Ocf. My Father is this day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe*, with a resolution to Marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Ocf. Thou knowest I am already Married; How will my Father resent my Disobedience? I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your Father know of your Marriage?

Ocf. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all shall be well: I am publick-spirited; I love to help distressed young Gentlemen, and thank Heav'n I have had good success enough.

Ocf. Besides, My present want must be considered, I am in rebellion without any Money.

Scap.

Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that : I can cheat upon occasion ; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade ; yet Heav'n be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools ; but the great Rooks and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority, ruin such little Undertraders as I am.

Off. Well, Get thee straight about thy Bus'ness : Canst thou make no use of my Rogue here ?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his assistance ; the Knave has Cunning, and may be useful.

Sh. Ay Sir ; But like other wise Men, I am not over-Valiant : Pray leave me out of this Bus'ness ; my Fears will betray you ; you shall execute, I'll sit at home and advise.

Scap. I stand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou hast enough of that : Come, come, thou shalt along ; What, Man, stand out for a Beating ? That's the worst can happen.

Sh. Well, well.

Enter Clara.

Off. Here comes my dearest *Clara*.

Cl. Ah me *Octavian* ! I hear sad News : They say, your Father is return'd.

Off. Alas ! 'Tis true, and I am the most unfortunate person in the World ; but 'tis not my own misery that I consider, but yours : How can you bear those wants to which we must be both reduc'd ?

Cl. Love shall teach me, that can make all things easie to us, which is a sign it is the chiefest good : But I have other Cares ; Will you be ever constant ? Shall not your Father's Severity constrain you to be false ?

Off. Never, my dearest, never.

Cl. They that love much, may be allow'd some fears.

Scap. Come, come, we have now no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another : Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Cl. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

Scap. You must appear resolute at first : Tell him you can live without troubling him ; threaten him to turn Souldier ; or what will frighten him worse, say, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Composition.

Off. What would I give 'twere over ?

Scap. Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your Father, very grave and very angry.

Off. Well.

Scap. Do you look very carelessly, like a small Courtier upon his Country Acquaintance, a little more furlily: --Very well:--Now I come full of my Fatherly Authority.-----

Octavian, Thou makest me weep to see thee; but alas they are not tears of joy, but tears of sorrow. Did ever so good a Father beget so lewd a Son? Nay, but for that I think thy Mother Virtuous, I should pronounce thou art not mine; *Newgate-Bird,* Rogue, Villain, what a Trick hast thou play'd me in my absence? Marry'd? Yes: but to whom? Nay that thou knowest not. I'll warrant you some Waiting-Woman corrupted in a Civil Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-Houses, remov'd from thence by some Keeping Coxcomb, or-----

Clara. Hold *Scapin,* Hold-----

Scap. No offence Lady, I speak but anothers words.

Thou abominable Rascal, thou shalt not have a groat, not a groat. Besides, I will break all thy bones ten times over, get thee out of my house---Why Sir, you reply not a word, but stand as bashfully, as a Girl that's examin'd by a Bawdy Judge, about a Rape.

Off. Look yonder comes my Father.

Scap. Stay *Shift,* and get you two gone, let me alone to manage the old fellow.

[*Exit Off. and Clara.*

Enter Thrifty.

Th. Was there ever such a rash action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the Business, and is now so full of it, that he vents it to himself.

Th. I would fain hear what they can say for themselves.

Scap. We are not unprovided.

[*At a distance.*

Th. Will they be so Impudent to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Th. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scap. That perhaps we may doe.

Th. But all shall be in vain.

Scap. We'll try that.

Th. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son fast.

Scap. That we must prevent.

Th. And for that Tatterdemallion *Shift*, I'll thrash him to death, I will be three Years a Cudgelling him.

Th. I wondred he had forgot me so long.

Th. Oh Oh! Yonder the Rascal is, that brave Governour, he tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoyed at your safe return.

Th. Good morrow *Scapin*, indeed you have followed my Instructions very exactly, my Son has behaved himself very prudently in my absence, has he not Rascal, has he not?

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Th. Very well --- Thou sayst not a word Varlet, thou sayst not a word.

Scap. Had you a good Voyage Mr. *Thrifty*?

Th. Lord Sir! A very good Voyage, pray give a Man a little leave to vent his Choler.

Scap. Would you be in Choler Sir?

Th. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Th. With that confounded Rogue there.

Scap. Upon what reason?

Th. Upon what reason? hast thou not heard what hath happened in my absence.

Scap. I have heard a little Idle story.

Th. A little Idle story. Quoth a why Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried, but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Th. I am not of your opinion, I'll make the whole Town ring of it.

Scap. Lord Sir, I have storm'd about this business as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him indeed, Mr. *Octavian*, you do not do well, to wrong so good a Father: I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do, till at last, when I had well examin'd the Business I found you had not so much wrong done you as you Imagine.

Th. How not wrong done me to have my Son married without my consent to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas he was ordained to it.

Th. That's fine indeed, we shall steal, cheat, murder, and so be hang'd, then say we were ordained to it.

Scap.

Scap. Truly I did not think you so subtile a Phylosopher, I mean he was fatally engaged in this affair.

Th. Why did he Engage himself?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but fie upon you now, would you have him as wise as your self, young men will have their follies, witness my charge *Leander*; who has gon and thrown away himself at a stranger rate then your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young your self, yes I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Th. Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, if it cost him nothing.

Scap. Alas he was so in Love with the young wench, that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hang'd himself;

Sh. Must! why he had already done it, But that I came very seasonably and cut the rope.

Th. Didst thou cut the rope, Dog? Ile Murther thee for that thou shouldest have let him hang.

Scap. Besides, her Kindred surprized him with her, and forc't him to marry her.

Th. Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the Violence at a Notaries.

Scap. O Lord Sir, he scorn'd that.

Th. Then might I easily have disannul'd the Martiage.

Scap. Disannul the marriage.

Th. Yes.

Scap. You shall not break the marriage.

Th. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Th. What shall not I claim the priviledge of a Father, and have the Satisfaction for the violence done to my Son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never consent to.

Th. He will not consent to!

Scap. No. Would you have him confes he was hec'tor'd into any thing, that is to declare himself a Coward: Oh fie Sir, one that has Honour of being your Son, can never do such a thing.

Th. Pish, tak not to me of Honour, he shall do it or be dis-inherited.

Scap. Who shall dis-inherit him?

Th. That will I Sir.

Scap. You dis-inherit him! very good.

Th.

Th. How very good?

Scap. You shall not dis-inherit him.

Th. Shall not I dis-inherit him?

Scap. No.

Th. No!

Scap. No.

Th. Sir, you are very merry; I shall not disinherit my Son?

Scap. No I tell you.

Th. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas Sir, your own self Sir; your own self.

Th. I my self?

Scap. Yes Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.

Th. You shall find I can Sir.

Scap. Come you deceive your self, Fatherly affection must show it self, it must, it must; do not I know you were ever tender hearted.

Th. Yare mistaken Sir, Yare mistaken:— Pish, why do I spend my time in tittle tattle with this Idle fellow?— Hang-dog go find out my rake-hell —

[to Shift.
whill't I go to my Brother *Gripe* and Inform him of my misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time if I can do you any service.—

Th. Oh! I thank you Sir, I thank you. — [Exit Thrift.

Shift. I must confess thou art a brave Fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better posture—but the money, the money—we are abominable poor, and my Master has lean Vigilant dunns that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when she solicits a maintenance for her discarded Daughter.

Scap. Your money shall be my next care—let me see, I want a fellow to—Canst thou not Counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Alsatia*?—Stalk—look big—very well. Follow me, I have ways to disguise thy voice and countenance.

Sh. Pray take a little care and lay your plot so that I may not act the Bully all wayes, I would not be beaten like a Bully.

Scap. We'll share the danger, we'll share the danger.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Thrifty* and *Gripe*.

Gr. Sir, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath strangely frustrated our Designs;

Thr. Sir, trouble not your self about my Son, I have undertaken to remove all Obstacles, which is the business I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

Gr. In troth, Sir, I'll tell you what I say to you, The Education of Children after the getting of e'm, ought to be the nearest Concern of a Father: And had you tutored your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his.

Thr. Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence. Those that are so quick to Censure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought first to take Care that all be well at home.

Gr. Why Mr. *Thrifty*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

Thr. It may be I have, and it may be worse than of my own.

Gr. What is't I pray? My Son?

Thr. Ev'n your own *Scapin* told it me, and you may hear it from him or some body else: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Messenger of ill news to one that I think so to me: Your Servant: I must hasten to my Council to advise what's to be done in this Case. God-bu'y till I see you again.
[*Ex. Thrifty*].

Gr. Worse than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; For a Son to marry impudently without the Consent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd I take it: But yonder he comes.

Enter *Leander*.

Leand. Oh my Dear Father, how Joyful am I to see you safely return'd. Welcome as the Blessing which I am now craving will be.

Gr. Not so fast Friend'a mine, soft and fair goes far Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ee mean Sir?

Gr. Stand still, and let me look yee in the Face.

Leand.

Leand. How must I stand Sir?

Gr. Look upon me with both Eyes: I

Leand. Well Sir I do.

Gr. What's the meaning of this Report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gr. Yes Report Sir, I speak English as I take it, What is't that you have done in my absence?

Leand. What is't Sir which you would have had me done?

Gr. I do not ask you what I would have had you done; but what you have done.

Leand. Who I Sir? Why I have done nothing at all, nor I Sir.

Gr. Nothing at all! (*Leand.*) No Sir,

Gr. You have no Impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man, and my Innocence.

Gr. Very well, But *Scapin*, d'ye mark me young man, *Scapin* has told me some tales of your Behaviour?

Leand. *Scapin*!

Gr. Oh have I caught you? That name makes ye blush do's it? 'Tis well you have some Grace left.

Leand. Has he said any thing concerning me?

Gr. That shall be examined anon. In the mean while get you home d'ye hear. And stay till my return; But look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour me, never think to come within my Doors, or see my Face more; but expect to be as miserable as thy folly and poverty can make thee. [*Exi. Gr.*]

Leand. Very fine: I am in a hopeful Condition. This Rascal has betrayed my marriage and undone me: Now there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by rapine: and to set my hand in, the first thing shall be to Cut the throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruined me.

Enter Off. and Scapin.

Off. Dear *Scapin*, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy Care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoyed to see you good Mr. Dog!

Scap. Sir your most humble Servant, You honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill fools part, But I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir.

Off. Hold *Leander*.

Leand. No, *Octavian*, I'll make him confess the Treachery he has committed; yes Varlet Dog, I know the trick you have playd me: you thought perhaps no body would have told me. But I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my Sword in your Guts.

Scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the heart to do such a thing? have I done you any Injury Sir?

Leand. Yes Rascal that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swing it out of your already tan'd thick hide. [*Beats him*]

Scap. The Devil's in't, Lord Sir, what d'ye mean? Nay good Mr. *Leander*, pray Mr. *Leander*; Squire *Leander* — As I hope to be saved —

Off. Prithee be quiet for shame enough. — [*Interposeth*]

Scap. Well Sir, I confess indeed that —

Leand. What! speak Rogue.

Scap. About two Months agoe you may remember, a Maid Servant dyed in the house. —

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay Sir, if I confess you must not be angry.

Leand. Well go on.

Scap. 'Twas said she dyed for love of me Sir; But let that pass.

Leand. Death, you trifling Buffoon;

Scap. About a week after her death, I dress'd my self up like her Ghost, and went into Madam *Lucia* your Mistresses Chamber, where she lay half in half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-book,

Leand. And was it your Impudence did that?

Scap. They both beleave it was a Ghost to this hour. But it was my self playd the Goblin to fright her from the Scurvy Custom of lying awake at those unseasonable hours, hearing filthy Plays when she had never said her Prayers.

Leand. I shall remember you for all in time, and place; But come to the point, and tell me what thou hast said to my Father.

Scap. To your Father? I have not so much as seen him since his return, and if you'd ask him he'll tell you so himself.

Leand. Yes he has told me himself, and told me all thou hast said to him!

Scap. With your good leave Sir, then he ly'd, I beg your pardon I mean he was mistaken. [*Enter Sly*]

Sly. Oh Sir, I bring you the most unhappy news.

Leand.

Leand. Whats the matter?

Sly. Your Mistress Sir, is yonder arrested in an Action of 200*l*. They say 'tis a debt she left unpaid at *London*; in the hast of her escape hither to *Dover*, and if you do not raile money within this two hours to discharge her, Shee'l be hurried to prison.

Leand. Within this two hours?

Sly. Yes Sir, within this two hours.

Leand. Ah my poor *Scapin*, I want thy assistance.

[*Scapin walks about Surlily*]

Scap. Ah my poor *Scapin*! Now I'm your poor *Scapin* now you've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou hast done, and worie if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No no, never pardon me, run your Sword in my Guts, you'l do better to Murder me.

Leand. For Heaven's sake; think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

Off. You must do something for him.

Scap. Yes to have my bones broken for my pains.

Leand. Would you leave me *Scapin* in this severe extremity?

Scap. To put such an affront upon me as you did;

Leand. I wrong'd thee I confess.

Scap. To use me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Rascal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thy Mercy withall my Heart, and if thou wilt have me throw my self at thy Feet, I'll doo't.

Off. Faith *Scapin* you must, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then; But d'yeec mark me Sir, another time better words and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my business?

Scap. As I see convenient, Care shall be taken,

Leand. But the time you know is short.

Scap. Pray Sir, don't be so troublesome: How much money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds.—(*Scap.*) And you?—(*Off.*) As much.

Scap. No more to be said. It shall be done, For you the Contrivance is laid already; and for your Father though he be coverous to the last degree, Yet thanks be to Heaven hee's but a shallow per-

To *Leander.*

son, his parts are not extraordinary, do not take it ill Sir, for you have no resemblance of him. But that y^e are very like him, Begon I see *Ostavian's* Father coming, I'll begin with him.

[*Exeunt Ost. and Leand.*]

[*Enter Thrifty*]

Here he comes mumbling and chewing the Cud to prove himself a clean Beast.

Thr. Oh audacious Boy, to commit so insolent a Crime, and plunge himself into such a mischief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant.

Thr. How do you *Scapin*?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Sons rash Action.

Thr. Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't; But your Philosopher is alwaies prepared I remember an Excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Case.

Thr. What's that?

Scap. Pray mind it, 'twill do ye a World of good.

Thr. What is't I ask you?

Scap. Why; When the Master of a Family shall be absent any considerable time from his home or Mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and Philosophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent Circumstances, that may during the Interval conspire to the Conjunction of those misfortunes, and troublesome accidents, that may intervene upon the said absence, and the interruption of his Oeconomical inspection, into the remissness, negligences, frailties, and huge and perillous Errours, which his Substitutes, Servants, or Trustees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto, which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated Natures; or the taint and contagion of corrupted Education; whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Disposition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and Conversation run consequently defiled, and impure: These things premised, and fore-considered, arm the said prudent Philosophical *Pater Familias*, to find his House laid waste, his Wife murdered, his Daughters deflowred, his Sons hang'd:

Cum multis alia que nunc perscribere longum est,
and to think Heaven is no worse too: I'll mark, Sir?

Thr. S'death! Is all this a Proverb?

Scap.

Scap. Ay, and the best Proverb, and the wisest in the World: Good Sir, get it by heart: T'will do ye the greatest good imaginable; and don't trouble your self: I'll repeat it to you, till you have gotten it by heart.

Thr. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say——When the Master of a——

Thr. Hold, hold, I have better thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer, I'll null the Marriage.

Scap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your self among Lawyers? Do you not see every day how the Spunges suck poor Clyents, and with a company of foolish, non-sensical terms, and knavish tricks, undo the Nation: No, you shall take another way.

Thr. You have reason, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compassion for your grief; I cannot when I see tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons miscarriages, but have bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thr. Truly my Case is sad, very sad.

Scap. So it is; tears will burst out; I have a great respect for your person. [Counterfeits weeping.

Thr. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we should have a fellow-feeling.

Scap. Ay, so we should; I assure you there is not a person in the World whom I respect more than the Noble Mr. *Thrifty*.

Thr. Thou art honest *Scapin*. Ha' done, ha' done.

Scap. Sir, Your most humble Servant.

Thr. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, In brief I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has Married.

Thr. What is he?

Scap. A most outrageous roaring Fellow, with a down-hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a swell'd red Face enflam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths, and bellows out Curses enough in a Day, to serve a Garrison a Week; bred up in blood and rapine, used to slaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conscience of killing a Man, than cracking of a Lowse; he has killed sixteen, four for taking the Wall of him; five for looking too big upon him; two he shot pissing against the Wall: In short, he is the most dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

Thy.

Thr. Heav'n! How do I tremble at the Description? But what's this to my Business?

Scap. Why, He (as most Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatening him with all the Courses of Law, all the assistance of your Friends, and your great Purse, (in which I ventur'd my life ten times; for so often he drew and run at me) yet, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a Composition, and to null the Marriage for a sum of Money.

Thr. Thanks, dear *Scapin*; but what sum?

Scap. Faith, He was damnably unreasonable at first, and gad I told him so very roundly.

Thr. A Pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 500*l*.

Thr. Ouns and Heart, 500*l*. Five hundred Devils take him, and fry and frigassée the Dog; does he take me for a mad-Man?

Scap. Why, so I said; and after much argument I brought him to this: Damme, says he, I am going to the Army, and I must have Two good Horses for my self, for fear one should die; and those will cost at least Threescore Guinea's.

Thr. Hang him Rogue! Why should he have two Horses? But I care not if I give Threescore Guinea's to be rid of this Affair.

Scap. Then, says he, my Pistols, Saddle, Hofs, Cloth, and all, will cost Twenty more.

Thr. Why, That's Fourscore.

Scap. Well reckoned; faith, this Arithmatick is a fine Art. Then I must have One for my Boy, will cost Twenty more.

Thr. Oh the Devil! Confounded Dog! Let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir,

Thr. Not a Sous, damn'd Rascal, let him turn Foot-Souldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man besides; Would you have him go a Foot?

Thr. Ay, and his Master too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, You are resolv'd to spend twice as much at Doctors Commons, you are, you will stand out for such a Sum as this; do.

Thr. Hah! Oh damn'd unconscionable Rascal! well if I must be so, Let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty, why it comes to forty.

Thr. No I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh a Covetous Rogue! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so Covetous.

Scap.

Scap. Why this is nothing to the Charge at Doctors Commons, and though her Brother has no Money, she has an Uncle able to defend her.

Thr. Oh Eternal Rogue! well I must do't, the Divels in him I think!

Scap. Then saies he, I must carry into *France* money to buy a Mule to carry——

Thr. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, I'll appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay good Sir, think a little.

Thr. No, I'll do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thr. No not so much as an Ass!

Scap. Consider.

Thr. I will not consider, I'll go to Law.

Scap. I am sure if you go to Law you do not consider the Appales, Degrees of Jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the Knareries, the Craving of so many Ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, Villanous Harpies! Promoters, Tipstaves, and the like; None of which but will puff away the clearest right in the World for a Bribe; on the other side the Proctor shall side with your Adversary, And sell your cause for ready Money; Your Advocate shall be gained the same way, And shall not be found when your cause is to be heard: Law is a torment of all torments.

Thr. That's true: Why what does the damn'd Rogue —— reckon for his Mule?

Scap. Why for Horses, Furniture, Mule, and to pay some Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands and will have two hundred pounds.

Th. Come, come, let's go to Law.

Scap. Do but reflect upon——

Th. I'll go to Law?

Scap. Do not plunge your self.

Thr. To Law I'll tell you?

Scap. Why there's for Procuracion, Presentation, Council, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and scribbling vast Volumes of Interrogatories, Depositions, and Articles, Consultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Register, Substitute, Judgments, Signings— Expedition Fees, besides the vast Presents to them and their Wives. Hang't, the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the money, give him it I say.

Thr.

Thr. What, two hundred pounds!

Scap. Ay, ay, why you'l gain 150 l. by it, I have summ'd it up; I say give it him, I, faith do.

Thr. What 200 l.

Scap. Ay, besides you ne're think how they'l rail at you in pleading, tell all your Fornications, Bastardings, and Commutings in their Courts,

Thr. I defie 'em, let 'em tell of my whoring, 'tis the fashion.

Scap. Peace, Here's the Brother.

Thr. Oh Heaven! what shall I do.

*{ Enter Shift disguised
like a Bully.*

Sb. Damme, where is this confounded Dog, this Father of *Ottavian*? Null the Marriage: By all the Honour of my Ancestors I'll chine the Villain.

Thr. Oh, Oh!

[Hides himself behind Scapin]

Scap. He cares not Sir, He'l not give the 200 l.

Sh. By Heaven, he shall be Worms-meat within these two hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not.

Th. You lye, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

Sh. He! he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Dishonour my Sister! This in his Guts! What Fellow's that? Hah!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Sh. Nor none of his Friends?

Th. No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Sh. Art thou the Enemy of that Rascal.

Th. Oh! ay, hang him — Oh damn'd Bully!

Sh. Give me thy hand, old Boy, the next Sun shall not see the impudent Rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his Relations against you.

Th. Do not provoke him, *Scapin*.

Sh. Would they were all here! Ha! hah! hah! Here I had one through the Lungs; there another into the Heart; Ha! there another into the Guts: Ah Rogues! there I was with you. Hah — hah!

Scap. Hold Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

Sh. No, but I will find the Villains out while my Blood is up; I will destroy the whole Family. Ha, ha, — hah!

Th. Here *Scapin*, I have two hundred Guinea's about me, take em,

e'm, No more to be said. Let me never see his face again, take e'm I say, This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give e'm him your self?

Th. No, no! I will never see him more. I shall not recover this these three Months. See the business done, I trust in thee, Honest

Scapin: I must repose somewhere; I am mightily out of Order — A plague on all Bullies I say. *[Exit Thrifty.]*

Scap. So ther's one dispatcht, I must now find out *Gripe*; He's here, how Heaven brings e'm into my Nets one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Scap. Oh Heaven! Unlookt for misfortune, poor Mr. *Gripe*, what wilt thou do *[walks about distractedly]*

Grip. What's that he says of me?

Scap. Is there no body can tell me News of Mr. *Gripe*?

Grip. Who's there *Scapin*!

Scap. How I run up and down, to find him to go purpose! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. *Gripe*?

Grip. Art thou blind, I have been just under thy Nose this hour.

Scap. Sir, ———

Grip. What's the matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir your Son ———

Grip. Hah, my Son ———

Scap. Is fallen into the strangest misfortune in the World.

Grip. What is't —

Scap. I met him a while ago, disordered for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of my Name. And seeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier, amongst other things he took particular Notice of a New Caper in her full Trim, the Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest Collation I ever met with.

Grip. Well, and where's the disaster of all this?

Scap. While we were eating he put to Sea; and when we were at a good distance from the Shoar, He discover'd himself to be an *English* Renegade that was entertain'd in the *Dutch* Service; And sent me off in his Long-Boat to tell you, That if you do not forthwith send him two hundred pounds, he'll carry away your Son Prisoner; Nay, for ought I know he may carry him a Slave to *Algier*.

Gr. How in the Devils name? 200!!

H

Scap.

Sea. Yes Sir, and more then that, he has allowed me but an hours time ; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only Son.

Gr. What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard ? — Run quickly *Scapin*, and tell the Villain Ile send my Lord Chief Justices Warrant after him.

Sea. Oh law ! his Warrant in the open Sea, d'ye think Pyrates are Fooles ?

Gr. T'ch Devils name what business had he a Shipboard ?

Sea. There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries Men to mischief, Sir.

Gr. *Scapin* thou must now act the part of a faithful Servant.

Sea. As how, Sir ?

Gr. Thou must go bid the Pyrate send me my Son and stay as a pledge in his room, till I can raise the Money.

Sea. Alas Sir, think you the Captain has so little wit as to accept of such a poor Rascally fellow as I am, instead of your Son ?

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard ?

Sea. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two hours time.

Gr. Thou say'st he demands. —

Sea. 200 l.

Gr. 200 l. Has the fellow no Conscience ?

Sea. O law ! the Conscience of a Pyrate, why very few lawful Captains have any.

Gr. Has he no reason neither ? Do's he know what the Sum of 200 l. is.

Sea. Yes Sir, Tarpawlins are a sort of People that understand Money, though they have no great acquaintance with Sense. But for Heav'n's sake dispatch.

Gr. Here take the key of my Compting House.

Sea. So.

Gr. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gr. In the left hand Window lyes the Key of my Garret, go take all the Cloaths that are in the great Chest, and sell 'em to the Brokers, to redeem my Son.

Scap. Sir, Y^e are mad ; I shan't get Fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am streightned for time.

Gr. But what a Devil did he do a Ship-board ?

Scap. Let Ship-board alone, and consider, Sir, your Son. But Heav'n

Cheats of Scapin.

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Heav'n is my witness, I ha' done for him as much as was possible, and if he be not redeemed, he may thank his Father's kindness.

Gr. Well, Sir, I'll go see if I can raise the Money. Was it not nine score Pounds you spoke of?

Scap. No, 200 l.

Gr. What, 200 l. Dutch, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean *English* Money, 200 l. sterling.

Gr. I th Devil's Name, what business had he a Ship-board? Confounded Ship-board.

Scap. This Ship-board sticks in his Stomach.

Gr. Hold *Scapin*, I remember I received the very Sum just now in Gold, but did not think I should have parted with it so soon.

He presents Scapin his Purse, but will not let it go, and in his transportments pulls his Arm to and fro, whilst Scapin reaches at it.

Scap. Ay, Sir.

Gr. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore.

Scap. Yes, Sir.

Gr. A Dogbolt.

Scap. I shall, Sir.

Gr. A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200 l. contrary to all Law or equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gr. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gr. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

Scap. Right, Sir.

[He puts up his Purse, and is going away.]

Gr. Now make hast, and go redeem my Son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Money?

Gr. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocket again.

Gr. Ha — my griefs and fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, Sir, I see it does indeed.

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Ship-board? — Damn'd Pyrate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell pursue thee.

Scap. How easily a Miser swallows a Load, and how difficultly he disgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him so, he's like to pay in other Coyn, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter Oct. and Leander.

Scap. Well, Sir, I have succeeded in your Business, } to Octavian.
there's 200*l.* which I have squeez'd out of your Father.

Oct. Triumphant *Scapin.**Scap.* But for you I can do nothing——*[To Leander.]**Lea.* Then may I go hang myself. Friends both adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear; the Devil has no such necessity
for you yet, that you need ride Post. With much ado I've got
your Business done too.

Lea. Is't possible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge myself
on your Father, for the Trick he has seryed me.

Lea. With all my heart, at thy own discretion, good honest
Scapin.

Scap. Hold your hand, there's 200*l.*

Lea. My thanks are too many to pay now; Farewel dear Son of
Mercury, and be prosperous.

Scap. Gramercy Pupil: Hence we gather,
Give Son the Money, hang up Father.

*The End of the Second Act.**Act Third. Scene First.**Enter Lucia and Clara.*

Lucia. WAS ever such a Trick play'd, for us to run away
from our Governesses, where our careful Fathers
had placed us, to follow a couple of young Gentlemen, only be-
cause they said they lov'd us, I think 'twas a very noble Enterprize?
I am afraid the good fortune we shall get by it, will very hardly
recompence the reputation we have lost by it.

Clar. Our greatest satisfaction is, that they are Men of fashion
and credit, and for my part I long ago resolv'd not to Marry any
other, nor such a one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation
of his Love; and 'twas an assurance of *Octavian's* that brought me
hither.

Lucia. I must confess, I had no less a fence of the Faith and Ho-
nour of *Leander*.

Clar.

Clar. But seems it not wonderful, that the Circumstances of our Fortune should be so near ally'd, and our selves so much Strangers. Besides, if I mistake not, I see something in *Leander*, so much resembling a Brother of mine, of the same Name, that did not the time since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so.

Lucia. I have a Brother too, whose Name's *Octavian*, bred in *Italy*, and just as my Father took his Voyage, return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the reason I have not seen him yet: But if I deceive not my self, there is something in your *Octavian*, that extreamly refreshes my memory of him.

Clar. I wish we might be so happy, as we are inclin'd to hope; but there's a strange blind side in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe what we most earnestly desire.

Lucia. The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our Fathers; and for my part, I had rather lose an old Father than a young Lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and secure my self against the Imposition of fatherly Authority.

Clar. How insufferable it is to be sacrificed to the Arms of a nauseous Blockhead, that has no other sense than to eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, rise in the morning, and go to Bed at night; and with much ado be perswaded to keep himself clean.

Lucia. A thing of meer Flesh and Blood, and that of the worst sort too, with a squinting meager hang-Dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Physick for the Worms.

Clar. Yet such their silly Parents are generally most indulgent to, like Apes, never so well pleas'd, as when th'are fondling with their ugly Issue.

Lucia. Twenty to one, but to some such charming Creatures, our careful Fathers had design'd us.

Clar. Parents think they do their Daughters the greatest kindness in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill, if they make the right use of them.

Lucia. I'de no more be bound to spend my days in Marriage to a Fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an Ass, because the Creature was gentle.

Clar. See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Designs and Affairs, as a Callow Statesman at a Treaty of Peace.

Scap. Ladies!

Clar.

Clar. Oh Monsieur *Scapin*! What's the reason you have been such a Stranger of late?

Scap. Why, faith Ladies, Business, Business, has taken up my time, and truly I love an active life, love my Business extreamly.

Lucia. Methinks tho, this should be a difficult place for a Man of your Excellencies to find employment in?

Scap. Why, faith Madam, I'm never shy to my Friends: My Business is, in short, like that of all other Men of Business, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and Cheat, to get an honest Livelyhood.

Clar. Certainly, Men of Wit and Parts need never be driven to indirect Courtes?

Scap. Oh Madam! Wit and Honesty; like Oyl and Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Relish to a good Fortune, and pass well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of themselves. No, give me your Knave, your thorow-pac't Knave; hang his Wit, so he be but Rogue enough.

Lucia. You'r grown very much out of humour with Wit, *Scapin*; I hope, yours has done you no prejudice of late?

Scap. No, Madam, Your Men of Wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, restive Snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

Clar. You are very plain and open in this Proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like most others of the Female Sex, (I speak all this with respect to your Ladiship) is generally most Indulgent to the nimble melted Block-Heads, Men of Wit are not for her turn, even too thoughtful when they should be Active, why who beleives any man of wit to have so much as Courage. No Ladies, if y've any Friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much fools as they can, and they'l near want Patrons: And for honesty, if your Ladiships think fit to retire a little further; you shall see me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

Clara. Prithee *Lucia*, let us Retreat a little and take this opportunity of some divertisement: which hath been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter

Enter Shift with a Sack.

Scap. Oh *Shift*!

Shift. Speak not too loud, my Masters coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his Friend, if any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I loose this Nose with the Pox, without the pleasure of getting it:

Sh. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine: to the Indignity of bruises and indecent Bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in Adventures makes them pleasant when accomplished.

Sh. But your Adventures how Comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be Tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter, I hate your pusillanimous Spirit; Revenge and Leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them, begone: here comes my Man.

Enter Gripe.

Oh Sir, Sir, Shift for your self, quickly Sir, quickly Sir, for Heavens sake.

Gr. What's the matter Man?

Scap. Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? will you be Murdered instantly? I am afraid you'll be killed within these two Minutes.

Gr. Mercy on me! killed for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gr. Who? Who?

Scap. The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd, hee's A Captain of a Privateer, who has all sorts of Rogues, *Englisb, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French*, under his command; and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, because you would Null the Marriage; they run up and down, crying where is the Rogue *Gripe*, where is the Dog, where is the Slave *Gripe*; they watch for you so narrowly that there's no getting home to your House.

Gr. Oh *Scapin*! what shall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay Heaven knows, but if you come within their reach they'll De—wit you, they'll tear you in pieces: heark.

Gr. Oh Lord!

Scap. Hum 'tis none of them?

Gr.

Gr. Canst thou find no way for my Escape, dear Scapin?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gr. Good Scapin, show thy self a man now.

Scap. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gr. Dear Scapin, do; I will Reward thee bounteously: Ile give thee this Suit when I have worn it 8 or 9 Months longer.

Scap. Listen! who are these?

Gr. God forgive me, Lord have Mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's no body; look, if you'l save your life go into this Sack presently.

Gr. Oh! whose there?

Scap. No body: get into the Sack and stir not, what ever happens, I'll carry you as a Bundle of Goods through all your Enemies to the Majors house, or the Castle?

Gr. An Admirable Invention, Oh! Lord quick. *Gets into the Sack.*

Scap. Yes, 'tis an Excellent Invention, if you knew all, keep in your Head, Oh here's a Rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin counterfeits a Welshman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's Fathers, look you.

In his own Voice.

How should I know, what would you have with him? *He close.*

Have with him, look you! her has no creat puz'ness, but ther woud have satisfactions and reparations, look you, for Credits and Honours by St. Tavy he shall not put the Injuries and Affronts upon my Captains, look you now, Sir,

In his own Voyce.

He Affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man,

You lye Sir, look you, and hur will give you beatings and chastisements, for your Contradictions when hur Wells ploods up, look you, and hur will Cudgel your Packs and your Nottles for it, take you that pray you now.

His own Voyce,

Beat the Sack.

Hold, hold, will you Murder me. I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach savvy Jacks how they profook Hur, Hurse ploods and hur Chollers: and for the old Rogue hur will have his Guts and his plood look you Sir, or hur will never wear Leek upon St. Taffyes day more, look you.

His

His own Voice.

Oh! He has mawl'd me, a damn'd Welch Rogue.

Gr. You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders: Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the Stick fell on you, the main substantial part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

Gr. Why did you not stand further off?

Scap. Peace—Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancashire Dialect.

Scap. I'aw Fellee, wi'th Sack theere, done yaw know whear th' awd Rascall Graip is?

Not I; but here is no Rascal.

Taw Leen, yaw Dogue, yaw known weel eenuh whear he is, an yaw den teel, ond that he is afoo Rascatt as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

By th' Meß, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle th' bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to some tune.

Me, Sir? I don't understand ye.

Why, Th' awrt his Mon, thaw Hobble, I'll snite th' Nase o' thee.

Hold, hold, Sir, What would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the first bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap by th' Meß, and after Ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and Ay wot, he'll be a pratty swatley Fellee, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, sayn ye? Ays find him by'r Lady, an he be above grawnt.

So, he's gone, a damn'd Lancashire Rascal.

Gr. Oh good Scapin! go on quickly.

Hold, here's another.

[Gr. pops in his Head.

In an Irish Tone.

Dost thou hear Sack-man? I pridee fare is de dam Dog Gripe?

His own Voice.

Why, What's that to you? What know I.

Fat's dat to me Joy? By my soul Joy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and de Devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon till thou dost know, by my salvation indeed.

Scap. I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dost not tell fare is Gripe, but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.

What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? By my soul, if I do see him, I will make Murther upon him, for my Captain's sake.

Murther him? He'll not be murther'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowels, de Devil take me indeed. Fat hast dow in dat Sack? Joy, by my salvation I will look into it.

But you shall not. What have you to do with it?

By my soul Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.

Gr. Oh! Oh!

Scap. Fatt, it does grunt, by my salvation; de Devil take me, I will see it indeed.

You shall not see my Sack; I will defend it with my life.

Den I will make beat upon thy Body; take that, Joy, and that, and that, upon my soul, and so I do take my leave Joy. [Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almost kill'd me.

Gr. Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders.

Scap. You can't tell me; they fell on mine: Oh my Shoulders!

Gr. Yours? Oh my Shoulders!

Scap. Peace, th'are a coming.

In a coarse Sea-man's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, swinge him with a Cat o' nine tails, Keel-hale, and then hang him at the Main Tard.

In broken French-English.

If dere be no more Men in England, I will kille him, I will put my Rapire in his Body, and I will give him two tree pushé in de gusse.

Here Scapin Afts a Number of e'm together.

We mun go this way — o'th' right hand, no to th' left hand — lye close — search ev'ry where — by my salvation, I will kill the dam Dog — and we do catch en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, an I do heer he went thick way — no, streight forward. Hold, here is his Man, where's your Master — Dam me, where ? in Hell ? speak — hold, not so furiously — and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee —

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him soundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll nere betray my Master.

Knock'en down, beat'en zoundly, to'en, at'en, at'en, at.

[As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps out, and Scapin takes to his heels.

Gr. Oh Dog, Traitor, Villain ! Is this your Plot ? Would you have murder'd me, Rogue ? Unheard of Impudence. [Enter Thrifty. Oh Brother Thrifty ! You come to see me loaden with disgrace ; the Villain Scapin has, as I am sensible. now, cheated me of 200 l. this beating brings all into my memory. [Aside.

Th. The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the same Sum ?

Gr. Nor was he content to take my Money, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate, that I am ashamed to tell it ; but he shall pay for it severely.

Th. But this is not all, Brother, one Misfortune is the fore-runner of another : Just now I received Letters from London, that both our Daughters have run away from their Governesses, with two wild debauch't young Fellows, that they fell in Love with.

Enter Lucia. and Clara.

Luc. Was ever so malicious Impudence seen — Hah — Surely, if I mistake not, that should be my Father.

Cl. And the other mine, who Scapin has us'd thus.

Luc. Bless us ! Return'd, and we not know of it ?

Cl. What will they say to find us here?

Luc. My dearest Father, Welcome to *England*.

Th. My Daughter *Luce*?

Luc. The same, Sir.

Gr. My *Clara* here too?

Cl. Yes, Sir, and happy to see your safe Arrival.

Th. What strange destiny has directed this happiness to us?

Enter Octavian.

Gr. Hey day!

Th. Oh Son! I have a Wife for you.

Off. Good Father, All your Propositions are vain; I must needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

Th. Look you now, is not this very fine? Now I have a mind to be merry, and be friends with you, you'll not let me now, will you? I tell you, Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter here——

Off. I'll never marry Mr. *Gripe's* daughter, Sir, as long as I Live; No, yonder's she that I must Love, and can never Entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cl. Yes *Octavian*, I have at last met with my Father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thr. Law ye now, you would be wiser than the Father that begot you, would you? did not I always say you should marry Mr. *Gripe's* daughter? But you do not know your Sister *Luce*?

Off. Unlook'd for blessing, why she's my friend *Leander's* Wife!

Thr. How *Leander's* Wife!

Gr. What my Son *Leander*?

Off. Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander*.

Gr. Indeed! well Brother *Thrifty*, 'tis true, the Boy was always a good natur'd Boy. Well now am I so overjoyed, that I could laugh till I shook my shoulders, but that I dare not they are so sore. But look here he comes.

Enter Leander.

Lean. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is discovered; nor would I indeed, have longer concealed it, this is my Wife, and I must own her.

Gr. Brother *Thrifty* did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like? Ha?

Thr. Own her quoth a! why kiss her, kiss her, Man, odds boddkins, when I was a young fellow and was first married, I did nothing else for three months. O my conscience I got my Boy

Off.

Oct. there, the first night before the Curtaines were quite drawn!

Gr. Well, 'tis his Fathers nowne Child; Just so Brother was it with me upon my Wedding day, I could not look upon my dear without blushing, but when we were a Bed, Lord ha mercy upon us—— but I le say no more.

Lean. Is then my Father Reconcil'd to me.

Gr. Reconcil'd to thee, why I love thee at my heart man, at my heart, why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty's* daughter, Mrs. *Lucce*, whom I always design'd for thy Wife, and that's thy Sister *Clara* married to Mr. *Octa.* there.

Lean. *Octavian* are wethen Brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wish't after the Compleating of my happinels with my charming *Lucia*.

Thr. Come Sir, hang up your complements in the Hall at home, they are old and out of fashion! Shift go to the Inn and bespeak a Supper may cost more Money than I have ready to pay for't, for I am resolv'd to run in debt to night.

Sh. I shall obey your commands Sir.

Thr. Then d'you hear, send out and muster up all the Fidlers, Blind or not Blind, Drunk or Sober, in the Town; let not so (much as the Roaster of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Cafe, escape ye.

Gr. Well what would I give now for the fellow that sings the Song at my Lord Mayors Feast, I my self would make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he should set a Tune to it, 'twas the pretty't he had last time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh Gentlemen here is the strangest accident fallen out.

Thr. What's the matter.

Sly. Poor *Scapin*.

Gr. Ha! Rogue let him be hang'd, I le hang him my self.

Sly. Oh Sir, that trouble you may spare, for passing by a place where they were building, a great stone fell upon his head and broke his Scull so, you may see his Braines.

Thr. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter

Enter Scapin between two, his Head wrap'd up in Linnen as if he had been wounded

Scap. Oh me ! Oh me ! Gentlemen you see me, you see me in a sad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the prime of my years : But yet I could not dye without the pardon of those that I have wrong'd, yes Gentlemen I beseech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done ; but more especially, I beg of you Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Master Mr. *Gripe*.

Thr. For my part, I pardon thee freely, go, and dye in peace.

Scap. But 'tis you Sir, I have most offended, by the inhumane Bastinadoes which——

Gr. Prithee speak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked Insolence in me, that I should with Vile Crab-tree Cudgel——

Gr. Pish, no more, I say I am Satisfied.

Scap. And now so near my death 'tis an unspeakable grief that I should dare to lift my hand against——

Gr. Hold thy Peace, or dye quickly, I tell thee I have forgot All——

Scap. Alas ! how good a man you are ! But Sir, d'you pardon me freely and from the bottom of your Heart, those mercyleless drubs that——

Gr. Prithee speak no more of it. I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't. [Pulls off his Cap.]

Scap. Oh ! Sir, how much your Goodness Revives me !

Gr. Hows that ! Friend take Notice I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are sure to dye !

Scap. Oh me ! I begin to faint again.

Thr. Come, fie Brother, never let Revenge imploy your thoughts now, forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gr. A dewce on't Brother, as I hope to be sav'd he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did ; But since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thr. Now then let's to supper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the Lower End of the Table. Where in my Chair of State, I'll sit at ease,
And eat and drink, that I may dye in Peace.

A Dance.

The End.

Epilogue.

Spoken by Mrs. Mary Lee,
when she was out of Humour.

HOW little do you guess what I'm to say?
I'm not to ask you how like Farce or Play;
For you must know, I've other bus'ness now:

It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.

How happy were we when in humble guise,

You came with honest Hearts and harmles Eyes:

Sate without Noise and Tumult in the Pit:

Oh what a pretious Jewel then was Wit!

Tho now 'tis grown so common, let me dye,

Gentlemen scorn to keep it company.

Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been,

Your too much Plenty is become your Sin.

Time was ye were as meek as now y'are proud,

Did not in curst Cabals of Criticks croud,

Nor thought it witty to be very loud,

But came to see the Follies you would shun:

Tho now so fondly Antick here y'are grown.

I invert the Stages purpose, and its Rules:

Make us Spectators, whilst you play the Fools.

Equally witty as some valiant are;

The sad defects of both are expos'd here.

For here you'll Censure, who disdain to write,

As some make Quarrels here, that scorn to fight.

The rugged Souldier that from War returns,

And still with heat of former Actions burns,

Let him but hither come to see a Play,

Proceeds an Errant Courtier in a day.

SHALL

Epilogue.

Shall steal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
There hold impertinent chat with Tawdry Maux:
Till e're aware the Bluff'ner falls in love
And Hero grows as harmless as a Dove.

With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes,
Though now alas we must your absence mourn,
Whilst nought but Quality will serve your turn.
Damn'd Quality! that uses poaching Arts,
And (as 'tis said) comes mask'd to prey on hearts.
The proper use of Vizors once was made,
When only worn by such as own'd the Trade:
Though now all mingle with 'em so together,
That you can hardly know the one from t' other.
But 'tis no matter, on, pursue your Game,
Till wearied you return at last and tame;
Know then 'twill be our turn to be severe,
For when y'ave left your Stings behind you there:
You lazy Drones, ye shan't have harbour here.

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Venice Preserv'd,
O R,
A Plot Discover'd.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
DUKE'S THEATRE.

Written by *THOMAS OTWAY.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley at the Post-house in Russell-
street, and James Knapton at the Crown in St. Paul's
Church-Yard, 1696.

Venice, Italy

A Place Discovered

A

TRAGEDY

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE

By the

OF THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To Her GRACE the

DUTCHESSES

OF

PORTSMOUTH.

MADAM,

WERE it possible for me to let the World know how entirely your Graces Goodness has devoted a poor man to your service; were there words enough in speech to express the mighty sense I have of your great bounty towards me; surely I should write and talk of it for ever: But your Grace has given me so large a Theam, and laid so very vast a foundation, that Imagination wants stock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it, and when I strive to write, I want a scale of thought sufficient to comprehend the height of it. Forgive me then, Madam, if (as a poor Peasant once made a Present of an Apple to an Emperour) I bring this small Tribute, the humble growth of my little Garden, and lay it at your feet. Believe it is paid you with the utmost gratitude, believe that so long as I have thought to remember, how very much I owe your generous Nature, I will ever have a heart that shall be grateful for it too: Your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it amply from me; That gave me life, but on a hard condition, till your extended favour taught me to prize the gift, and took the heavy burthen it was clogg'd with from me: I mean hard Fortune: When I had enemies, that with malicious power kept back and shaded me from those Royal Beams, whose warmth is all I have, or hope to live by; Your noble pity and compassion found me, where I was far cast backward from my blessing; down in the rear of Fortune, call'd me up, plac'd me in the shine, and I have felt its comforts. You have in that restor'd me to my native Right, for a steady Faith, and Loyalty to my Prince, was all the Inheritance my Father left me, and however hardly my ill Fortune deal with me, 'tis what I prize so well that I ne'er part with it yet, and hope I ne'er shall part with it. Nature and Fortune were certainly in league when you were born, and as the first took care to give you beauty enough to enslave the hearts of all the World, so the other resolv'd to do its merit Justice, that none but a Monarch, fit to rule that World, should e'er possess it, and in it he had an Empire. The young Prince you have given him, by his blooming Vertues, early declares the mighty stock he came from; and as you have taken all the pious care of a dear Mother and a prudent Guardian to give him a noble and generous education; may it succeed according to his merits and your wishes: May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his illustrious Father, and

a Patron

Epistle Dedicatory.

a Patron to his Loyal Subjects, with Wisdom and Learning to assist him, whenever call'd to his Councils, to defend his Right against the encroachments of Republicans in his Senates, to cherish such men as shall be able to vindicate the Royal Cause, that good and fit servants to the Crown, may never be lost for want of a Protector. May He have courage and conduct, fit to fight his Battels abroad, and terrifie his Rebels at home; and that all these may be yet more sure, may He never, during the Spring-time of his years, when those growing Vertues ought with care to be cherish'd, in order to their ripening; may he never meet with vicious Natures, or the tongues of faithless, sordid, insipid flatterers, to blast 'em: To conclude; may He be as great as the hand of Fortune (with his Honour) shall be able to make him: And may your Grace, who are so good a Mistress, and so noble a Patrons, never meet with a less grateful Servant, than,

Madam,

Your Graces entirely.

Devoted Creature,

Thomas Otway.

Personæ Dramatis.

Duke of Venice,	Mr. D. Williams.
Prinli, Father to Belvidera, a	Mr. Bowman.
Senatour,	
Antonio, A fine Speaker in	Mr. Leigh.
the Senate,	
Zaffir,	Mr. Betterton.
Pierre,	Mr. Smith.
Renault,	Mr. Wilshire.
Bedamar,	Mr. Gillo.
Spinosa,	Mr. Percival.
Theodore,	
Eliot,	
Revellido,	} Conspiratours,
Durand,	
Mezzana,	
Bramveil,	
Ternon,	
Brabe,	
Belvidera,	Mrs. Barry.
Aquilina,	Mrs. Currey.

Two Women, Attendants on Belvidera.

Two Women, Servants to Aquilina.

The Council of Ten.

Officer.

Guards.

Friar.

Executioner and Rable,

P R O :

PROLOGUE.

IN these distracted times, when each man dreads
 The bloody stratagems of busie heads;
 When we have fear'd three years we know not what,
 Till witnesses begin to die o'th' rot,
 What made our Poet meddle with a Plot?
 Was't that he fancy'd, for the very sake
 And name of Plot, his trifling Play might take?
 For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence,
 But 'tis, he says, to reason plain and sense,
 And that he thinks a plausible defence.
 Were Truth by Sense and Reason to be try'd,
 Sure all our Swearers might be laid aside:
 No, of such Tools our Author has no need,
 To make his Plot, or may his Play succeed;
 He, of black Bills, has no prodigious Tales,
 Or Spanish Pilgrims cast ashore in Wales;
 Here's not one murther'd Magistrate at least,
 Kept rank like Ven'son for a City feast,
 Grown four days stiff, the better to prepare
 And fit his plyant limbs to ride in Chair:
 Yet here's an Army rais'd, though under ground,
 But no man seen, nor one Commission found;
 Here is a Traitor too, that's very old,
 Turbulent, subtle, mischievous and bold,
 Bloody, revengeful, and to crown his part,
 Loves fumbling with a wench, with all his heart;
 Till after having many changes pass'd,
 In spite of Age (thanks Heaven) is hang'd at last:
 Next is a Senatour that keeps a whore,
 In Venice none a higher office bore;
 To lewdness every night the Letcher ran,
 Shew me, all London, such another man,
 Match him at Mother Creswolds if you can.
 O Poland, Poland! had it been thy lot,
 T'have heard in time of this Venetian Plot,
 Thou surely chosen hadst one King from thence;
 And honour'd them as thou hast England since.

EPILOGUE.

THE Text is done, and now for Application,
 And when that's ended pass your Approbation:
 Though the Conspiracy's prevented here,
 Methinks I see another hatching there;
 And there's a certain Faction fain would sway,
 If they had strength enough and damn this Play }
 But this the Author bad me boldly say:
 If any take his plainness in ill part,
 He's glad on't from the bottom of his heart;
 Poets in honour of the Truth shou'd write,
 With the same spirit brave men for it fight;
 And though against him causeless hatreds rise, }
 And daily where he goes of late, he spies
 The scowles of sullen and revengeful eyes;
 'Tis what he knows with much contempt to bear,
 And serves a cause too good to let him fear:
 He fears no poison from an incens'd Drabb,
 No Russian's five-foot sword, nor Rascal's stab;
 Nor any other snares of mischief laid,
 Not a Rose-alley Cudgel-Ambuscade,
 From any private cause where malice reigns,
 Or general Pique all Block-heads have to brains:
 Nothing shall daunt his Pen when Truth does call,
 No not the † Picture mangler at Guild-hall.
 The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one,
 Have now set forward and their course begun;
 And while that Prince's figure they deface,
 As they before had massacred his Name,
 Durst their base fears but look him in the face,
 They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame;
 A face, in which such lineaments they read
 Of that great Martyr's, whose rich bloud they shed,
 That their rebellious hate they still retain,
 And in his Son would murder Him again:
 With indignation then, let each brave heart,
 Rouse and unite to take his injur'd part;
 Till Royal Love and Goodness call him home,
 And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come;
 Till Heaven his Honour and our Peace restore,
 And Villains never wrong his Vertue more.

† The Rascal that cut
 the Duke of York's
 Picture.

VENICE PRESERV'D,

O R,

A PLOT DISCOVER'D.

ACT I. Scene I.

Enter Priuli and Jaffeir.

Priu. **N**O more! I'll hear no more, begone and leave.
Jaff. Not hear me! by my suffering but you shall!
 My Lord, my Lord! I'm not that abject wretch
 You think me: Patience! where's the distance throws
 Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
 In right, though proud oppression will not hear me!

Priu. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my Nature e'er
 Have brook'd Injustice or the doing wrongs,
 I need not now thus low have bent my self,
 To gain a Hearing from a Cruel Father! Wrong'd you?

Priu. Yes! wrong'd me, in the nicest point:
 The Honour of my House; you have done me wrong;
 You may remember: (For I now will speak,
 And urge its baseness:) When you first came home
 From Travel, with such hopes, as made you lookt on
 By all men's Eyes, a Youth of expectation;
 Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you;
 Courted, and sought to raise you to your Merits:
 My House, my Table, nay my Fortune too,
 My very self, was yours; you might have us'd me
 To your best service; like an open friend;
 I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
 When in requital of my best Endeavours,
 You treacherously practis'd to undo me,
 Seduc'd the weakness of my Age's Darling,
 My only Child, and stole her from my bosom:
 Oh *Belvidera*!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her,
 Childless you had been else, and in the Grave;
 Your name Extinct, nor no more *Priuli* heard of.
 You may remember, scarce five years are past,

Since

Since in your Brigandine you fail'd to see
 The *Adriatick* wedded by our Duke,
 And I was with you : Your unskilful Pilot
 Dash't us upon a Rock ; when to your Boat
 You made for safety ; entred first your self ;
 The affrighted *Belvidera* following next,
 As she stood trembling on the Vessel-side,
 Was by a Wave wash't off into the Deep,
 When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,
 And buffeting the Billows to her rescue,
 Redeem'd her Life with half the loss of mine,
 Like a rich Conquest in one hand I bore her,
 And with the other dash't the sawcy Waves,
 That throng'd and prest to rob me of my prize :
 I brought her, gave her to your despairing Arms :
 Indeed you thank't me ; but a nobler gratitude
 Rose in her soul : for from that hour she lov'd me,
 Till for her Life she paid me with her self.

Prin. You stole her from me, like a Thief you stole her,

At dead of night ; that curst hour you chose

To rifle me of all my Heart held dear.

May all your Joys in her prove false like mine ;

A sterile Fortune, and a barren Bed,

Attend you both ; Continual discord make

Your Days and Nights bitter and grievous : Still

May the hard hand of a vexatious Need

Oppress, and grind you ; till at last you find

The Curse of Disobedience all your Portion.

Jaff. Half of your Curse you have bestow'd in vain,

Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful Loves

With a young Boy, sweet as his mothers Beauty :

May he live to prove more Gentle than his Grandfire,

And happier than his Father !

Prin. Rather live

To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears

With hungry Cries : Whilst his unhappy Mother

Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaff. You talk as if it would please you.

Prin. 'T would by Heav'n.

Once she was dear indeed ; the Drops that fell

From my sad heart, when she forgot her Duty,

The fountain of my Life was not so precious :

But she is gone, and if I am a man

I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my Grave.

Prin. And she too with thee ;

For, living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers

I once was happy.

Jaff. You

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of *Belvidera*: You perceive
My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me;
Oh! could my Soul ever have known satiety:
Were I that Thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
But I might send her back to you with Contumely,
And court my Fortune where she wou'd be kinder!

Prim. You dare not do't. ———

Jaff. Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.
My heart that awes me is too much my Master:
Three years are past since first our Vows were plighted,
During which time, the World must bear me witness,
I have treated *Belvidera* like your Daughter,
The Daughter of a Senator of *Venice*;
Distinction, Place, Attendance and Observice,
Due to her Birth, she always has commanded;
Out of my little Fortune I have done this,
Because (though hopeless e're to win your Nature)
The World might see, I lov'd her for her self,
Not as the Heiress of the great *Priuli*. ——— *Prim.* No more!

Jaff. Yes! all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity
But's happier than me: for I have known
The Luscious Sweets of Plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning,
Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose blossom scap'd, yet's withered in the ripening.

Prim. Home and be humble, study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall,
Those Pageants of thy Folly,
Reduce the glittering Trappings of thy Wife
To humble Weeds, fit for thy little state;
Then to some suburb Cottage both retire;
Drudge, to feed loathsome life: Get Brats, and Starve ———
Home, home, I say. ——— [Exit *Priuli*.]

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me ———
This proud, this swelling heart: Home I would go,
But that my Dores are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping Creditors,
Watchful as Fowlers when their Game will spring;
I have now not 50 Ducats in the World,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with Ruin.
Oh *Belvidera*! oh she's my Wife ———
And we will bear our way ward Fate together,
But ne'er know Comfort more.

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. My Friend good morrow!
 How fares the honest Partner of my Heart?
 What, melancholy! not a word to spare me?
Jaff. I'm thinking *Pierre*, how that damn'd starving Quality
 Call'd Honesty, got footing in the World.

Pierr. Why, pow'rful Villainy first set it up,
 For its own ease and safety: Honest men
 Are the soft easy Cushions on which Knaves
 Repose and fatten: Were all mankind Villains,
 They'd starve each other; Lawyers would want practice;
 Cut-Throats Rewards: Each man would kill his Brother
 Himself, none would be paid or hang'd for Murder:
 Honesty was a Cheat invented first
 To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues,
 That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in Power,
 And lord it uncontroll'd above their Betters.

Jaff. Then Honesty is but a Notion.

Pierr. Nothing else,
 Like wit, much talkt of, not to be defin'd:
 He that pretends to most too, has least share in't;
 'Tis a ragged Virtue: Honesty! no more on't.

Jaff. Sure thou art Honest?

Pierr. So indeed men think me?

But they're mistaken *Jaffair*: I am a Rogue
 As well as they;
 A fine gay bold fac'd Villain, as thou seest me;
 'Tis true, I pay my debts when they'r contracted;
 I steal from no man; would not cut a Throat
 To gain admission to a great man's purse,
 Or a Whores bed; I'd not betray my Friend,
 To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to flatter
 A Blown-up Fool above me, or Crush the Wretch beneath me;
 Yet, *Jaffair*, for all this, I am a Villain!

Jaff. A Villain ==

Pierr. Yes a most notorious Villain:
 To see the suffering's of my fellow Creatures,
 And own my self a Man: To see our Senators
 Cheat the deluded people with a shew
 Of Liberty, which yet they neer must taste of;
 They say, by them our hands are free from Fetters,
 Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
 Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow;
 Drive us like Wracks down the rough Tide of Power;
 Whilst no hold's left to save us from Destruction;
 All that bear this are Villains; and I one,
 Not to rouse up at the great Call of Nature,
 And check the Growth of these Domestick Spoilers,
 That makes us slaves and tells us 'tis our Charter.

Jaff.

Jaff. Oh *Aquilina*! Friend, to lose such Beauty,
The dearest Purchase of thy noble Labours;
She was thy Right by Conquest, as by Love.

Pierr. Oh *Jaffair*! I'd so fixt my heart upon her,
That wheresoe'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For time to come, she was my only Joy
With which I wisht to sweeten future Cares;
I fancy'd pleasures, none but one that loves
And dotes as I did can Imagine like 'em:
When in the Extremity of all these Hopes,
In the most Charming hour of Expectation,
Then when our Eager Wishes soar the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely Game,
A Haggard Owl, a Worthless Kite of Prey,
With his foul Wings sayl'd in and spoyl'd my Quarry.

Jaff. I know the Wretch, and scorn him as thou hat'st him.

Pierr. Curse on the Common Good that's so protected,
Where every slave that heaps up wealth enough
To do much Wrong, becomes a Lord of Right:
I, who believ'd no Ill could e'er come near me,
Found in the Embraces of my *Aquilina*
A Wretched old but itching Senator;
A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my Title,
A Rogue, that uses Beauty like a Lampskin,
Barely to keep him warm: That filthy Cuckoo too
Was in my absence crept into my Nest,
And spoyling all my Brood of noble Pleasure.

Jaff. Didst thou not chace him thence?

Pierr. I did, and drove
The rank old bearded *Hirco* stinking home:
The matter was complain'd of in the Senate,
I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely,
For violating something they call *priviledge*——
This was the Recompence of my service:
Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward!
A Souldier's Mistress *Jaffair*'s his Religion,
When that's profan'd, all other Tyes are broken,
That even dissolves all former bonds of service,
And from that hour I think my self as free
To be the Foe as e'er the Friend of *Venice*——
Nay, Dear Revenge, when e'er thou call'st I am ready.

Jaff. I think no safety can be here for Virtue,
And grieve my Friend as much as thou to live
In such a wretched State as this of *Venice*,
Where all agree to spoil the Publick Good,
And Villains fatten with the brave man's Labours.

Pierr. We have neither Safety, Unity, nor Peace,
For the foundation's lost of Common Good;

Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us;
 The Laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
 Serve but for Instruments of some new Tyranny,
 That every day starts up to enslave us deeper :
 Now could this glorious Cause but find out friends
 To do it right ! oh *Jaffir* ! then might'st thou
 Not wear these seals of Woe upon thy Face,
 The proud *Prinzi* should be taught humanity,
 And learn to value such a Son as thou art
 I dare not speak ! But my heart bleeds this moment !

Jaff. Curs'd be the Cause, though I thy Friend be part on't :
 Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
 For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps
 May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.

Pierr. Too soon it will reach thy knowledge --- *Jaff.* Then from thee
 Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friendship
 Would make the saddest Tale of sorrow pleasing,
 Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin.

Pierr. Then thou art ruin'd ! *Jaff.* That I long since knew
 I and ill Fortune have been long Acquaintance.

Pierr. I past this very moment by thy doors,
 And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains ;
 The Sons of publick Rapine were destroying :
 They told me, by the sentence of the Law
 They had Commission to seize all thy Fortune,
 Nay more, *Prinzi's* cruel hand hath sign'd it.
 Here stood a Russian with a horrid face,
 Lording it o'er a pile of massy Plate,
 Tumbled into a heap for publick sale :

There was another making villainous jests
 At thy undoing ; he had ta'en possession
 Of all thy antient most domestick Ornaments,
 Rich hangings, intermixt and wrought with gold ;
 The very Bed, which on thy Wedding-night
 Receiv'd thee to the Arms of *Belvidera*,
 The scene of all thy Joys. was violated
 By the coarse hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
 And thrown amongst the common Lumber,

Jaff. Now thanks Heav'n — *Pierr.* Thank Heav'n ! for what ?

Jaff. That I am not worth a Ducat.

Pierr. Curse thy dull Stars, and the worse Fate of *Venice*,
 Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers, all are false ;
 Where there's no trust, no truth ; where no Innocence
 Stoop's under vile Oppression ; and Vice lords it :
 Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
 Thy Beauteous *Belvidera*, like a Wretch
 That's doom'd to Banishment, came weeping forth,
 Shining through Tears, like *April* Sun's in showers

That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads 'em,
Whilst two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,
Kindly lookt up, and at her Grief grew sad,
As if they catcht the sorrows that fell from her:
Even the lewd Rabble that were gather'd round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
Govern'd their roaring throats and grumbled pity:
I could have hugg'd the greazy Rogues: They pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story from my soul,
Since now I know the worst that can befall me:
Ah *Pierre*! I have a Heart, that could have born
The roughest Wrong my Fortune could have done me:
But when I think what *Belvidera* feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own my self a Coward: Bear my weakness,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my Sorrows! *Pierr.* Burn!
First burn, and Level *Venice* to thy Ruin,
What starve like Beggars Brats in frosty weather,
Under a Hedge, and whine our selves to Death!
Thou, or thy Cause, shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have Blood or Fortune fit to serve thee;
Command my heart: Thou art every way its master.

Jaff. No: there's a secret Pride in bravely dying.
Pierr. Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad,
Man knows a braver Remedy for sorrow:
Revenge! the Attribute of Gods, they stamp it
With their great Image on our Natures; die!
Consider well the Cause that calls upon thee:
And if thou art base enough, dye then: Remember
Thy *Belvidera* suffers: *Belvidera*!
Dye——Damn first——what be decently interr'd
In a Church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking Rogues that rot in dirty winding sheets,
Surfeit-slain Fools, the common Dung o'th' Soyl.

Jaff. Oh! *Pierr.* Well said, out with't, Swear a little——

Jaff. Swear! By Sea and Air! by Earth, by Heaven and Hell,
I will revenge my *Belvidera's* Tears!
Heark thee my Friend——*Prinli*——is——a Senator!

Pierr. A Dog! *Jaff.* Agreed. *Pierr.* Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my heart.

No more: Where shall we meet at Night?

Pierr. I'll tell thee; On the *Ryasio* every Night at Twelve
I take my Evenings walk of Meditation,
There we two will meet, and talk of precious

Mischief——*Jaff.* Farewel. *Pierr.* At Twelve.

Jaff. At any hour, my plagues

Will

Will keep me waking.

Tell me why, good Heav'n,

Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,

Aspiring thoughts and Elegant desires

That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why

Did'st thou not form me sordid as my Fate,

Base minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?

Why have I sence to know the Curse that's on me?

Is this just dealing, Nature? *Belvidera!*

[Enter Belvidera,

Poor *Belvidera!* *Belvid.* Lead me, lead me my Virgins!

To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my Refuge!

Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy Face:

My heavy heart will leave its doleful bearing

At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.

Oh smile, as when our Loves were in their Spring,

And cheer my fainting Soul. *Jaff.* As when our Loves

Were in their Spring? has then my Fortune chang'd?

Art thou not *Belvidera*, still the same,

Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms first found thee?

If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?

Where ease my loaded Heart? Oh! where complain?

Belv. Does this appear like Change, or Love decaying;

When thus I throw my self into thy bosom.

With all the resolution of a strong Truth:

Beat's not my heart, as 'twou'd alarm thine

To a new Charge of bliss; I joy more in thee,

Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,

And bless'd the Gods for all her Travel past.

Jaff. Can there in Woman be such glorious Faith?

Sure all ill-stories of thy Sex are false;

Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee

To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you;

Angels are Painted fair, to look like you;

There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n,

Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,

Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Belv. If Love be Treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;

I have so much, my heart will surely break with't;

Vows cannot express it, when I wou'd declare

How great's my Joy, I am dumb with the big thought;

I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing.

Oh lead me to some Desert wide and wild,

Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul

May have its vent? where I may tell aloud

To the high Heaven's, and every list'ning Planet,

With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught;

Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,

Give loose to Love with kisses, kindling Joy,

And

And let off all the Fires that's in my Heart.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*! double I am a Beggar,
Undone by Fortune, and in debt to thee;
Want! worldly Want! that hungry meager Fiend
Is at my heels, and chaces me in view;
Can'st thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?
When banisht by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
(In some far Climate where our Names are strangers)
For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a Bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my Cares thus, and shelter me with Love?

Belv. Oh I will love thee, even in Madness love thee.
Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should swage it self and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare Earth be all our Resting-place,
Its Root's our food, some Clift our Habitation,
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head;
As thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy Bosom, pou'r the balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the Morning.

Jaff. Hear this you Heav'ns, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign ye Monarchs that divide the World,
Busy Rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquility and Happiness like mine;
Like gawdy Ships, th' obsequious Billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your Pride;
They wait but for a storm and then devour you:
I, in my private Bark, already wreck'd,
Like a poor Merchant driven on unknown Land,
That had by chance packt up his choicest Treasure
In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that:
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store;
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter Pierre and Aquilina.

Aquil. **B**Y all thy Wrongs, thou art dearer to my Arms
Than all the Wealth of *Venice*: Prithee stay,
And let us love to Night,

Pierr. No:

Pierr. No: There's Fool,
 There's Fool about thee: When a Woman sells
 Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me;
 They leave a Taint; a sully where th'ave past,
 There's such a baneful Quality about 'em,
 Even spoils Complexions with their own Nauseousness,
 They infect all they touch; I cannot think
 Of tasting any thing a Fool has pall'd.

Aquil. I loath and scorn that Fool thou mean'st, as much
 Or more than thou can'st; But the Beast has Gold
 That makes him necessary: Power too,
 To qualifie my Character, and poise me
 Equal with peevish Virtue, that beholds
 My Liberty with Envy: In their Hearts
 Are loose as I am; But an ugly Power
 Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleasures from 'em.

Pierr. Much good may't do you, Madam, with your Senator.

Aquil. My Senator! why, can'st thou think that Wretch
 E'er fill'd thy *Aquilina's* Arms with Pleasure?
 Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him leave
 To foyle himself at what he is unfit for;
 Because I force my self to endure and suffer him,
 Think'st thou I love him? No, by all the Joys
 Thou ever gav'st me, his Presence is my Pennance;
 The worst thing an old Man can be's a Lover,
 A meer *Memento Mori* to poor Woman,
 I never lay by his decrepit side,
 But all that Night I ponder'd on my Grave.

Pierr. Would he were well sent thither.

Aquil. That's my wish too:

For then, my *Pierre*, I might have cause with pleasure
 To play the Hypocrite: Oh! how I could weep
 Over the dying Dotard, and kiss him too,
 In hopes to smother him quite; then, when the time
 Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral,
 For he has already made me Heir to Treasures,
 Would make me out-act a real Widows whining:
 How could I frame my face to fit my mourning!
 With wringing hands attend him to his Grave,
 Fall swooning on his Hearse: Take mad possession,
 Even of the Dismal Vault where he lay bury'd,
 There like the *Ephesian* Matron dwell, till Thou,
 My lovely Soldier, comest to my Deliverance;
 Then throwing up my Veil, with open Arms
 And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning Joy.

Pierr. No more! I have Friends to meet me here to Night,
 And must be private. As you prize my Friendship
 Keep up your Coxcomb: Let him not pry nor listen,

Nor fisk about the House as I have seen him,
Like a tame mumping Squirrel with a Bell on;
Currs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.

Aquil. What Friends to meet? may I not be of your Council?

Pierr. How! a Woman ask Questions out of Bed?

Go to your Senator, ask him what passes
Amongst his Brethren, he'll hide nothing from you:
But pump not me for Politicks. No more!
Give order that whoever in my name
Comes here, receive Admittance: so good night.

Aquil. Must we ne'er meet again! Embrace no more!
Is Love so soon and utterly forgotten!

Pierr. As you hence-forward treat your Fool, I'll think on't.

Aquil. Curst be all Fools, and doubly curst my self,
The worst of Fools——I die if he forsakes me;
And now to keep him, Heav'n or Hell instruct me.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE The Ryalto.

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. I am here, and thus, the Shades of Night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me, ——
For every step I tread, methinks some Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet:
I've heard how desperate Wretches, like my self,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his walk:
Sure I am so Curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
No Minister of Darkness cares to Tempt me.
Hell! Hell! why sleepest thou?

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. Sure I have stay'd too long:
The Clock has struck, and I may lose my Proselyte.
Speak, who goes there?

Jaff. A Dog, that comes to howl!
At yonder Moon: What's he that asks the Question?

Pierr. A Friend to Dogs, for they are honest Creatures,
And ne'er betray their Masters; never Fawn
On any that they love not: Well met, Friend: *Jaffeir!*

Jaff. The same. Oh *Pierre!* Thou art come in season,
I was just going to Pray. *Pierr.* Ah that's Mechanick,
Priests make a Trade on't, and yet starve by it too:

No Praying, it spoils Business, and time's precious;
Where's *Belvidera*? *Jaff.* For a Day or two

I've lodg'd her privately, 'til I see farther
What Fortune will do with me? Prithee, Friend,
If thou would'st have me fit to hear good Council,

Speak not of *Belvidera*——

C

Pierr. Spe

Pierr. Speak not of her. *Jaff.* Oh no!
Pierr. Nor name her. May be I wish her well.
Jaff. Who well? *Pierr.* Thy Wife, thy lovely *Belvidera*,
 I hope a man may wish his Friends Wife well,
 And no harm done!

Jaff. Y'are merry *Pierre*! *Pierr.* I am so:
 Thou shalt smile too, and *Belvidera* smile;
 We'll all rejoyce, here's something to buy Pins,
 Marriage is Chargeable. *Jaff.* I but half wish
 To see the Devil, and he's here already. Well!
 What must this buy, Rebellion, Murder, Treason?
 Tell me which way I must be damn'd for this.

Pierr. When last we parted we had no qualms like these,
 But entertain'd each others thoughts like Men,
 Whose Souls were well acquainted. Is the World
 Reform'd since our last meeting? What new miracles
 Have happen'd? Has *Prisuli's* heart relented?
 Can he be honest? *Jaff.* Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curses
 Gall his old Age; Cramps, Aches, rack his Bones,
 And bitterest disquiet wring his Heart;
 Oh let him live 'till Life become his burden!
 Let him grown under 'r tong, linger an Age
 In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
 And find its ease, but late. *Pierr.* Nay, could'st thou not
 As well, my Friend, have stretcht the Curse to all
 The Senate round, as to one single Villain?
Jaff. But Curses stick not: Could I kill with Cursing,
 By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*:
 Should not be blasted; Senators should rot
 Like Dogs on Dunghils; but their Wives and Daughters
 Dye of their own diseases. Oh for a Curse
 To kill with!

Pierr. Daggers, Daggers, are much better!
Jaff. Ha! *Pierr.* Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they? *Pierr.* Oh, a Thousand
 May be dispos'd in honest hands in *Venice*.
Jaff. Thou talk'st in Clouds.

Pierr. But yet a Heart half wrong'd
 As thine has been, would find the meaning, *Jaff.*

Jaff. A thousand Daggers, all in honest hands;
 And have not I a Friend will stick one here?

Pierr. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherisht
 To a nobler purpose, I'd be that Friend.
 But thou hast better Friends, Friends, whom thy Wrongs
 Have made thy Friends; Friend worthy to be call'd so;
 I'll trust thee with a secret: There are Spirits
 This hour at work. But as thou art a Man,
 Whom I have pickt and chosen from the World,
 Swear, that thou wilt be true to what I utter,

And

And when I have told thee, that which only Gods
And Men like Gods are privy to, then swear,
No Chance or Change shall wrest it from thy Bosom.

Jaff. When thou would'st bind me, is there need of Oaths?
(Green-sickness Girls lose Maiden-heads with such Counters)
For thou art so near my heart, that thou may'st see
Its bottom, sound its strength, and firmness to thee:
Is Coward, Fool, or Villain, in my face?
If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou would'st not use me in a little Cause,
For I am fit for Honour's toughest task;
Not ever yet found fooling was my Province;
And for a villainous inglorious enterprize,
I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what Point thou wilt.

Pierr. Nay, It's a Cause thou wilt be fond of *Jaff.*
For it is founded on the noblest Basis,
Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance;
There's no Religion, no Hypocrisie in't;
We'll do the Business, and ne'er fast and pray for't:
Openly act a deed, the World shall gaze
With wonder at, and envy when it is done.

Jaff. For Liberty! *Pierr.* For Liberty my Friend!
Thou shalt be freed from base *Prinli's* Tyranny,
And thy sequestred Fortunes heal'd again.
I shall be freed from opprobrious Wrongs,
That press me now, and bend my Spirit downward:
All *Venice* free, and every growing Merit
Succeed to its just Right: Fools shall be pull'd
From Wisdom's Seat; those baleful unclean Birds,
Those Lazy-Owls, who (perch'd near Fortunes Top)
Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings
To cuff down new fledg'd Virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the Grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do? *Pierr.* Can'st thou not kill a Senator?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him
For herding with that nest of Fools and Knaves;
By all my Wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be had, and the brave Story warms me.

Pierr. Swear then! *Jaff.* I do, by all those glittering Stars
And yond great Ruling Planet of the Night!
By all good Powers above, and ill below!
By Love and Friendship, dearer than my Life!
No Pow'r or Death shall make me false to thee.

Pierr. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my Heart.
A Council's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great Empire's hatching: There I'll lead thee!

But be a Man, for thou art to mix with Men
 Fit to disturb the Peace of all the World,
 And rule it when it's wildest—— *Jaff.* I give thee thanks
 For this kind warning: Yes, I will be a Man,
 And charge thee, *Pierre*, when e'er thou see'st my fears
 Betray me less, to rip this Heart of mine
 Out of my Breast, and shew it for a Cowards.
 Come, let's begone, for from this hour I chase
 All little thoughts, all tender humane Follies
 Out of my bosom: Vengeance shall have room:
 Revenge! *Pierr.* And Liberty!

Jaff. Revenge! Revenge——

[Exeunt.]

The Scene changes to Aquilina's House, the Greek Cartezan.

Enter Renault.

Renault. Why was my choice Ambition, the first ground
 A Wretch can build on? it's indeed at distance
 A good Prospect, tempting to the View,
 The Height delights us, and the Mountain Top
 Looks beautiful, because it's nigh to Heav'n,
 But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation,
 What Storm will batter, and what Tempest shake us!
 Who's there?

Enter Spinosa.

Spino. *Renault*, good morrow! for by this time
 I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the ballance,
 And weighs up Morning: Has the Clock struck Twelve?

Rena. Yes, Clocks will go as they are set: But Man,
 Irregular Man's ne'er constant, never certain:
 I've spent at least three precious hours of darkness
 In waiting dull attendance; 'tis the Curse
 Of diligent Virtue to be mixt like mine,
 With giddy Tempers, Souls but half resolv'd.

Spin. Hell seize that Soul amongst us, it can frighten.

Rena. What's then the cause that I am here alone?
 Why are we not together?

Enter Eliot.

O Sir, welcome!

You are an *Engl'sman*: When Treason's hatching
 One might have thought you'd not have been behind-hand.
 In what Whore's lap have you been lolling?
 Give but an *Englishman* his Whore and ease,
 Beef and a Sea coal fire, he's yours for ever.

Eliot. *Frenchman*, you are sawcy.

Rena. How!

*Enter Bedamore the Ambassador, Theodore, Braillveil, Durand,
 Brabe, Revellido, Mezzana, Ternon, Retrofi, Conspirators.*

Bedam. At difference, fye.

Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and Rogues
 Fall out and brawl: Should Men of your high calling,
 Men separated by the Choice of Providence,

From

From the gross heap of Mankind; and set here
In this great Assembly as in one great Jewel,
To adorn the bravest purpose it e'er smil'd on;
Should you like Boys wrangle for trifles?

Ren. Boys!

Beda. Renault, thy Hand! *Ren. I thought I'd given my Heart*

Long since to every Man that mingles here;
But grieve to find it trusted with such Tempers,
That can't forgive my froward Age its weakness.

Beda. Eliot, thou once had'st Vertue, I have seen
Thy stubborn Temper bend with godlike Goodness,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy Nations Glory,
To hugg the Foe that offers brave Alliance.

Once more embrace, my Friends -- we'll all embrace --

United thus, we are the mighty Engin
Must twist this rooted Empire from its Basis!

Totters it not already? *Eliot. Would it were tumbling.*

Beda. Nay it shall down: This Night we Seal its ruine.

Enter Pierre.

Oh *Pierre!* thou art welcome!

Come to my breast, for by its hopes thou look'st

Lovely dreadful, and the Fate of *Venice*

Seems on thy Sword already. Oh my *Mars!*

The Poets that first feign'd a God of War

Sure prophecy'd of thee.

Pierr. Friends! was not Brutus,

(I mean that *Brutus*, who in open Senate

Stab'd the first *Cesar* that usurp'd the World)

A Gallant Man?

Ren. Yes, and Catiline too;

Tho story wrong his Fame: for he conspir'd

To prop the reeling Glory of his Country:

His Cause was good.

Beda. And ours as much above it;

As *Renault* thou art Superior to *Cathagus*,

Or *Pierre* to *Cassius*.

Pierr. Then to what we aim at

When do we start? or must we talk for ever?

Beda. No Pierre, the Deed's near Birth: Fate seems to have set

The Business up, and given it to our care,

I hope there's not a heart nor hand amongst us

But is firm and ready.

All. All!

We'll die with *Bedamore*.

Beda. Oh Men,

Matchless, as will your Glory be hereafter.

The Game is for a Matchless Prize, if won;

If lost, disgraceful Ruine.

Ren. What can lose it?

The publick Stock's a Beggar; one *Venetian*

Trusts not another: Look into their Stores

Of general safety; Empty Magazines,

A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army,

Bankrupt Nobility, a harraught Commonalty,

A Factionous, giddy, and divided Senate,

Is all the strength of *Venice*: Let's destroy it;

Let's

Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe them,
 Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it;
 Let loose the murmuring Army on their Masters,
 To pay themselves with plunder; Lop their Nobles
 To the base-Roots, whence most of 'em first sprung;
 Enslave the Rout, whom smarting will make humble,
 Turn out their droning Senate, and possess
 That Seat of Empire which our Souls were fram'd for.

Pierr. Ten thousand men are Armed at your Nod,
 Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide
 A Battle for the freedom of the World;
 This wretched State has starv'd them in its service.
 And by your bounty quicken'd, they're resolv'd
 To serve your Glory, and revenge their own!
 Th' have all their different Quarters in this City,
 Watch for th' Alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.

Beda. I doubt not Friend, but thy unwearied diligence
 Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease;
 After this Night it is resolv'd we meet
 No more, 'till Venice own us for her Lords.

Pierr. How lovely the *Adriatique* Whore,
 Drest in her Flames, will shine! devouring Flames!
 Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom
 And hiss in her Foundation.

Beda. Now if any
 Amongst us that owns this glorious Cause,
 Have Friends or Interest, he'd wish to save,
 Let it be told, the general Doom is Seal'd;
 But I'd forgo the Hopes of a Worlds Empire,
 Rather than wound the Bowels of my Friend.

Pierr. I must confess you there have toucht my weakness,
 I have a Friend; hear it, such a Friend!
 My heart was ne'er shut to him: Nay, I'll tell you,
 He knows the very Business of this Hour;
 But he rejoices in the Cause, and loves it,
 W' have chang'd a Vow to live and die together,
 And He's at hand to ratify it here,

Ren. How! all betray'd? *Pierr.* No-- I've dealt nobly with you;
 I've brought my All into the publick Stock;
 I had but one Friend, and him I'll share amongst you!
 Receive and Cherish him: Or if, when seen
 And searcht, you find him worthless, as my Tongue
 Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breast,
 To ease your fears I wear a Dagger here
 Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.
 Come forth, thou only Good I e'er could boast of.

Enter Jaffeir with a Dagger.

Beda. His Presence bears the show of Manly Vertue.

Jaff. I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd,
 I dare approach this place of fatal Councils;
 But I am amongst you, and by Heav'n it glads me,
 To see so many Vertues thus united,
 To restore Justice and dethrown Oppression.
 Command this Sword, if you would have it quiet,
 Into this Brest; but if you think it worthy
 To cut the Throats of reverend Rogues in Robes,
 Send me into the curs'd assembl'd Senate;
 It shrinks not, tho I meet a Father there,
 Would you behold this City Flaming? Here's
 A hand shall bear a lighted Torch at noon
 To the Arsenal, and set its Gates on fire.

Rena. You talk this well, Sir.

Jaff. Nay ——— by Heav'n I'll do this.
 Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces,
 You fear me a Villain, and indeed it's odd
 To hear a stranger talk thus at first meeting,
 Of matters, that have been so well debated;
 But I come ripe with Wrongs as you with Councils;
 I hate this Senate, am a Foe to Venice;
 A Friend to none, but Men resolv'd like me,
 To push on Mischief: Oh did you but know me,
 I need not talk thus! *Beda. Pierre!* I must embrace him;
 My heart beats to this Man as if it knew him.

Rena. I never lov'd these huggers: *Jaff.* Still I see
 The cause delights me not. Your Friends survey me,
 As I were dangerous ——— but I come Arm'd
 Against all doubts, and to your trust will give
 A Pledge, worth more than all the World can pay for.
 My *Belvidera*! Ho! my *Belvidera*!

Beda. What wonder next? *Jaff.* Let me entreat you;
 As I have henceforth hopes to call ye friends,
 That all but the Ambassador, this
 Grave Guide of Councils, with my friend that owns me;
 Withdraw a while to spare a Womans blushes.

[*Ex. all but Bed. Rena. Jaff. Pierr.*

Beda. Pierre, whither will this Ceremony lead us?

Jaff. My *Belvidera*! *Belvidera*!

Belv. Who?

[*Enter Belvidera.*

Who calls so lowd at this late peaceful hour?
 That Voice was wont to come in gentler whispers,
 And fill my Ears with the soft breath of Love:
 Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where art thou?

Jaff. Indeed 'tis late. *Bel.* Oh! I have slept and dreamt,
 And dreamt again: Where hast thou been thou Loyterer?
 Tho my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd;
 Strecht every way betwixt my broken slumbers,

To

To search if thou wert come to crown my Rest;
There's no repose without thee: Oh the day,
Too soon will break, and wake us to our sorrow;
Come, come to bed, and bid thy Cares good Night.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*! we must change the Scene
In which the past Delights of Life were tasted:
The Poor sleep little, we must learn to watch
Our labours late, and early every Morning,
Midst winter Frosts, then clad and sed with spring,
Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.

Belv. Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead me!
Methinks I read distraction in your face!
Something less gentle than the Fate you tell me:
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs cold!
Heaven's guard my Love, and bless his heart with Patience.

Jaff. That I have Patience, let our Fate bear witness,
Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I
(Thou the divinest Good Man e'er possessest,
And I the wretched'st of the Race of Man)
This very hour, without one tear, must part.

Belv. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
Will my Love cast me off? have my misfortunes
Offended him so highly, that he'll leave me?
Why drag you from me? whither are you going?
My Dear! my Life! my Love!

Belv. Speak to me. *Jaff.* Oh Friends!
Take her from my heart,
She'll gain such hold else, I shall ne'er get loose.
I charge thee take her, but with tender'st care,
Relieve her Troubles and allwage her sorrows.

Ren. Rise, Madam! and Command amongst your Servants!

Jaff. To you, Sirs, and your Honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this, when I prove unworthy — [Gives a dagger.
You know the rest: — Then strike it to her heart;
And tell her, he, who three whole happy years
Lay in her Arms, and each kind Night repeated
The passionate Vows of still encreasing Love,
Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings.

Belv. Nay, take my Life, since he has sold it cheaply;
Or send me to some distant Clime your slave,
But let it be far off, least my complainings
Should reach his guilty Ears, and shake his peace.

Jaff. No *Belvidera*, I've contriv'd thy honour,
Trust to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind
To me, as I'll preserve that faith unbroken,
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a height,
Shall gather all the gazing World about thee,
To wonder what strange Virtue plac'd thee there.
But if we ne'er meet more —

Belv. Oh

Belv. Oh thou unkind one,
Never meet more! have I deserv'd this from you?
Look on me, tell me, tell me, speak thou dear deceiver,
Why am I separated from thy Love?
If I am false, accuse me, but if true,
Don't, prithee don't in poverty forsake me.
But pity the sad heart, that's torn with parting.
Yet hear me! yet recal me—— [Ex. Ren. Bed. and Belv.]

Jaff. Oh my Eyes!
Look not that way, but turn your selves awhile
Into my heart, and be wean'd all together.
My Friend, where art thou? *Pierr.* Here, my Honour's Brother
Jaff. Is *Belvidera* gone? *Pierr.* *Renault* has lead her
Back to her own Apartment! but, by Heav'n!
Thou must not see her more till our work's over.

Jaff. No: *Pierr.* Not for your life.
Jaff. Oh *Pierre*, wert thou but she,
How I could pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crackt with Love,
Till all my sinews with its fire extended,
Fixt me upon the Rack of ardent longing;
Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest;
Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breast,
On thy soft Bosom, hovering, bill and play,
Confess the cause why last I fled away,
Own 'twas a fault, but swear to give it o'er,
And never follow false Ambition more. [Ex. Ambo]

A C T III.

Enter Aquilina and her Maid.

Aquil. TELL him I am gone to bed: Tell him I am not at home;
tell him I've better Company with me, or any thing;
tell him in short I will not see him, the eternal troublesome vexatious
Fool: He's worse Company than an ignorant Physician——I'll not
be disturb'd at these unreasonable hours.

Maid. But Madam! He's here already, just enter'd the doors.

Aquil. Turn him out agen, you unnecessary, useles, giddy-brain'd
Ass! if he will not begone, set the house a fire and burn us both: I had
rather meet a Toad in my dish than that old hideous Animal in my
Chamber to Night. *Enter Antonio.*

Anto. *Nacky, Nacky, Nacky*—— how dost do *Nacky*? Hurry durry.
I am come little *Nacky*; past eleven a Clock, a late hour; time in all
Conscience to go to bed *Nacky*—— *Nacky* did I say? Ay *Nacky*; *Aqui-*
lina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Navilina,
Acky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky, Queen Nacky—— come let's to bed—— you
Fubbs, you Pugg you—— you little Puss—— *Purree Tuzzey*——
I am a Senator.

Aquil. You are Fool, I am sure.

Anto. May be so too sweet-heart. Never the worse Senator for all that. Come *Nacky, Nacky*, let's have a Game at Rump, *Nacky*.

Aquil. You would do well Signior to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to my self, be sober and go home, Sir.

Anto. Home *Madona*!

Aquil. Ay home, Sir. Who am I?

Anto. *Madona*, as I take it you are my — you are — thou art my little *Nicky Nacky* --- that's all!

Aquil. I find you are resolv'd to be troublesome, and so to make short of the matter in few words, I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you — hang you, you are an Old, Silly, Impertinent, Impotent, Sollicitous Coxcomb, Crazy in your head, and lazy in your Body, love to be meddling with every thing, and if you had not Money, you are good for nothing.

Anto. Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I'll try that presently. Sixty one years Old, and good for nothing; that's brave. [To the Maid.] Come come come Mistress fiddle-faddle, turn you out for a season; go turn out I say, it is our will and pleasure to be private some moments — out, out when you are. Bid too — [Pushes her out and locks the door.] Good for nothing you say.

Aquil. Why what are you good for?

Anto. In the first place, *Madam*, I am Old, and consequently very wise, very wise, *Madona*, d'le mark that? in the second place take notice, if you please, that I am a Senator, and when I think so can make Speeches *Madona*. Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the Senate-house now and then — would make your hair stand an end, *Madona*.

Aquil. What care I for your Speeches in the Senate-house, if you would be silent here, I should thank you.

Anto. Why, I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely *Madona*, for Example — my cruel fair one,

[Takes out a Purse of Gold; and at every pause shakes it.] Since it is my Fate, that you should with your Servant angry prove, tho late at Night — I hope 'tis not too late with this too gain reception for my Love — there's for thee my little *Nicky Nacky* — take it, here take it — I say take it, or I'll throw it at your head — now now, rebel!

Aquil. Truly, my Illustrious Senator, I must confess your Honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed.

Anto. Very well: Come, now let's sit down and think upon't a little — come sit I say — sit down by me a little my *Nicky, Nacky*, hah — [Sits down] Hurry durry — good for nothing —

Aquil. No Sir, if you please I can know my distance, and stand.

Anto. Stand: How? *Nacky*, up and I down! Nay then let me exclaim with the Poet.

Shew me a Case more pitiful who can,
A standing Woman, and a falling Man.

Hurry

Hurry durry——not sit down——*see this ye Gods——*
You won't sit down? *Aquil.* No Sir.

Anto. Then look you now, suppose me a Bull, a *Basan-Bull*, the Bull of Bulls, or any Bull. Thus up I get and with my brows thus bent——I broo, I say I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't sit down will you? —— I broo—— *[Bellows like a Bull, and drives her about.]*

Aquil. Well, Sir, I must endure this. Now your *[She sits down.]* honour has been a Bull, pray what Beast will your Worship please to be next?

Anto. Now I'll be a Senator agen, and thy Lover little *Nicky Nacky!* *[He sits by her.]* Ah toad, toad, toad, toad! spit in my Face a little, *Nacky*——spit in my Face prithee, spit in my Face, never so little: spit but a little bit——spit, spit, spit, spit, when you are bid I say; do, prithee spit——now, now, now, spit: what, you won't spit, will you? Then I'll be a Dog. *Aquil.* A Dog my Lord?

Anto. Ay a Dog——and I'll give thee this t'other purse to let me be a Dog——and to use me like a Dog a little. Hurry durry---I will--- here 'tis. —— *[Gives the Purse.]*

Aquil. Well, with all my heart. But let me beseech your Dogship to play your tricks over as fast as you can, that you may come to stinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of doors as you deserve.

Anto. Ay, ay——no matter for that—— *[He gets under the Table.]* that shan't move me——Now, bough waugh waugh, bough waugh--- *[Barks like a Dog.]*

Aquil. Hold, hold, hold Sir, I beseech you: what is't you do? If Curs bite, they must be kickt, Sir. Do you see, kickt thus.

Anto. Ay with all my heart: do kick, kick on, now I am under the Table, kick agen——kick harder---harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough——'odd, I'll have a snap at thy shins——bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough——'odd she kicks bravely. ——

Aquil. Nay, then I'll go another way to work with you: and I think here's an Instrument fit for the purpose. *[Fetches a Whip and Bell.]* What bite your Mistress, sirrah! out, out of doors, you Dog, to kennel and behang'd——bite your Mistress by the Legs, you rogue. —— *[She Whips him.]*

Anto. Nay, prithee *Nacky*, now thou art too loving: Hurry durry, 'odd I'll be a Dog no longer.

Aquil. Nay none of your fawning and grinning: But be gone, or here's the Discipline: What bite your Mistress by the Legs you mungil? out of doors——hout hout, to kennel sirrah! go.

Anto. This is very barbarous usage *Nacky*, very barbarous: look you, I will not go——I will not stir from the door, that I resolve——hurry durry, what shut me out? *[She Whips him out.]*

Aquil. Ay, and if you come here any more to night I'll have my Foot-men lug you, you Curt: What bite your poor Mistress *Nacky*, sirrah! *Enter Maid.*

Maid. Heav'ns Madam! What's the matter? *[He howls at the door like a Dog.]*

Aquil. Call my Foot-men hither presently. *Enter*

Enter two Foot-men.

Maid. They are here already Madam, the House is all alarm'd with a strange noise, that no body knows what to make of.

Aquil. Go all of you and turn that troublesome Beast in the next room out of my house——If I ever see him within these walls again, without my leave for his Admittance, you sneaking Rogues——I'll have you poison'd all, poison'd, like Rats: every Corner of the House shall stink of one of you: Go, and learn hereafter to know my pleasure. So now for my *Pierre*:

Thus when Godlike Lover was displeas'd;

We Sacrifice our Fool and he's appeas'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE The Second.

Enter Belvidera.

Belvid. I'M Sacrific'd! I am sold! betray'd to shame!

Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me!

No sooner was I to my bed repair'd,

To weigh, and (weeping) ponder my condition,

But the old hoary Wretch, to whose false Care

My Peace and Honour was intrusted, came

(Like *Tarquin*) ghastly with infernal Lust.

Oh thou *Roman Lucretia*! thou could'st find friends to vindicate thy

I never had but one, and he's prov'd false;

He that should guard my Virtue, has betray'd it;

Left me! undone me! Oh that I could hate him!

Where shall I go! Oh whither whither wander?

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. Can *Belvidera* want a resting place

When these poor Arms are open to receive her?

Oh 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires

Strong as my Love to thee; for every moment

I am from thy sight, the Heart within my Bosom

Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle

Whose Nurse had left it: Come, and with the Songs

Of gentle Love perswade it to its peace.

Belvid. I fear the stubborn Wanderer will not own me,

'Tis grown a Rebel to be rul'd no longer,

Scorns the Indulgent Bosom that first lull'd it,

And like a Disobedient Child disdains

The soft Authority of *Belvidera*.

Jaff. There was a time——

Belv. Yes, yes, there was a time

When *Belvidera's* tears, her cries, and sorrows,

Were not despis'd; when if she chanc'd to sigh,

Or look but sad;——there was indeed a time

When *Jaffeir* would have ta'en her in his Arms,

Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,

And never left her 'till he found the Cause,

But let her now weep Seas,

Cry,

Cry, 'till she rend the Earth; sigh 'till she burst
Her heart asunder; still he bears it all;
Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Jaff. Have I been deaf? am I that Rock unmov'd?
Against whose root, Tears beat and sighs are sent!
In vain have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly!
Witness against me Heav'n's, have I done this?
Then bear me in a Whirlwind back agen,
And let that angry dear one ne'er forgive me!
Oh thou too rashly censur'st of my Love!
Could'st thou but think how I have spent this night,
Dark and alone, no pillow to my Head,
Rest in my Eyes, nor quiet in my Heart,
Thou would'st not *Belvidera*, sure thou would'st not
Talk to me thus, but like a pitying Angel
Spreading thy wings come settle on my breast,
And hatch warm comfort there e'er sorrows freeze it.

Belv. Why, then poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner
Hast thou been talking with that Witch the Night?
On what cold stone hast thou been stretcht along,
Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,
To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes!
Oh now I find the Cause my Love forsakes me!
I am no longer fit to bear a share
In his Concernments: My weak female Virtue
Must not be trusted; 'Tis too frail and tender.

Jaff. Oh *Porcia*! *Porcia*! What a Soul was thine?

Belv. That *Porcia* was a Woman, and when *Brutus*
Big with the fate of *Rome*, (Heav'n guard thy safety!)
Conceal'd from her the Labours of his Mind,
She let him see, her Blood was great as his,
Flow'd from a Spring as noble, and a Heart
Fit to partake his Troubles, as his Love:
Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful dower
Thou gav'st last night in parting with me; strike it
Here to my heart, and as the Blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as *Cato's* Daughters.

Jaff. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy;
Unworthy so much Virtue: Teach me how
I may deserve such matchless Love as thine,
And see with what attention I'll obey thee.

Belv. Do not despise me: that's the All I ask.

Jaff. Despise thee! Hear me——

Belv. Oh thy charming Tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness;
Knows, let it name but Love, my melting heart
Dissolves within my Breast, 'till with clos'd Eyes
I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.

Jaff. What shall I do?

Belv. Tell me! be just, and tell me
Why dwells that busy Cloud upon thy face?
Why am I made a stranger? why that fight,
And I not know the Cause? Why when the World
Is wrapt in Rest, why chooses then my Love
To wander up and down in horrid darkness,
Loathing his bed, and these desiring Arms?
Why are these Eyes Blood-shot, with tedious watching?
Why starts he now? and looks as if he wish't
His Fate were finish't? Tell me, ease my fear;
Least when we next time meet, I want the power
To search into the sickness of thy Mind,
But talk as wildly then as thou look'st now.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*!

Belv. Why was I last night deliver'd to a Villain?

Jaff. Hah, a Villain!

Belv. Yes! to a Villain! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly all made up of Wretches,
That look as Hell had drawn 'em into League?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a Dagger,
Was I deliver'd with such dreadful Ceremonies?
"To you, Sirs, and to your Honour I bequeath her,
"And with her this: When e'er I prove unworthy,
"You know the rest, then strike it to her Heart?
Oh! why's that rest conceal'd from me? must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish Trust?
For such I know I am; that's all my value!
But by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the Bondage of these Slaves;
Strait to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me!

Jaff. Is this the Roman Virtue! this the Blood
That boast its purity with *Cato's* Daughter?
Would she have e'er betray'd her *Brutus*? *Belv.* Not:
For *Brutus* trusted her: Wer't thou so kind,
What would not *Belvidera* suffer for thee?

Jaff. I shall undo my self, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me, as I am a Woman;
But as a Bone, thy Wife, thy Friend; who long
Has had admision to thy heart, and there
Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature;
Thy Constancy, thy Courage and thy Truth,
Have been my daily lesson: I have learnt them,
Am bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of Fates for thee; and with thee share them.

Jaff. Oh you divinest Powers! look down and hear
My Prayers! instruct me to reward this Virtue! Yet can I not

Yet think a little, e'er thou tempt me further:
 Think I have a Tale to tell, will shake thy Nature,
 Melt all this boasted Constancy thou talk'st of
 Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:
 Then if thou should'st betray me! *Belv.* Shall I swear?

Jaff. No: do not swear: I would not violate
 Thy tender Nature with so rude a Bond:
 But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
 And love thee long, lock this within thy Breast;
 I've bound my self by all the strictest Sacraments,
 Divine and humane ——— *Belv.* Speak!

Jaff. To kill thy Father ——— *Belv.* My Father! :

Jaff. Nay the Throats of the whole Senate
 Shall bleed my *Belvidera*: He amongst us
 That spares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
 Is Damn'd: How rich and beauteous will the face
 Of Ruin look, when these wide streets run blood;
 I and the glorious Partner's of my Fortune
 Shouting, and striding o'er the prostrate Dead;
 Still to new waste; whilst thou, far off in safety
 Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring;
 And when night comes, with Praise and Love receive me.

Belv. Oh! *Jaff.* Have a care, and shrink not even in thought!
 For if thou do'st ——— *Belv.* I know it, thou wilt kill me.
 Do, strike thy Sword into this bosom: Lay me
 Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be safe:
 Murder my Father! tho' his Cruel Nature
 Has persecuted me to my undoing,
 Driven me to basest wants; Can I behold him
 With smiles of Vengeance, butcher'd in his Age?

The sacred Fountain of my life destroy'd?
 And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being?
 Nay, be a Traitor too, and sell thy Country;
 Can thy great Heart descend so vilely low,
 Mix with hired Slaves, Bravoes, and Common stabbers,
 Nose-sitters, Ally-lurking Villains! Joyn
 With such a Crew, and take a Russian's Wages,
 To cut the Throats of Wretches as they sleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, *Belvidera*! I've engag'd
 With Men of Souls: fit to reform the ill
 Of all Mankind: There's not a Heart amongst them,
 But's as stout as Death, yet honest as the Nature
 Of Man first made, e'er Fraud and Vice were fashions.

Belv. What's he, to whose curst hands last night thou gav'st me?
 Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story
 Would rowse thy Lyon Heart out of its Den
 And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaff.

Jaff. Speak on I charge thee! *Belv.* Oh my Love! if e'er
Thy *Belvidera's* Peace deserv'd thy Care,
Remove me from this place: Last night, last night!

Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the Truth.

Belv. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the pow'r of that old Son of Mischief;
No sooner was I lain on my sad Bed;
But that vile Wretch approacht me; loose, unbutton'd,
Ready for violation: Then my Heart
Throbb'd with its fears: O how I wept and sigh'd,
And shrank and trembled; wish'd in vain for him
That should protect me. Thou alas! wert gone!

Jaff. Patience! sweet Heaven, till I make vengeance sure.

Belv. He drew the hideous Dagger forth thou gav'st him,
And with upbraiding smiles he said, *behold it;*
This is the pledge of a false Husbands love:
And in my Arms then prest, and would have clasp'd me;
But with my Cries I fear'd his Coward heart,
'Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to Hell.
These are thy Friends! with these thy Life, thy Honour,
Thy Love, all's stak't, and all will go to ruine.

Jaff. No more: I charge thee keep this secret close;
Clear up thy sorrows, look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend,
As no complaint were made. No more, retire,
Retire my Life, and doubt not of my Honour;
I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy Love.

Belv. Oh should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In Anger leave me, and return no more:

Jaff. Return no more! I would not live without thee
Another Night to purchase the Creation.

Belv. When shalt we meet again?

Jaff. Anon at Twelve!
I'll steal my self to thy expecting Arms,
Come like a Travell'd Dove and bring thee Peace.

Belv. Indeed! *Jaff.* By all our loves!

Belv. 'Tis hard to part:
But sure no falshood e'er lookt so fairly.
Farewell--- Remember Twelve.

[*Ex. Belvid.*

Jaff. Let Heav'n forget me
When I Remember not thy Truth, thy Love.
How curst is my Condition, toss'd and justl'd,
From every Corner; Fortune's Common Fool,
The jest of Rogues, an Instrumental Ass
For Villains to lay loads of Shame upon,
And drive about just for their ease and scorn.

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. *Jaffair!*

Jaff. Who calls!

Pierr. A Friend, that could have wisht

T have found thee otherwise imploy'd: what, hunt
A Wife on the dull soil! sure a franch Husband
Of all Hounds is the dullest? wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections?
What feminine Tale hast thou been listening to,
Of unayr'd shirts; Catharrs and Tooth-Ach got
By thin-sol'd shooes? Damnation! that a Fellow
Chosen to be a Sharer in the Destruction
Of a whole People, should sneak thus in Corners
To ease his fulsom Lusts, and Fool his Mind.

Jaff. May not a Man then trifle out an hour
With a kind Woman and not wrong his calling?

Pierr. Not in a Cause like ours. *Jaff.* Then Friend our Cause
Is in a damn'd condition: for I'll tell thee,
That Canker-worm call'd *Letchery* has toucht it,
'Tis tainted vilely: would'st thou think it, *Renault*,
(That mortify'd old wither'd Winter Rogue)
Loves simple Fornication like a Priest,
I found him out for watering at my Wife:
He visited her last night like a kind Guardian:
Faith she has some Temptations, that's the truth on't.

Pierr. He durst not wrong his Trust!

Jaff. T' was something late tho
To take the freedom of a Ladies Chamber.

Pierr. Was she in bed? *Jaff.* Yes faith in Virgin sheets
White as her bosom, *Pierre*, disht neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.
Oh how the old Fox stunk I warrant thee
When the rank fit was on him. *Pierr.* Patience guide me!
He us'd no violence?

Jaff. No, no! out on't, violence!
Play'd with her neck; brusht her with his Gray-beard,
Struggl'd and towz'd, tickl'd her 'till she squeak'd a little
May be, or so — but not a jot of violence —

Pierr. Damn him.

Jaff. Ay, so say I: but hush, no more on't;
All hitherto is well, and I believe
My self no Monster yet: Tho no Man knows
What Fate he's born to? sure 'tis near the hour
We all should meet for our concluding Orders:
Will the Ambassador be here in person?

Pierr. No: he has sent Commission to that Villain, *Renault*,
To give the Executing Charge;
I'd have thee be a Man if possible

And keep thy temper; for a brave Revenge
Ne'er comes too late. *Jaff.* Fear not, I am cool as Patience:
Had he compleated my dishonour, rather

Spino. Till we are safe, our Friendship cannot be so.

Pierr. Again: who's that?

Spino. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Revell. And I.

Eliot. And all.

Ren. Who are on my side?

Spinof. Every honest Sword,
Let's die like men and not be sold like Slaves.

Pierr. One such word more, by Heav'n I'll to the Senate
And hang ye all, like Dogs in Clusters,
Why peep your Coward Swords half out their shells?
Why do you not all brandish them like mine?
You fear to die, and yet dare talk of Killing?

Ren. Go to the Senate and betray us, hasten,
Secure thy wretched life, we fear to die
Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pierr. That's rank falsehood,
Fear'st not thou death? fy, there's a knavish itch
In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting.
Had *Jaffier's* Wife prov'd kind, he had still been true.
Foh ——— how that stinks?

Thoudy! thou kill my Friend, or thou, or thou,
Or thou, with that lean wither'd wretched Face!
Away! disperse all to your several Charges,
And meet to-morrow where your honour calls you,
I'll bring that man, whose blood you so much thirst for,
And you shall see him venture for you fairly ———
Hence, hence, I say. [*Ex. Renault angrily.*

Spino. I fear we have been to blame;
And done too much.

Theo. 'Twas too much far' urg'd against the man you lov'd.

Rev. Here, take our Swords and crush 'em with your feet.

Spino. Forgive us, gallant Friend.

Pier. Nay, now y'have found

The way to melt and cast me as you will:

I'll fetch this Friend and give him to your mercy:

Nay he shall dye if you will take him from me,

For your repose I'll quit my hearts Jewel;

But would not have him torn away by Villains

And spitefull villany.

Spino. No; may you both
For ever live and fill the world with fame!

Pier. Now you are to kind. Whence rose all this discord?

Oh what a dangerous precipice have we scap'd!

How near a fall was all we had long been building!

What an eternal blot had stain'd our glories,

If one the bravest and the best of men

Had fallen a Sacrifice to rash suspicion!

Butcher'd by those whose Cause he came to cherish:

Oh could you know him all as I have known him,

good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
wou'd not leave this place till you had seen him;
bled your selves before him, kiss'd his feet,
gain'd remission for the worst of follies;

*Come but to morrow all your doubts shall end,
And to your Loves me better recommend,
That I've preserv'd your Fame, and, sav'd my Friend*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The end of the third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Jaffeir and Belvidera.

WHere dost thou lead me? Every step I move,
Methinks I tread upon some mangled Limb
a rack'd Friend: Oh my dear charming ruine!

Where are we wandring? *Belv.* To eternal Honour;

do a deed shall Chronicle thy name,
among the glorious Legends of those few
that have sav'd sinking Nations: thy Renown

shall be the future Song of all the Virgins,

who by thy piety have been preserv'd

from horrid violation: Every Street

shall be adorn'd with Statues to thy honour,

and at thy feet this great Inscription written,

Remember him that prop'd the fall of Venice.

Jaff. Rather, Remember him, who after all
the sacred Bonds of Oaths and holier Friendship

show'd compassion to a Womans tears

and got his Manhood, Vertue, Truth and Honour,

sacrifice the Bosom that reliev'd him.

Wilt thou damn me?

Belv. Oh inconstant Man!

Will you promise? how will you deceive?

Return back, re-place me in my Bondage,

and all thy Friends how dangerously thou lov'st me;

let thy Dagger do its bloody office.

That kind Dagger, *Jaffeir*, how 'twill look

through my heart, drench'd in my blood to th' hilts!

Let these poor dying eyes shall with their tears

more torment thee, then thou wilt be free:

If thou think'st it nobler; Let me live

I am a Victim to the hateful lust

of that Infernal Devil, that old Fiend

that Damn'd himself and wou'd undo Mankind:

Alas, my Love!

Jaff. Name, name it not again.

Draw a beastly Image to my fancy;

Awake me into madness. Oh the Villain!

Durst approach such purity as thine

On

Eternal Honour or perpetual Infamy.

Let's remember, through what dreadful hazards

Propitious Fortune hitherto has led us,

How often on the brink of some discovery

Have we stood tottering, and yet still kept our ground

So well, the busiest searchers ne'er could follow

Those subtle Tracks which puzzled all suspicion:

You droop Sir.

Jaff. No: with a most profound attention
I've hard it all, and wonder at thy vertue.

Ren. Tho there be yet few hours 'twixt them and Ruin,
Are not the Senate lull'd in full security,

Quiet and satisfy'd, as Fools are always!

Never did so profound repose forerun

Calamity so great: Nay our good Fortune

Has blinded the most piercing of Mankind:

Strengthen'd the fearfull fit, charm'd the most suspectful,

Confounded the most subtle: for we live,

We live my Friends, and quickly shall our Life

Prove fatal to these Tyrants: Let's consider

That we destroy Oppression, Avarice,

A People nurs'd up equally with Vices

And loathsome Lusts, which Nature most abhors,

And such as without shame she cannot suffer.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*, take me to thy Arms
And shew me where's my Peace, for I've lost it

[*Ex. Jaff.*

Ren. Without the least remorse then let's resolve

With Fire and Sword t'exterminate these Tyrants,

And when we shall behold those curst Tribunals,

Stain'd by the Tears and sufferings of the Innocent,

Burning with flames rather from Heav'n than ours,

The raging furious and unpitying Souldier

Pulling his reeking Dagger from the bosoms

Of gasping Wretches; Death in every Quarter,

With all that sad disorder can produce,

To make a Spectacle of horror: Then,

Then let's call to mind, my dearest Friends,

That there's nothing pure upon the Earth,

That the most valu'd things have most allays,

And that in change of all those vile Enormities,

Under whose weight this wretched Country labours,

The Means are only in our hands to Crown them.

Pierr. And may those Powers above that are propitious
To gallant minds record this Cause, and bless it.

Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,

Should there my Friends be found amongst us one

Falst to this glorious Enterprize, what Fate,

What Vengeance were enough for such a Villain?

Eliot. Death here without repentance, Hell hereafter.

Ren. Let that be my lot, if as here I stand
Lifted by Fate amongst her darling Sons,
Tho I had one only Brother, dear by all
The strictest ties of Nature; tho one hour
Had given us birth, one Fortune fed our wants,
One only love, and that but of each other,
Still fill'd our minds: Could I have such a Friend
Joy'n'd in this Cause, and had but ground to fear
Meant foul play; may this right hand drop from me,
If I'd not hazard all my future peace,
And stab him to the heart before you: who
Would not do less? Would'it not thou *Pierre* the same?

Pierr. You have singled me, Sir, out for this hard question,
As if 'twere started only for my sake!

Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom,
Search it with all your Swords! am I a Traytor?

Ren. No: but I fear your late commended Friend
Is little less: Come Sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our safety. Where's this *Jaffier*?

Spin. He left the room just now in strange disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him: I observ'd him,
During the time I took for Explanation,
He was transported from most deep attention
To a confusion which he could not smother.
His looks grew full of sadness and surprize,
All which betray'd a wavering Spirit in him,
That labour'd with reluctance and sorrow;
What's requisite for safety must be done
With speedy Execution: he remains
Yet in our power: I for my own part wear
A Dagger.

Pierr. Well.

Ren. And I could wish it!

Pierr. Where?

Ren. Bury'd in his heart. *Pierr.* Away! we are yet all friends,
No more of this, 'twill Breed ill blood amongst us.

Spin. Let us all draw our Swords, and search the house,
Pull him from the dark hole where he sits brooding
O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his share of him.

Pierr. Who talks of killing? who's he'll shed the blood
That's dear to me! is't you? or you? or you Sir?
What not one speak? how you stand gaping all
On your grave Oracle, your wooden God there,
Yet not a word: Then Sir I'll tell you a secret,
Suspicion's but at best a Cowards Virtue!

[To *Ren.*

Ren. A Coward ———

[*Handles his Sword.*

Pier. Put, put up the Sword, old Man,
Thy hand shakes at it; come let's heal this breach,
I am too hot: we yet may live Friends:

Spin.

Then hazard the Success our hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying Vertue.

Pierr. He's yonder coming this way through the Hall;
His thoughts seem full. *Jaff.* Prithee retire, and leave me
With him alone: I'll put him to some tryal,
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.

Pierr. Be careful then.

[*Ex Pierre.*

Jaff. Nay never doubt, but trust me.
What, be a Devill take a Damning Oath
For shedding native blood! can there be a sin
In merciful repentance? Oh this Villain.

Enter Renault.

Renault. Perverse! and peevish! what a slave is Man!
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him!
Dispatch the Tool her Husband — that we'er well.
Who's there? *Jaff.* A Man.

Ren. My Friend, my near Ally!
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous Charge, is very well.

Jaff. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? beats her pulse even?
Neither too hot nor cold? *Ren.* What means that question?

Jaff. Oh Women have fantastick Constitutions,
Inconstant as their Wishes, always wavering,
And ne'er fixt; was it not boldly done
Even at first sight to trust the Thing I lov'd
(A tempting Treasure too!) with Youth so fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me? *Jaff.* Curst be him that doubts.
Thy virtue, I have try'd it, and declare,
Where I to choose a Guardian of my Honour
I'd put it into thy keeping: for I know thee. *Ren.* Know me!

Jaff. Ay know thee: There's no falshood in thee,
Thou look'st just as thou art: Let us embrace.
Now would'st thou cut my Throat or I cut thine?

Ren. You dare not do't.

Jaff. You lye Sir.

Ren. How!

Jaff. No more,

'Tis a base World, and must reform, that's all.

*Enter Spinosa, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido, Durand,
Brainveil, and the rest of the Conspirators.*

Ren. *Spinosa, Theodore!*

Spin. The same:

Ren. You are welcome!

Spin. You are trembling, Sir.

Ren. 'Tis a cold Night indeed, I am Aged,
Full of decay and natural infirmities;
We shall be warm, my Friend, I hope to morrow. [*Pierre re-enters.*

Pierr. 'Twas not well done, thou shou'd'st have stroakt him
And not have gall'd him. *Jaff.* Damn him, let him chew on't.
Heav'n! where am I? beset with cursed Fiends

That

That wait to Damn me: What a Devil's man,
When he forgets his nature — hush my heart.

Ren. My Friends, 'tis late: are we assembled all?
Where's *Theodore*?

Theo. At hand.

Ren. *Spinosa*.

Spino. Here.

Ren. *Brainveil*.

Brain. I am ready.

Ren. *Durand* and *Brabe*,
We are both prepar'd!

Dur. Command us

Ren. *Mezzana*, *Revellido*,

Ternon Retrosi; Oh you are Men I find

Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons,

To-morrow's rising Sun must see you all

Deckt in your honours! are the Souldiers ready?

Omn. All, all.

Ren. You, *Durand*, with your thousand must possess
St. Marks; You, Captain, know your charge already;
'Tis to secure the Ducal Palace: you

Brabe with a hundred more must gain the *Secque*.

With the like number *Brainveil* to the *Procuralle*.

Be all this done with the least tumult possible,

Till in each place you post sufficient guards:

Then sheath your Swords in every breast you meet.

Jaff. Oh reverend Cruelty: Damn'd bloody Villain!

Ren. During this Execution, *Durand*, you
Must in the mid'st keep your Battalia fast,
And *Theodore* be sure to plant the Canon

That may Command the streets; whilst *Revellido*,

Mezzana, *Ternon* and *Retrosi*, Guard you.

(This done!) we'll give the General Alarm,

Apply Petards, and force the Arsenal Gates;

Then fire the City round in several places,

Or with our Canon (if it dare resist)

Batter't to Ruin. But above all I charge you

Shed blood enough, spare neither Sex nor Age,

Name nor Condition; if there live a Senator

After to-morrow, tho the dullest Rogue

That e'er said nothing, we have lost our ends;

If possible, let's kill the very Name

Of Senator, and bury it in blood.

Jaff. Merciless, horrid slave! — Ay, blood enough!
Shed blood enough, old *Renauld*: how thou charm'st me!

Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell till Fate
Join us again, or separate us ever:

First, let's embrace, Heav'n knows who next shall thus

Wing ye together: But let's all remember

We wear no common Cause upon our Swords,

Let each Man think that on his single Virtue

Depends the Good and Fame of all the rest;

On terms so vile: Destruction; swift destruction
 Fall on my Coward-head, and make my Name
 The common scorn of Fools if I forgive him;
 If I forgive him, if I not revenge
 With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury,
 Thy suffering thou dear darling of my life, Love.

Bel. Delay no longer then, but to the Senate;
 And tell the dismal'st story e'er utter'd,
 Tell 'em what bloodshed, rapines, desolations,
 Have been prepar'd, how near's the fatal hour!
 Save thy poor Country, save the Reverend blood
 Of all its Nobles, which to morrows Dawn
 Must else see shed: Save the poor tender lives
 Of all those little Infants which the Swords
 Of murderers are whetting for this moment;
 Think thou already heard'st their dying screams,
 Think that thou seest their sad distracted Mothers
 Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity
 With torn dishevel'd hair and streaming eyes,
 Their naked mangled breasts besmear'd with blood,
 And even the Milk with which their fondled Babes,
 Softly they hush'd, dropping in anguish from 'em.
 Think thou seest this, and then consult thy heart.

Jaff. Oh! *Bel.* Think too, If thou lose this present minute,
 What miseries the next day bring upon thee.
 Imagine all the horrors of that night
 Murder and Rapine, Waste and Desolation,
 Confusedly ranging. Think what then may prove
 My Lot! the Ravisher may then come safe,
 And midst the terror of the publick ruine
 Do a damn'd deed; perhaps to lay a Train
 May catch thy life; then where will be revenge,
 The dear revenge that's due to such a wrong?

Jaff. By all Heavens powers Prophetick truth dwells in thee,
 For every word thou speak'st strikes through my heart
 Like a new light, and shows it how 't has wander'd;
 Just what th' hast made me, take me, *Belvidera*,
 And lead me to the place where I'm to say
 This bitter Lesson, where I must betray
 My truth, my vertue, constancy and friends:
 Must I betray my friend! Ah take me quickly,
 Secure me well before that thought's renew'd;
 If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Bel. Hast thou a friend more dear than *Belvidera*?

Jaff. No, th' art my Soul it self, wealth, friendship, honour,
 All present joys, and earnest of all future,
 Are summ'd in thee: methinks when in thy arms
 Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more

Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours.
 Why was such happiness not given me pure?
 Why dash'd with cruel wrongs, and bitter wantings?
 Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb
 To Sacrifice, thus in his fatal Garlands,
 Deck'd fine and pleas'd, The wantons skips and plays,
Trots by the enticing flattering Priestess side,
And much transported with his little pride,
Forgets his dear Companions of the plain
Till by Her, bound, Hee's on the Altar layn
Yet then too hardly bleats such pleasures in the pain. }

Enter Officer and 6 Guards.

Offic. Stand who goes there? Bel. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, *Belvidera!* hide me from my Friends,
 By Heaven I'd rather see the face of Hell,
 Than meet the man I love.

Offic. But what friends are you?

Bel. Friends to the Senate and the State of Venice.

Offic. My orders are to seize on all I find
 At this late hour, and bring 'em to the Council,
 Who now are sitting. Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd.
 Hold, Brutes, stand off, none of your paws upon me.
 Now the Lot's cast, and Fate do what thou wilt. Exeunt guarded.

SCENE The Senate-house,

Where appear sitting, the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio, and
 Eight other Senators.

Duke. Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
 Speak; why are we assembled here this night?
 What have you to inform us of, concerns
 The State of Venice, honour, or its safety?

Priuli. Could words express the story I have to tell you,
 Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
 That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
 We all should weep; tear off these purple Robes,
 And wrap our selves in Sack-cloth, sitting down
 On the sad Earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.
 Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
 E'er Venice be no more.

All Senators. How! Priuli. Nay we stand
 Upon the Very brink of gaping ruine,
 Within this City's form'd a dark Conspiracy,
 To massacre us all, our Wives and Children,
 Kindred and Friends, our Palaces and Temples
 To lay in Ashes: nay the hour too, fixt;
 The Swords, for ought I know, drawn even this moment,
 And the wild Waste begun: from unknown hands

I had this warning : but if we are men
 Let's not be tamely butcher'd , but do something
 That may inform the world in after Ages,
 Our Virtue was not ruin'd though we were. [*A noise without.*
 Room, room, make room for some Prisoners —

2. *Senat.* Let's raise the City.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Prim. Speak there, what disturbance?

Offc. Two Prisoners have the Guard seiz'd in the Streets,
 Who say they come to inform his Reverend Senate
 About the present danger.

Enter Jaffeir and Belvidera guarded.

All. Give 'em entrance — Well, who are you?

Jaff. A Villain.

Anto. Short and pithy.

The man speaks well.

Jaff. Would every man that hears me

Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

Duke. 'Tis rumour'd that a Plot has been contriv'd
 Against this State; that you have a share in't too.
 If you are a Villain, to redeem your honour,
 Unfold the truth and be restor'd with Mercy.

Jaff. Think not that I to save my life come hither,
 I know its value better; but in pity

To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
 Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
 The sworn and Covetous foe of Venice.

But use me as my dealings may deserve
 And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The Slave Capitulates,

Give him the Tortures.

Jaff. That you dare not do,

Your fears won't let you, nor the longing Itch

To hear a story which you dread the truth of.

Truth with the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.

Cowards are scar'd with threatnings. Boys are whipt

Into confessions: but a Steady mind

Acts of its self, ne'er asks the body Counsell.

Give him the Tortures. Name but such a thing

Again; by Heaven I'll shut these lips for ever,

Not all your Racks, your Engines or your Wheels

Shall force a groan away — that you may guess at.

Anto. A bloody minded fellow I'll warrant;

A damn'd bloody minded fellow.

Duke. Name your Conditions.

Jaff. For my self full pardon,

Besides the lives of two and twenty friends

[*Delivers a list.*

Whose names are here inroll'd: Nay, let their Crimes

Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the Oaths

And sacred promise of this Reverend Council,

That in a full Assembly of the Senate

The thing I ask be ratifi'd. Swear this,

And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All.

All. We'll swear.

Duke. Propose the Oath.

Jaff. By all the hopes
Ye have of Peace and Happiness hereafter,
Swear.

All. We all swear.

Jaff. To grant me what I've ask'd,
Ye swear.

All. We swear.

Jaff. And as ye keep the Oath,
May you and your posterity be blest
Or curst for ever.

All. Else be curst for ever.

Jaff. — Then here's the list, and with't the
full disclose of all that threatens you.
Now Fate thou hast caught me.

*{ Delivers ano-
ther paper.*

Anto. Why what a dreadful Catalogue of Cut-throats is here!
I'll warrant you not one of these fellows but has a face like a Lion.
I dare not so much as read their names over.

Duke. Give orders that all diligent search be made
To seize these men, their characters are publick,
The paper intimates their Rendezvous
To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian Curtezan
Call'd *Aquilina*; see that place secur'd.

Anto. What my Nicky Nacky, Hurry Durry, Nicky Nacky
in the Plot ——— I'll make a Speech. Most noble Senators,
What headlong apprehension drives you on,
Right noble, wise and truly solid Senators,
To Violate the Laws and right of Nations?
The Lady is a Lady of renown.

'Tis true, she holds a house of fair Reception,
And though I say't my self, as many more
Can say as well as I. *2 Senat.* My Lord, long Speeches
Are frivolous here, when dangers are so near us;
We all well know your Interest in that Lady,
The world talks loud on't.

Anto. Verily I have done;

I say no more. *Duke.* But since he has declar'd
Himself concern'd, Pray, Captain, take great caution
To treat the fair one, as becomes her Character,
And let her Bed-chamber be search'd with decency.

You, *Jaffair*, must with patience bear till morning, to be our
Prisoner.

Jaff. Would the Chains of death
Had bound me fast e'er I had known this minute,
I've done a deed will make my Story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:

The History of my wickedness shall run
Down through the low traditions of the vulgar,
And Boys be thought to tell the tale of *Jaffair*.

Duke. Captain withdraw your Prisoner.

Jaff. Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me,

Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
 Forget my self and this days guilt and fallshood.
 Cruel remembrance how shall I appease thee!

[*Ex. guarded.*

Noise without.

More Traitors; room, room, make room there.

Duke. How's this, Guards?

Where are our Guards? shut up the Gates, the Treason's already
 at our Doors.

Enter Officer.

Offic. My Lords, more Traitors:
 Seiz'd in the very act of Consultation;
 Furnish'd with Arms and Instruments of mischief,
 Bring in the prisoners.

*Enter Pierre, Renault, Theodore, Elliot, Revellido
 and other Conspirators, in fetters, guarded.*

Pierr. You, my Lords and Fathers,
 (As you are pleas'd to call your selves) of Venice;
 If you sit here to guide the course of Justice,
 Why these disgracefull chains upon the limbs
 That have so often labour'd in your service?
 Are these the wreaths of triumphs ye bestow
 On those that bring you Conquests home and Honours?

Duke. Go on, you shall be heard, Sir.

Anto. And be hang'd too, I hope.

Pierr. Are these the Trophies I've deserv'd for fighting
 Your Battels with confederated Powers,
 When winds and Seas conspir'd to overthrow you?
 And brought the Fleets of Spain to your own Harbours,
 When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your Palace,
 And saw your Wife, th'Adriatick, plough'd
 Like a lew'd Whore by bolder Prows than yours
 Stept not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians,
 The task of honour and the way to greatness,
 Rais'd you from your capitulating fears
 To stipulate the terms of su'd for peace,
 And this my recompence? If I am a Traitor
 Produce my charge; or shew the wretch that's base enough
 And brave enough to tell me I am a Traitor.

Duke. Know you one Jasseir? [*All the Conspirators murmur.*

Pierr. Yes, and know his Vertue,
 His Justice, Truth, his general Worth and Sufferings
 From a hard father taught me first to love him.

Enter Jasseir guarded.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Pierr. My friend too bound? nay then
 Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall,
 Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine

They're

They're but one thing? these Reverend Tyrants, *Jaffir*,
Call us all Traitors, art thou one, my Brother?

Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, veryest slave
That e'er betray'd a generous trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruine.
All our fair hopes which morning was to have crown'd
Has this curst tongue o'erthrown.

Pierr. So, then all's over :
Venice has lost her freedom ; I my life ;
No more, farewell.

Duke. Say; will you make confession
Of your vile deeds and trust the *Senates* mercy?

Pierr. Curst be your Senate: Curst your Constitution:
The Curse of growing factions and division
Still vex your Councils, shake your publick safety,
And make the Robes of Government, you wear,
Hatefull to you, as these base Chains to me.

Duke. Pardon or Death. *Pierr.* Death, honourable death.

Renault. Death's the best thing we ask or you can give.

All Conspir. No shamefull bonds, but honourable death.

Duke. Break up the Council: Captain, guard your prisoners.
Jaffir, y' are free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*Ex. all the Senators.*]

Pierr. Come, where's my Dungeon? lead me to my straw :
It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard
To do your Senate service.

Jaff. Hold one moment.

Pierr. Who's he disputes the Judgment of the Senate?
Presumptuous Rebel — on —

[*Strikes Jaff.*]

Jaff. By Heaven you stir not.

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak :
Thou hast disgrac'd me, *Pierre*, by a vile blow :
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries;
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me ;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,
But as there dwells a God-like nature in thee
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pierr. What whining Monk art thou? what holy cheat
That wou'dst encroach upon my credulous ears
And cant'st thus vilely? hence. I know thee not,
Dissemble and be nasty: leave me, Hypocrite.

Jaff. Not know me, *Pierre*?

Pierr. No, know thee not: what art thou?

Jaff. *Jaffir*, thy friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd friend,
Though now deservedly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

Pierr.

Pierr. Thou *Jaffir*! Thou my once lov'd, valu'd friend!
 By Heavens thou ly'st; the man, so call'd, my friend,
 Was generous, honest, faithfull, just and valiant,
 Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
 Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart:
 But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless Coward,
 Poor even in Soul, and loathsome in thy aspect,
 All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
 Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
 Like something banefull, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these tears I have not.
 But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant;
 My mind still full of thee: therefore still noble,
 Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
 Detest me utterly: Oh look upon me
 Look back and see my sad sincere submission!
 How my heart swells, as even 'twould burst my bosom;
 Fond of its Gaol, and labouring to be at thee!
 What shall I do? what say to make thee hear me?

Pierr. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call thy self.

Jaffir, that once lov'd, valued friend of mine,
 And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? whence these chains?
 Whence the vile death, which I may meet this moment?
 Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff. — All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierr. What's that? *Jaff.* To take thy life on such conditions
 The Council have propos'd: Thou and thy friends
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pierr. Life! ask my life! confess! record my self
 A villain for the privilege to breath,
 And carry up and down this cursed City
 A discontented and repining spirit,
 But then some to it self a few years longer,
 To lose, it may be, at last in a lewd quarrel
 For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
 No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
 And cannot part on better terms than now,
 When onely men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaff. By all that's just — *Pierr.* Swear by some other powers,
 For thou hast broke that sacred Oath too lately.

Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
 Till to thy self at least, thou'rt reconcil'd,
 However thy resentments deal with me.

Pierr. Not leave me!

Jaff. No, thou shalt not force me from thee,
 Use me reproachfully, and like a slave,
 Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs

On my poor head ; I'll bear it all with patience,
 Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty,
 Lie at thy feet and kiss 'em though they spurn me,
 Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
 And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pierr. Art thou not —

Jaff. What?

Pierr. A Traitor?

Jaff. Yes.

Pierr. A Villain?

Jaff. Granted.

Pierr. A Coward, a most scandalous Coward,
 Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold
 Thy everlasting Fame, for shameless life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are Numberless.

Pierr. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?

Bafe as thou art false —

Jaff. No, 'tis to me that's granted.
 The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
 In recompence for faith, and trust so broken.

Pierr. I scorn it more because preserv'd by thee,
 And as when first my foolish heart took pity
 On thy misfortunes, fought thee in thy miseries,
 Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy State
 Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
 To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
 All I receiv'd in surety for thy truth,
 Were unregarded oaths; and this this dagger,
 Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stoln,
 So I restore it back to thee again,
 Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
 Never from this curs'd hour to hold communion,
 Friendship or interest with thee, though our years
 Were to exceed those limited the world.

Take it — farewell — for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

Pierr. For my life, dispose it

Just as thou wilt, because tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaff. Oh, Pierre!

Pierre. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
 But languish after thine, and ake with gazing.

Pierr. Leave me — Nay, then thus, thus, I throw thee from me
 And curses, great as is thy falshood, catch thee.

Jaff. Amen.

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
 And here's the portion he has left me.

[Holds the dagger up.

This dagger, well remembred, with this dagger

I gave a solemn vow of dire importance,

Parted with this and *Belvidera* together;

Have a care, Mem'ry, drive that thought no farther;

No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,

Treasure it up in this wretched bosom,

Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,

That

That when they meet, they start not from each other;
 So; now for thinking: A blow, call'd Traitor, Villain,
 Coward, dishonourable coward, fogg!
 Oh for a long sound sleep, and so forget it!
 Down, busie Devil. ———

Enter Belvidera.

Bel. Whither shall I fly?
 Where hide me and my miseries together?
 Where's now the Roman Constancy I boasted?
 Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!
 Not daring now to look up to that dear face
 Which us'd to smile even on my faults, but down
 Bending these miserable eyes to earth,
 Must move in penance, and implore much Mercy.

Jaff. Mercy, kind Heaven has surely endless stores
 Hoarded for thee of blessings yet untasted;
 Let wretches loaded hard with guilt as I am,
 Bow the weight and groan beneath the burthen,
 Creep with a remnant of that strength th' have left,
 Before the footstool of that Heaven th' have injur'd.
 Oh *Belvidera*! I'm the wretchedst creature
 E'er crawl'd on earth; now if thou hast Vertue help me,
 Take me into thy Arms, and speak the words of peace
 To my divided Soul, that wars within me,
 And raises every Sense to my confusion;
 By Heav'n I am tottering on the very brink
 Of Peace; and thou art all the hold I've left.

Bel. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty;
 I know th' hast cause to mourn; to mourn, my *Jaffier*,
 With endless cries, and never ceasing wailings,
 Th' hast lost—— *Jaff.* Oh I have lost what can't be counted;
 My friend too, *Belvidera*, that dear friend,
 Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoyc'd in,
 Has us'd me like a slave; shamefully us'd me;
 'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story,
 What shall I do? resentment, indignation,
 Love, pity, fear and mem'ry, how I've wrong'd him,
 Distract my quiet with the very thought on't,
 And tear my heart to pieces in my bosome.

Bel. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee. *Bel.* Why?

Jaff. Oh he has us'd me! yet by Heaven I bear it?
 He has us'd me, *Belvidera*, but first swear
 That when I've told thee, thou'lt not loath me utterly,
 Though vilest blots and stains appear upon me;
 But still at least with charitable goodness,
 Be near me in the pangs of my affliction,
 Not scorn me, *Belvidera*, as he has done.

Bel. Have

Bel. Have I then e'er been false that now I am doubted?
Speak, what's the cause I am grown into distrust,

Why thought unfit to hear my Love's complaining?

Jaff. Oh!

Bel. Tell me.

Jaff. Bear my failings for they are many,

Oh my dear Angel! in that friend I've lost

All my Soul's peace; for every thought of him

Strikes my Sense hard, and dead's it in my brains;

Wouldst thou believe it?

Bel. Speak.

Jaff. Before we parted,

E'er yet his Guards had led him to his prison,

Full of severest sorrows for his sufferings,

With eyes o'erflowing and a bleeding heart,

Humbling my self almost beneath my nature?

As at his feet I kneel'd, and su'd for mercy,

Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness,

In which w' have liv'd so many years together,

With a reproachful hand he dash'd a blow,

He struck me, *Belvidera*, by Heaven, he struck me,

Buffeted, call'd me Traitor, Villain, Coward;

Am I a Coward? am I a Villain? tell me:

Th'art the best Judge, and mad'st me, if I am so:

Damnation; Coward!

Bel. Oh! forgive him, *Jaffier*!

And if his sufferings wound thy heart already,

What will they do to morrow?

Jaff. Hah!

Bel. To morrow,

When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the Agonies

Of a tormenting and a shameful death,

His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,

Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain;

What will thy heart do then? Oh sure 'twill stream

Like my eyes now.

Jaff. What means thy dreadful story?

Death, and to morrow? broken limbs and bowels?

Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain?

By all my fears I shall start out to madness,

With barely guessing if the truth's hid longer.

Bel. The faithless Senators, 'tis they've decre'd it:

They say according to our friends request,

They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage:

Declare their promis'd mercy all as forfeited,

False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession;

Warrants are pass'd for publick death to morrow.

Jaff. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard! unpleaded!

Bel. Nay, cruell'st racks and torments are preparing,

To force confessions from their dying pangs;

Oh do not look so terribly upon me,

How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!

What means my Love?

G

Jaff. Leave

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee leave me——strong temptations
Wake in my heart. *Bel.* For what?

Jaff. No more, but leave me. *Bel.* Why?

Jaff. Oh! by Heaven I love thee with that fondness
I would not have thee stay a moment longer,
Near these curst hands: are they not cold upon thee?

Bel. No, everlasting comfort's in thy Arms,
To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows deck'd with leaves of roses. *{ Pulls the dagger half
out of his bosom and
puts it back again.*

Jaff. Alas thou thinkest not of the thorns 'tis fill'd with,
Fly e'er they call thee: there's a lurking serpent
Ready to leap and sting thee to thy heart:
Art thou not terrifi'd?

Bel. No. *Jaff.* Call to mind
What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

Bel. Hah!

Jaff. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief?
Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late, thou shouldst have fled
When thy Guilt first had cause, for dire revenge,
Is up and raging for my friend. He groans,
Hark how he groans, his screams are in my ears
Already; see, th' have fixt him on the wheel,
And now they tear him---Murther! perjur'd Senate!
Murther--Oh! --hark thee, Traitors, thou hast done this;
Thanks to thy tears and false perswading love, *{ Fumbling for his
Dagger.*
How her eyes speak! Oh thou bewitching creature!
Madness cannot hurt thee: Come, thou little trembler,
Creep, even into my heart, and there lie safe;
'Tis thy own Cittadel---hah---yet stand off,
Heaven must have Justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy;
I'll wink and then 'tis done---

Bel. What means the Lord
Of me, my life and love, what's in thy bosom,
Thou graspst at so? nay, why am I thus treated? *{ Draws the dagger,
offers to stab her.*
What wilt thou do? Ah, do not kill me, *Jaffier*,
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
That us'd to clasp thee when thy looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul,
And plunge it not into eternal darkness.

Jaff. No, *Belvidera*, when we parted last
I gave this dagger with thee as in trust
To be thy portion, If e'er prov'd false.
On such condition was my truth believ'd:
But now 'tis forfeited and must be paid for. *[Offers to stab her again.*

Bel. Oh, mercy!

Jaff. Nay, no struggling,

[Kneeling.

Bel. Now.

Bel. Now then kill me.

[Leaps upon his neck and kisses him.]

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a Coward; witness't, Heaven,
Witness it, Earth, and every being Witness;

'Tis but one blow yet: by immortal Love,

I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee,

The Seal of providence is sure upon thee.

[He throws away the dagger and embraces her.]

And thou wert born for yet unheard of wonders:

Oh thou wert either born to save or damn me!

By all the power that's given thee o'er my Soul,

By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,

By the victorious love that still waits on thee;

Fly to thy cruel Father: save my friend,

Or all our future Quiet's lost for ever:

Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees;

Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy tears,

Melt thy hard heart, and wake dead nature in him;

Crush him in th' Arms, and torture him with thy softness:

Nor, till thy Prayers are granted, set him free,

But conquer him, as thou hast vanquish'd me.

[Ex. ambo.]

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter Priuli solus.

Priul. WHY, cruel Heaven, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! dishonor

And deathless infamy is fallen upon me.

Was it my fault? Am I a traitor? No.

But then, my only child, my daughter, wedded;

There my best blood runs foul, and a disease

Incurable has seiz'd upon my memory,

To make it rot and stink to after ages.

Curst be the fatal minute when I got her;

Or wou'd that I'd been any thing but man,

And rais'd an issue which wou'd ne'er have wrong'd me.

The miserablest Creatures (man excepted)

Are not the less esteem'd, though their posterity

Degenerate from the virtues of their fathers;

The vilest Beasts are happy in their off springs,

While only man gets Traitors, Whores and Villains.

Curst be the names, and some swift blow from Fate

Lay his head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter Belvidera in a long mourning Veil.

Bel. He's there, my father, my inhumane father,

That, for three years, has left an only child

G 2

Ex.

Expos'd to all the outrages of Fate,
And cruel ruin ——— oh! ———

Prin. What child of sorrow
Art thou that com'st thus wrapt in weeds of sadness,
And mov'st as if thy steps were towards a grave?

Bel. A wretch, who from the very top of happiness
Am fallen into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.

Prin. Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted sorrows;
Would I could help thee.

Bel. 'Tis greatly in your power,
The world too, speaks you charitable, and I,
Who ne'er ask'd alms before, in that dear hope
Am come a begging to you, Sir.

Prin. For what?

Bel. Oh, well regard me, is this voice a strange one?
Consider too, when beggars once pretend
A case like mine, no little will content 'em.

Prin. What wouldst thou beg for?

Bel. Pity and forgiveness; [Throws up her Veil.
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints and take me to your love.

Prin. My daughter? *Bel.* Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Vertuous and noble, faithfull to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your arms; by all the joys she gave you,
When in her blooming years she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me; in my face behold
The lineaments of hers y'have kiss'd so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off Child.

Prin. Thou art my daughter. *Bel.* Yes ——— And y'have oft told me
With smiles of love and chaste paternal kisses,
I'd much resemblance of my mother. *Prin.* Oh!
Hadst thou inherited her matchless virtues
I'd been too a blest'd.

Bel. Nay, do not call to memory
My disobedience, but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface the impression;
For could you think how mine's perplext, what sadness
Fears and despairs distract the peace within me,
Oh, you would take me in your dear, dear Arms,
Hover with strong compassion o'er your young one,
To shelter me with a protecting wing,
From the black gather'd storm, that's just, just breaking.

Prin. Don't talk thus. *Bel.* Yes, I must, and you must hear too;
I have a husband.

Prin. Damn him.

Bel. Oh, do not curse him!
He would not speak so hard a word towards you
On any terms, oh! e'er he deal with me,

Prin.

Prin. Hah! what means my child?

Bel. Oh there's but this short moment
Twixt me and Fate, yet send me not with curses
Down to my grave, afford me one kind blessing
Before we part: just take me in your arms
And recommend me with a prayer to Heaven,
That I may dye in peace, and when I'm dead

Prin. How my Soul's catcht?

Bel. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.
She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared her.

Prin. By Heaven, my aking heart forebodes much mischief,
Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father,

Bel. No, I'm contented.

Prin. Speak.

Bel. No matter.

Prin. Tell me.

By you, blest Heaven, my heart runs o'er with fondness.

Bel. Oh!

Prin. Utter't.

Bel. Oh my husband, my dear husband
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosome.

Topierce the heart of your poor *Belvidera*.

Prin. Kill thee?

Bel. Yes, kill me, when he pass'd his faith
And covenant, against your State and Senate,
He gave me up as hostage for his truth,
With me a dagger and a dire commission.
When e'er he fail'd to plunge it through this bosome,
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
To attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour,
Great love prevail'd and bless'd me with success,
He came, confest, betray'd his dearest friends
For promis'd mercy; now they're doom'd to suffer,
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows to appease the Gods
With this poor life, and make my blood th' attonement.

Prin. Heavens!

Bel. Think you saw what pass'd at our last parting;
Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury; think you saw his one hand
Fix't on my throat, while the extended other
Grasp'd a keen threatening dagger, oh 'twas thus,
We last embrac'd, when, trembling with revenge,
He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosome
Presented horrid death, cried out, my friends,
Where are my friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd,
For he yet lov'd, and that dear love preserv'd me,
To this last tryal of a father's pity.

I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That that dear hand should do th' unfriendly office;
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd lives
Of his dear friends, e'er mine be made the sacrifice.

Prin. Oh, my hearts comfort!

Bel. Will you not, my father?

Weep not but answer me.

Prin. By Heaven, I will.

Not one of em but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past,
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee,
Peace to thy heart. Farewel.

Bel. Go, and remember,

'Tis *Belvidera's* life her father pleads for. [Ex severally.]

Enter Antonio.

Hum, hum, hah,

Seignior *Prinli*, my Lord *Prinli*, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord: Now,
we Lords love to call one another by our Titles. My Lord, my Lord,
my Lord ——— Pox on him, I am a Lord as well as he. And so let
him fiddle ——— I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-house, and
I'll be there too, soon enough for somebody. Odd --- here's a tickling
speech about the Plot, I'll prove there's a Plot with a Vengeance ———
would I had it without book; let me see ———

Most Reverend Senators,

That there is a Plot, surely by this time, no man that hath eyes or
understanding in his head will presume to doubt, 'tis as plain as the
light in the Cowcumber ——— no ——— hold there ——— Cowcumber
does not come in yet ——— 'tis as plain as the light in the Sun, or as the
man in the Moon, even at noon day, It is indeed a Pumpkin-Plot,
which, just as it was mellow, we have gathered, and now we have
gathered it, prepar'd and dress'd it, shall we throw it like a pickled
Cowcumber out at the window? no: that it is not onely a
bloody, horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious Plot, but it is, as
I may so say, a sawcy Plot: and we all know, most Reverend Fathers,
that what is sawce for a Goose is sawce for a Gander: Therefore, I say,
as those blood-thirsty Ganders of the conspiracy would have destroyed
us Geese of the Senate, let us make haste to destroy them, so I humbly
move for hanging --- hah, hurry durry -- I think this will do, tho' I
was something out, at first, about the Sun and the Cowcumber.

Enter Aquilina.

Aquil. Good morrow, Senatour.

Anto. Nacky, my dear Nacky, morrow, Nacky, odd I am very
brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial ---- ha a a a a ---- kiss
me Nacky; how dost thou do, my little Tory, rory Strumpet, kiss me,
I say, hussy, kiss me.

Aquil.

Aquil. Kifs me, Nacky, hang you, Sir, Coxcomb, hang you, Sir.

Anto. Hayty rayty, is it so indeed, with all my heart, faith--- *Hey then up go we, faith--hey then up go we, dum dum derum dump.* [*Sings.*

Aquil. Seignior.

Anto. Madona.

Aquil. Do you intend to die in your bed——?

Anto. About threescore years hence, much may be done, my dear.

Aquil. You'll be hang'd, Seignior.

Anto. Hang'd, sweet-heart, prithee be quiet, hang'd quoth-a, that's a merry conceit, with all my heart, why thou jok'st, Nacky, thou art given to joking, I'll swear; well, I protest, Nacky, nay, I must protest, and will protest that I love joking dearly, man. And I love thee for joking, and I'll kifs thee for joking, and towse thee for joking, and odd, I have a devilish mind to take thee aside about that business for joking too, odd I have, and *Hey then up go we, dum dum derum dump.* [*Sings.*

Aquil. See you this, Sir?

[*Draws a dagger.*

Anto. O Laud, a dagger! Oh Laud! it is naturally my aversion, I cannot endure the sight on't, hide it, for Heavens sake, I cannot look that way till it be gone——hide it, hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

Aquil. Yes, in your heart, I'll hide it.

Anto. My heart; what, hide a dagger in my heart's blood?

Aquil. Yes, in thy heart, thy throat, thou pamper'd Devil; Thou hast help'd to spoil my peace, and I'll have vengeance On thy curst life, for all the bloody Senate; The perjur'd faithless Senate: Where's my Lord, My Happiness, my Love, my God, my Hero, Doom'd by thy accursed tongue, amongst the rest, T a shameful wrack? By all the rage that's in me I'll be whole years in murdering thee.

Anto. Why, Nacky,

Wherefore so passionate? what have I done? what's the matter my dear Nacky? am not I thy Love, thy Happiness, thy Lord, thy Hero thy Senator, and every thing in the World, Nacky?

Aquil. Thou! think'st thou, thou art fit to meet my joys, To bear the eager clasps of my embraces? Give me my *Pierre*, or——

Anto. Why, he's to be hang'd, little Nacky, Trust up for Treason, and so forth; Child.

Aquil. Thou ly'st, stop down thy throat that hellish sentence. Or 'tis thy last: swear that my Love shall live, Or thou art dead.

Anto. Ah h h h.

Aquil. Swear to recal his doom, Swear at my feet, and tremble at my fury.

Anto. I do, now if she would but kick a little bit, one kick now Ah h h h.

Aquil.

Aquil. Swear, or ———

Anto. I do, by these dear fragrant foots
And little toes, sweet as, e e e e my Nacky Nacky Nacky.

Aquil. How!

Anto. Nothing but untie thy shoe-string a little faith and troth,
That's all, that's all, as I hope to live, Nacky, that's all.

Aquil. Nay, then ———

Anto. Hold, hold, thy Love, thy Lord, thy Hero
Shall be preserv'd and safe.

Aquil. Or may this Poniard
Rust in thy heart.

Anto. With all my soul.

Aquil. Farewell ———

[*Ex. Aquil.*]

Anto. Adieu. Why what a bloody-minded inveterate, termagant,
Strumpet have I been plagu'd with! oh h h yet more! nay then I die,
I die — I am dead already.

[*Stretches himself out.*]

Enter Jaffier.

Jaff. Final destruction seize on all the world:
Bend down, ye Heavens, and shutting round this earth;
Crush the Vile Globe into its first confusion;
Scorch it, with Elemental flames, to one curst Cindar,
And all us little creepers in't, call'd men,
Burn, burn to nothing: but let Venice burn
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell
Ne'er to extinguish, and let souls hereafter
Groan here, in all those pains which mine feels now.

Enter Belvidera.

Bel. My Life ———

[*Meeting him.*]

Jaff. My Plague ———

[*Turning from her.*]

Bel. Nay then I see my ruine,
If I must die!

Jaff. No, Death's this day too busie,
Thy Father's ill time'd Mercy came too late,
I thank thee for thy labours tho' and him too,
But all my poor betray'd unhappy friends
Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black hour;
And yet I live.

Bel. Then be the next my doom.
I see thou hast pass'd my sentence in thy heart,
And I'll no longer weep or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient patience
Meet thy dear hands, and kiss 'em when they wound me;
Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it

With some remorse, and where thou giv'st the blow,
View me with eyes of a relenting love,
And shew me pity, for 'twill sweeten Justice.

Jaff. Shew pity to thee?

Bel. Yes, and when thy hands,
Charg'd with my fate, come trembling to the deed,
As thou hast done a thousand thousand dear times,
To this poor breast, when kinder rage has brought thee,
When our sting'd hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
And melting kisses seal'd our lips together,
When joys have left me gasping in thy arms,
So let my death come now, and I'll not shrink from't.

Jaff. Nay, *Belvidera*, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy,
But answer me to what I shall demand
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Bel. I will when I've done weeping ———

Jaff. Fie, no more on't ———
How long is't since the miserable day
We weddest first ———

Bel. Oh h h.

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too.

Bel. Heaven knows I cannot;
The words you utter sound so very sadly
These streams will follow ———

Jaff. Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

Bel. But, was't a miserable day?

Jaff. A curs'd one.

Bel. I thought it otherwise, and you've oft sworn
In the transporting hours of warmest love
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn you blest'd it.

Jaff. 'Twas a rash oath.

Bel. Then why am I not curs'd too?

Jaff. No, *Belvidera*, by th' eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.

Bel. Still so kind?

Still then do you you love me?

Jaff. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to Creation,
Than I do now towards thee; man ne'er was blest'd,
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.

Bel. Then sure you will not curse me.

Jaff. No, I'll blest thee.

I came on purpose, *Belvidera*, to blest thee.
'Tis now, I think, three years w'hav' liv'd together.

Bel. And may no fatal minute ever part us,

Till, reverend grown, for age and love, we go
Down to one Grave, as our last bed, together,
There sleep in peace till an eternal morning.

Jaff. When will that be?

[*Singing.*

Bel. I hope long Ages hence.

Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me
Thy very fear) us'd thee with tender'st love?
Did e'er my Soul rise up in wrath against thee?
Did e'er frown when *Belvidera* smil'd,
Or, by the least unfriendly word, betray
A bating passion? have I ever wrong'd thee:

Bel. No.

Jaff. Has my heart, or have my eyes e'er wandred
To any other woman?

Bel. Never, never — I were the worst of false one should I accuse
I own I've been too happy, blest above
My Sexes Charter.

Jaff. Did I not say I came to bless thee?

Bel. Yes.

Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing.
With a continual giving hand, let peace,
Honour and safety always hover round her,
Feed her with plenty, let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning,
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts, and proper her virtue,
To bear the loss of one that too much lov'd,
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Bel. How, parting, parting?

Jaff. Yes, for ever parting,
I have sworn, *Belvidera*; by you Heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever.

Bel. Oh, call back

Your cruel blessings, stay with me and curse me!

Jaff. No, 'Tis resolv'd.

Bel. Then hear me too, just Heaven,
Pour down your curses on this wretched head
With never-ceasing Vengeance, let despair,
Danger or infamy, nay all surround me,
Starve me with wantings, let my eyes ne'er see
A sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace,
But dash my days with sorrow, nights with horrors
Wild as my own thoughts now, and let loose fury
To make me mad enough for what I lose,

If I must lose him; if I must, I will not.

Oh turn and hear me!

Jaff. Now hold, heart, or never.

Bel. By all the tender days we have liv'd together,
By all our charming nights, and joys that crown'd 'em,
Pity my sad condition, speak, but speak.

Jaff. Oh h h.

Bel. By these arms that now cling round thy neck,
By this dear kiss and by ten thousand more,
By these poor streaming eyes ———

Jaff. Murder! unhold me:

By th'immortal destiny that doom'd me [*Draws his Dagger*
To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one longer,
Resolve to let me go or see me fall ———

Bel. Hold, Sir, be patient.

Jaff. Hark, the dismal Bell [*Passing-bell tolls.*
Tolls out for death, I must attend its call too,
For my poor friend, my dying *Pierre* expects me,
He sent a message to require I'd see him
Before he dy'd, and take his last forgiveness,
Farewel for ever.

Bel. Leave thy dagger with me.

Bequeath me something --- Not one kiss at parting?
Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break?

Jaff. Yet stay,

{ *Going out
looks back
at her.*

We have a Child, as yet, a tender Infant,
Be a kind mother to him when I am gone,
Breed him in vertue and the paths of Honour,
But let him never know his father's story;
I charge thee guard him from the wrongs my Fate
May do his future fortune or his name.

Now — nearer yet — [*Approaching each other.*

Oh that my arms were rivetted

Thus round thee ever! But my friends, my oath!

This and no more.

[*Kisses her.*

Bel. Another, sure another,

For that poor little one you've ta'n care of,
I'll giv't him truly.

Jaff. So, now farewell.

Bel. For ever?

Jaff. Heaven knows for ever; all good Angels guard thee.

Bel. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment,
Curst be my days, and doubly curst my nights,
Which I must now mourn out in widow'd tears;
Blasted be every herb and fruit and tree,
Curst be the rain that falls upon the earth,
And may the general Curse reach man and beast;

Oh give me daggers, fire or water,
 How I could bleed, how burn, how drown the waves
 Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
 Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
 Oh there's all quiet, here all rage and fury,
 The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain,
 I long for thick substantial sleep: Hell, Hell,
 Burst from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
 If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter Priuli and Servants.

Who's there?

[They seize her.]

Prim. Run, seize and bring her safely home,
 Guard her as you would life? Alas poor creature!

Bel. What? to my husband then conduct me quickly,
 Are all things ready? shall we dye most gloriously?
 Say not a word of this to my old father,
 Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers,
 Lutes, Laurells, Seas of Milk, and ships of Amber.

[Ex.]

*Scene opening discovers a Scaffold and a Wheel prepar'd for the executing
 of Pierre, then enter Officers, Pierre and Guards, a Friar, execu-
 tioner and a great Rabble.*

Offic. Room room there ——— stand all by, make room for 't
 Prisoner.

Pierr. My friend not come yet?

Father. Why are you so obstinate?

Pierr. Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch
 Cannot dye in peace?

But you, like Ravens will be croaking round him ———

Fath. Yet, Heaven ———

Pierr. I tell thee Heaven and I are friends,
 I ne'er broke Peace with't yet, by cruel murders,
 Rapine or perjury, or vile deceiving,
 But liv'd in moral Justice towards all men,
 Nor am a foe to the most strong believers:
 How e'er my own short-sighted Faith confine me.

Fath. But an all-seeing Judge ———

Pierr. You say my conscience
 Must be mine accuser: I have search'd that Conscience,
 And find no records there of crimes that scare me.

Fath. 'Tis strange you should want faith.

Pierr. You want to lead
 My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion,
 Check'd of its nobler vigour then, when baited,

Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange tricks which you call signs of Faith.
So silly Souls are gull'd and you get money.
Away, no more: Captain, I would hereafter
This fellow write no lyes of my conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. Hold: Eyes, be dry;
Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous sight, and humble me, take
The last forgiveness of a dying friend,
Betray'd by my vile falshood, to his ruine.
Oh *Pierre*!

Pierr. Yet nearer.

Jaff. Crawling on my knees,
And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee,
How shall I look up to thy injur'd face,
That always us'd to smile, with friendship, on me?
It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
And stripes are fitter for me than embraces.

Pierr. Dear to my Arms, though thou hast undone my fame;
I cannot forget to love thee: prithee, *Jaffeir*,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
I am now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.

Jaff. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'er
Suffer'd the shameful Fate thou art going to taste of,
Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly?
Call, call me villain, as I am, describe
The foul complexion of my hatefull deeds,
Lead me to the Rack, and stretch me in thy stead,
I've crimes enough to give it its full load,
And do it credit? Thou wilt but spoil the use on't,
And honest men hereafter bear its figure
About 'em, as a charm from treacherous friendship.

Offic. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead!

Pierr. Yes, dead, *Jaffeir*, they've all dy'd like men too,
Worthy their Character.

Jaff. And what must I do?

Pierr. Oh, *Jaffeir*!

Jaff. Speak, aloud thy burthen'd Soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend.

Pierr.

Pier. Friend! Could'st thou yet be a Friend, a generous Friend,
I might hope Comfort from thy noble sorrows,
Heav'n knows I want a Friend.

Jaff. And I a kind one,
That would not thus scorn my repenting Vertue,
Or think when he is to dye, my thoughts are idle.

Pier. No! live, I charge thee, *Jaffair.*

Jaff. Yes, I will live,
But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd
At such a rate, as *Venice* long shall groan for.

Pier. Wilt thou?

Jaff. I will, by Heav'n.

Pier. Then still thou'rt noble,
And I forgive thee, oh——yet——shall I trust thee?

Jaff. No: I've been false already.

Pier. Dost thou love me?

Jaff. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings.

Pier. Curse on this weakness. [He weeps.]

Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears!

I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something lab'ring in thy bosom
That must have vent: Though I'm a Villain, tell me.

Pier. Seest thou that Engine? [Pointing to the Wheel.]

Jaff. Why?

Pier. Is't fit a Soldier, who has liv'd with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and been Crown'd with Conquest,
Be expos'd a common Carcass on a Wheel?

Jaff. Hah!

Pier. Speak! is't fitting?

Jaff. Fitting?

Pier. It's fit a Souldier, who has liv'd with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and bin Crown'd with Conquest,
Be expos'd a common Carcass on a Wheel?

Jaff. Hah!

Pier. Speak! it's fitting?

Jaff. Fitting?

Pier. Yes, Is't fitting?

Jaff. What's to be done?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's Noble, to preserve my Memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Offic. The day grows late, Sir.

Pier. I'll make haste! oh *Jaffair*,
Though thou st betray'd me, do me some way Justice.

Jaff. No more of that: Thy wishes shall be satisfi'd,

I have

I have a Wife, and she shall bleed, my Child too
Yield up his little Throat, and all t'ap-
pease thee——

*{ Going away Pier.
holds him.*

Pier. No——this——no more! *[He whispers Jaffair.*

Jaff. Hah! is't then so?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaff. I'll do't.

Pier. Remember.

Offic. Sir.

Pier. Come, now I'm ready.

*{ He and Jaf-
feir ascend
the Scaffold.*

Captain, you should be a Gentleman of honour,
Keep off the Rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my Fate, and dye with Decency.

Come! *[Take off his Gown. Executioner prepares to bind him.*

Fath. Son!

Pier. Hence, Tempter.

Offic. Stand off, Priest.

Pier. I thank you, Sir,

You'll think on't.

[To Jaffair.

Jaff. 'Twon't grow stale before to morrow.

Pier. Now, Jaffair! now I am going. Now;--- *[Executioner*

Jaff. Have at thee, *having bound him.*

Thou honest heart, then——here——

[Stabs him.

And this is well too.

[Then stabs himself.

Fath. Damnable Deed!

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.

This was done Nobly——We have deceiv'd the Senate.

Jaff. Bravely.

Pier. Ha ha ha——oh oh—— *[Dies.*

Jaff. Now, you curs'd Rulers,

Thus of the blood y' have shed I make Libation,

And sprinkl't mingling: May it rest upon you.

And all your Race: Be henceforth Peace a stranger

Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine waste

Your Generations——oh poor *Belvidera!*

Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in safety to her.

A Token that with my dying breath I blest her,

And the dear little Infant left behind me.

I am sick——I'm quiet——

[Jaff. dyes.

Offic. Bear this news to the Senate,

And guard their Bodies till there's farther order:

Heav'n grant I dye so well——

[Scene shuts upon them.

*Soft Musick. Enter Belvidera distracted, led by two of her Women,
Priuli and Servants.*

Prin. Strengthen her heart with Patience, pitying Heav'n.

Exit.

Belv. Come come come come come. Nay, come to bed!
 Prithee my Love. The Winds? hark how they whistle?
 And the Rain beats: oh how the weather shrinks me!
 You are angry now, who cares? pish, no indeed.

Choose then, I say you shall not go, you shall not;
 Whip your ill nature; get you gone then! oh, [*Jaffeir's Ghost rises.*

Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's come agen,
 Am I to blame to love him! oh thou dear one. [*Ghost sinks.*

Why do you fly me? are you angry still then?

Jaffeir! where art thou! Father, why do you do thus!
 Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere.

Stand off I say! what gone? remember't, Tyrant!

I may revenge my self for this trick one day.

I'll do't—I'll do't. *Renault's* a nasty fellow.

*{ Enter Officer
 and others.*

Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Prin. News, what news?

[Offic. whispers Prinli.

Offic. Most sad, Sir.

Jaffeir, upon the Scaffold, to prevent
 A shameful death, stab'd *Pierre*, and next himself:
 Both fell together.

Prin. Daughter

{ The Ghost of Jaff. and Pier. rise

Bel. Hah, look there! *{ together both bloody.*

My Husband bloody, and his Friend too! Murther!

Who has done this? speak to me thou sad Vision.

[Ghost sink.

On these poor trembling Knees I beg it, Vanisht——

Here they went down; Oh I'll dig, dig the Den up.

You shan't delude me thus. Hoa, *Jaffeir, Jaffeir.*

Peep up and give me but a look. I have him!

I've got him Father: Oh now how I'll smuggle him!

My Love! my Dear! my Blessing! help me, help me!

They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom,

Nay——now they pull so hard——farewel——

[She dyes.

Maid. She's dead.

Breathless and dead.

Prin. Then guard me from the sight on't:

Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning;

Where the free Air, Light and the chearful Sun

May never enter: Hang it round with Black;

Set up one Taper that may last a day

As long as I've to live: And there leave me.

Sparing no Tears when you this Tale relate,

But bid all Cruel Fathers dread my Fate.

*Curtain falls,
 [Ex. omnes.*

F I N I S.

Don CARLOS

Prince of Spain.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

Written by *Tho. Otway.*

Principibus placuisse Viris non ultima Laus est. Hor.

The Fourth Edition Corrected.

Licensed, *June 15. 1676.*

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *R. Bentley*, at the Post-House in *Russel-Street*, in *Covent-Garden.* 1695.

Don't ask

THOUGHT

THEY

As it is

WINTER

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

T O
His Royal Highness,
THE
D U K E.

S I R,

T I S an approv'd Oppinion, There's not so unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition: for certainly he lives to very little use that only toils in the same Round, and because he knows where he is, though in a dirty Road, dares not venture on a smoother Path, for fear of being lost. That I am not the Wretch I condemn, Your Royal Highness may be sufficiently convinc'd, in that I durst presume to put this Poem under Your Patronage. My Motives to it were not Ordinary: For, besides my own propensity to take any opportunity of publishing, the extream Devotion I owe your Royal Highness, the mighty Encouragement I received from your Approbation of it when presented on the Stage, was hint enough to let me know at whose Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilst I do this, I am sensible the Curious World will expect some Panegyrick on those Heroick Virtues which are throughout it so much Admir'd. But as they are a Theam too great for my Undertaking, so only to endeavour at the truth of 'em, must, in the distance between my obscurity and their height, savour of a Flattery, which in your Royal Highness's esteem I would not be thought guilty of: though in that part of 'em which relates to my self (viz. Your Favours shew'd on a thing so mean as I am) I know not how to be silent. For

The Epistle Dedicatory.

You were not only so indulgent as to bestow Your Praise on this, but ev'n (beyond my hopes) to declare in favour of my First Essay of this nature, and add yet the encouragement of Your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiss Your Royal Highness's Hand, in token of Your permission to make a Dedication to You of the Second. I must confess, and boast, I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am undeserving. Yet when I consider You never give Your Favours precipitately, but that it is a certain sign of some Desert when you vouchsafe to promote: I who have terminated my best hopes in it, should do wrong to your Goodness, should I not let the World know my mind as well as my Condition is rais'd by it. I am certain none that know your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so Great and so Good a Master; One who (as is apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near you, and know you by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc'd without Justice. 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all men created an awful Love and Respect towards you: since in the firmness of your Resolution the brave and good man is sure of you, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears you. This I could not pass over, and I hope your Royal Highness will pardon it, since 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to you, who am in nothing so Unfortunate, as that I have not a better opportunity to let you and the World know how much I am

Your Royal Highness's most humble,
most faithful, and most obedient
Servant,

Tho. Otway.

The PREFACE.

Reader,

TIS not that I have any great affection to scribbling, that I pester thee with a *Preface*; for amongst Friends, 'tis almost as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with those that write Hackney under *Attorneys*, it will hardly keep us in *Ale* and *Cheefe*. Honest *Ariosto* began to be sensible of it in his time, who makes his Complaint to this purpose;

I pity, those who in these latter days.

Do Write, when Bounty hath shut up her Gate;

Where Day and Night in vain good Writers knock,

And for their Labours oft have but a Mock.

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harrington's* Translation; had I understood *Italian*, I would have given it thee in the Original; but that is not my Talent, therefore to proceed: This Play was the Second that ever I writ, or thought of Writing. I must confess, I had often a Titillation to Poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse, till I got her into a Corner in the Country: and then, like a bashful young Lover, when I had her private, I had Courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produc'd any thing; till at last, I know not how, e're I was aware, I found my self Father of a Dramatique Birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades*: but I might, without offence to any person in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*; for my Hero, to do him right, was none of that squeamish Gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggld at the obliging the Passion of a young and a beautiful Lady, as I should my self, had I the same Opportunities, which I have given him. This I publish to antedate the Objections some people may make against that Play, who have been (and much good may it do 'em) very severe, as they think upon this. Whoever they are, I am sure I never disoblig'd them; nor have they, (thank my good Fortune) much injur'd me: in the mean while I forgive 'em, and
since

The PREFACE.

since I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom. I am well satisfi'd I had the greatest party of men of wit and sense on my side: amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable Obligations I received from the *Earl of R.* who, far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seem'd almost to make it his business, to establish it in the good opinion of the *King* and his *Royal Highness*; from both of which I have since received Confirmations of their good Liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I must in all gratitude confess, I owe the greatest part of my good success in this, and on whose indulgency I extreamly build my hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to my self what a great many, and those (I am sure) of good Judgment too, have been so kind to afford me, (*viz.*) That it is the best Heroick Play that has been written of late: for, I thank Heaven, I am not yet so vain. But this I may modestly boast of, which the Author of the *French Bernice* has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, those whose Souls were capable of so Noble a pleasure; for 'twas not my business, to take such as only come to a Play-House to see Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Though a certain Writer, that shall be nameless, (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask'd his opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock't, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a line in it he would be Author of.* But he is a fine Facetious witty Person, as my Friend Sir *Formal* has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of. And so, Reader, I bid him and thee

Farewel.

THE

The Prologue.

WHen first our Author took this Play in hand,
He doubted much, and long was at a stand.
He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as Sacred things.
Not as th'are represented in this Age,
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage!
Us'd only just for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worse, made Villains all, or Fools.
Besides the Characters he shows to Night,
He found were very difficult to write:
He found the Fame of France and Spain at stake,
Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which part to take;
Till this his Judgment safest understood,
To make 'em both Heroick as he cou'd.
But now the greatest stop was yet unpast,
He found himself, alas! confin'd too fast.
He is a Man of Pleasure, Sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to business bow,
Till at the last he did this Conquest get,
To make his Pleasure Whetstone to his Wit,
So sometimes for variety he writ.
But as those Block-heads who discourse by Rote,
Sometimes speak Sense although they rarely know't.
So he scarce knew to what his work would grow;
But 'twas a Play, because it would be so:
Yet well he knows this is a weak pretence,
For Idleness is the worst want of Sense.
Let him not now of Carelessness be taxt,
He'll write in earnest, when he writes the next;
Mean while——
Prune his superfluous Branches, never spare;
Yet do it kindly, be not too severe;
He may bear better Fruit another Year.

Persons Represented

By
Philip the 2d K. of Spain. *Mr. Batterton.*

Don Carlos his Son. *Mr. Smith.*

Don John of Austria. *Mr. Harris.*

Marquiss of Posa the } *Mr. Crosby.*
Prince's Confident. }

Rui-Gomez. *Mr. Medbourn.*

Queen of Spain. *Mrs. Mary Lee.*

Dutchess of Eboli, Wife } *Mrs. Shadwell.*
to R. Gomez. }

Henrietta. *Mrs. Gibbs.*

Garcia. *Mrs. Gillow.*

Officer of the Guards. *Mr. Norris.*

Don

Don CARLOS

PRINCE of SPAIN.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT the First. SCENE the First.

A Palace Royal.

*The Curtain drawn discovers the King and Queen attended,
Don Carlos, the Marquess of Pola, Rui-Gomez, &c.
Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, Attendants, Guards.*

King.

H Appy the Monarch on whose Brow no Cares
Add weight to the bright Diadem he wears;
Like me, in all that he can wish for, blest.
Renown and Love, the gentlest calms of Rest }
And Peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast.
To me great Nations Tributary are;
Though whilst my vast Dominions spread so far,
Where most I Reign, I must pay Homage, here. [To the Queen.
Approach bright Mistress of my purest Vows, }
Now shew me him that more Religion owes }
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more Devoutly bows. }
Don Carlos. So Merchants, cast upon some savage Coast,
Are forc'd to see their dearest Treasures lost.

B

Curse!

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

Curse! What's Obedience? A false Notion made
By Priests, who when they found old Cheats decay'd,
By such new Arts kept up declining Trade.
A Father? Oh! —

[Aside]

King. ——— Why does my Carlos shroud
His Joy, and when all's Sunshine wear a Cloud?
My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride,
Shall such a Noble Race of Hero's spring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know,
Than what already I enjoy in You.
The brightest Ornaments of Crowns and Powers
I only can admire as they are Yours.

King. Heav'n! how he stands unmov'd! not the least Shew
Of Transport.

D. Car. ——— Not admire your Happiness? I do
As much admire it as I rev'rence You.
Let me express the mighty Joy I feel.
Thus, Sir, I pay my Duty when I kneel.

[Kneels to the Queen]

Queen. How hard it is his Passion to confine!
I'm sure 'tis so, if I may judge by mine.
Alas, my Lord, y're too obsequious now.

[Aside]

[To Carlos]

D. Carlos. Oh! might I but enjoy this Pleasure still,
Here would I worship, and for ever kneel.

Queen. 'For Heav'n, my Lord, you know not what you do.

King. Still there appears Disturbance on his Brow:
And in his Looks an Earnestness I read,
Which from no common Causes can proceed.
I'll probe him deep —

[Aside]

——— When, when, my dearest Joy,
Shall I the mighty debt of Love defray?

[To the Queen]

Hence to Love's secret Temples let's retire,
There on his Altars kindle th' Am'rous fire,
Then Phoenix-like each in the flame expire.
Still he is fixt —

[Looking on D. Carlos]

——— Gomez, observe the Prince.

[To Gomez]

Yet smile on me my charming Excellence.
Virgins should only Fears and Blushes shew;
But you must lay aside that Title now.

The Doctrine which I preach, by Heav'n is good:
Oh the impetuous Sallies of my Blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome Joys I'm forc'd to yield?
Now Fate her utmost malice has fulfill'd.

Carlos, farewell: for since I must submit —

King. Now wing'd with rapture let us fly, my Sweet.

My

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

3

My Son, all Troubles from thy Breast resign,
And let thy Father's Happiness be thine.

{Exeunt K. and
Q. attended.

D. Car. What King, what God would not his Pow'r forgo,
T' enjoy so much Divinity below?

Did'st thou behold her, Posa?

Posa. Sir, I did.

D. Car. And is she not a sweet one? Such a Bride,
O Posa, once she was decreed for mine:

Once I had hopes of Bliss. Hadst thou but seen

How blest, how proud I was, if I could get

But leave to lie a Prostrate at her Feet.

Ev'n with a Look I could my Pains beguile;

Nay she in pity too would sometimes smile;

Till at the last my Vows successful prov'd,

And one day, sighing, she confess'd she lov'd.

Oh! then I found no limits to our Joy.

With Eyes thus languishing we lookt all day;

So vigorous and strong we darted Beams,

Our meeting Glances kindled into Flames;

Nothing we found that promis'd not delight:

For when rude shade depriv'd us of the light,

As we had gaz'd all day, we dreamt all night.

But after all these Labours undergone,

A cruel Father thus destroys his Son;

In their full height my choicest Hopes beguiles,

And Robs me of the Fruit of all my Toils.

My dearest Posa, thou wert ever kind;

Bring thy best Counsel, and direct my Mind.

Enter Gomez.

R. Go. Still he is here——My Lord.

D. Car. ———Your Business now?

R. Go. I've with concern beheld your Clouded Brow.

Ah! though y'have lost a Beauty well might make

Your strictest Honour and your Duty shake,

Let not a Father's Ills misguide your Mind,

But be Obedient, though he's prov'd unkind.

D. Car. Hence, Cynick, to dull Slaves thy Morals teach,

I have no leisure now to hear thee Preach.

Still you'll usurp a Power o're my Will.

R. Go. Sir, you my Services interpret ill:

Nor need it be so soon forgot, that I

Have been your Guardian from your Infancy,

When to my Charge committed, I alone

Instructed you how to expect a Crown;
 Taught you Ambition, and Wars noblest Arts;
 How to lead Armies, and to conquer Hearts;
 Whilst, though but Young, —
 You would with pleasure read of Sieges got,
 And smile to hear of bloody Battels fought:
 And still, though not controul, I may advise.

D. Car. Alas, thy Bride wears a too thin Disguise:
 Too well I know the Falshood of thy Soul,
 Which to my Father render'd me so foul,
 That hardly as his Son a smile I've known,
 But always as a Traitor met his Frown.
 My forward Honour was Ambition call'd:
 Or if my Friends my early Fame extoll'd,
 You damp't my Father's Smiles still as they sprung,
 Perswading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
 So all my Hopes by you were frustrate made,
 And robb'd of Sun-shine wither'd in the Shade.
 Whilst, my good Patriot! you dispos'd the Crown
 Out of my reach, to have it in your own.
 But I'll prevent your Policy —

R. Go. ————— My Lord,
 This Accusation is unjust and hard.
 The King your Father would not so upbraid.
 My Age: is all my Service thus repaid?
 But I will hence, and let my Master hear
 How generously you reward my Care;
 Who on my just Complaint, I doubt not, will
 At least redress the Injuries I feel.

[Exit Gomez.]

Po. Alas, my Lord, you too severely urge
 Your Fate, his Interest with the King is large.
 Besides, you know he has already seen
 The Transports of your Passion for the Queen:
 The use he may of that Advantage make
 You ought at least t'avoid, but for her sake.

D. Car. Ah! my dear Friend, th'ast toucht my tender'st part;
 I never yet learnt the dissembling Art.
 Go, call him back, tell him that I implore
 His Pardon, and will ne're offend him more.
 The Queen! kind Heav'n, make her thy nearest Care.
 O! fly, o'retake him e're he goes too far.
 How are we bandi'd up and down by Fate,
 By so much more Unhappy as w're great?
 A Prince, and Heir to Spain's great Monarch born,
 I'm forc'd to court a Slave whom most I scorn;
 Who, like a Bramble 'mongst a Cedar's Boughs,

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

5

Vexes his Peace under whose Shade he grows. *[Re-enter R. Gomez and Posa.]*
Now he returns: assist me, Falshood, — down,
Thou Rebel Passion —

Sir, I fear I've done. *[To R. Gomez.]*
You wrong; but if I have, you can forgive.
Heav'n! can I do this abject thing and live? *[Aside.]*

R. Go. Ah! my good Lord, it makes too large amends,
When to his Vassal thus a Prince descends:
Though it was something rigid, and unkind,
T'upbraid your faithful Servant and your Friend.

D. Car. Alas, no more; all Jealousies shall cease
Between us two, let there be henceforth Peace.
So may just Heav'n assist me when I sue,
As I to Gomez always will be true.

R. Go. Stay, Sir, and for this mighty Favour take
All the return Sincerity can make.

Blest in your Father's Love, as I'm in yours,
May not one Fear disturb your happy hours:
Crown'd with Success may all your Wishes be,
And you ne're find worse Enemies than me.
Nor spight of all his Greatness shall he need:
Of too long date his Ruine is decreed.

[Exit D. Car. and Posa.]

Spain's early Hopes of him have been my fears.
'Twas I the Charge had of his Tender years,
And read in all the progress of his Growth
An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth;
A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild:
At all my Precepts still with scorn he smil'd.
Or when by th'Power I from his Father had,
Any restraint was on his Pleasures laid,
Usher'd with Frowns on me his Soul would rise,
And threaten future Vengeance from his Eyes.
But now to all my Fears I bid adieu;

For, Prince, I'll humble both your Fate and you.
Here comes the Star by whom my course I steer.
Welcome, my Love. —

[Enter Eboli.]

Eboli. My Lord, why stay you here
Losing the Pleasure of this happy Night?
When all the Court are melting in Delight,
You toil with the dull Bus'ness of the State.

R. Go. Only, my Fair one, how to make thee Great:
Thou tak'st up all the Bus'ness of my Heart,
And only to it Pleasures can't impart.
Say, say, my Goddess, when shall I be blest?
It is an Age since I was Happy last.

Eboli. My Lord, I come not hither now to hear

Your

Your Love, but offer something to your Ear.
If you have well observ'd, you must have seen
To day some strange Disorders in the Queen.

R. Go. Yes, such as Youthful Brides do still express,
Impatient Longings for the Happiness
Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,
As Needles always tremble near the Pole.

Eboli. Come, come, my Lord, seem not so blind: too well
I've seen the Wrongs which you from Carlos feel;
And know your Judgment is too good, to lose
Advantage, where you may so safely choose.
Say now, if I inform you, how you may
With full Revenge all your past Wrongs repay.

R. Go. Blest Oracle! speak how it may be done:
My Will, my Life, my Hopes are all thy own.

Eboli. Hence then, and with your strictest Cunning try
What of the Queen and Prince you can descry;
Watch every Look, each quick and subtle Glance:
Then we'll from all produce such Circumstance
As shall the King's new Jealousie advance.

Nay, Sir, I'll try what mighty Love you shew:
If you will make me Great, begin it now.
How, Sir? D'you stand Confid'ring what to do?

R. Go. No, but methinks I view from hence a King,
A Queen, and Prince, three goodly Flowers spring,
Whilst on 'em like a subtle Bee I'll prey,
Till so their Strength and Virtue drawn away,
Unable to recover, each shall droop,
Grow pale, and fading hang his wither'd Top:
Then fraught with Thyme triumphant back I'll come,
And unlade all the precious Sweets at home.

[Exit Gomez.]

Eboli. In thy fond Policy, blind Fool, go on,
And make what haste thou canst to be undone,
Whilst I have nobler bus'ness of my own.
Was I bred up in Greatness? have I been
Nurtur'd with glorious Hopes to be a Queen?
Made Love my study, and with practis'd Charms
Prepar'd my self to meet a Monarch's Arms?
At last to be condemn'd to the Embrace
Of one whom Nature made to her disgrace;
An old, imperfect, feeble Dotard, who
Can only tell (alas!) what he would do?
On him to throw away my Youth and Bloom,
As Jewels that are lost to enrich a Tomb?
No, though all Hopes are in a Husband dead,
Another path to Happiness I'll tread,

Elsewhere

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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Elsewhere find Joys which I'm in him deny'd;
Yet, while he can, let the Slave serve my Pride.
Still I'll in Pleasure live, in Glory shine:
The gallant youthful *Austria* shall be mine:
To him with all my force of Charms I'll move.
Let others toil for Greatness, whilst I Love.

The End of the First Act.

ACT the Second. SCENE the First.

Don John of Austria.

SCENE, An ORANGE GROVE.

D. J. **W**hy should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
That Law by which her self is now betray'd?

E're Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most Noble that was born most Free:

Each of himself was Lord, and unconfin'd,
Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.

Law was an Innovation brought in since,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence.

My Glorious Father got me in his heat,
When all he did was eminently great:

When warlike *Belgia* felt his conquering Pow'r,
And the proud *Germans* own'd him Emperour.

Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
Because I came not in the common Road,
But Born obscure, and so more like a God?

No; though his Diadem another wear,
At least to all his Pleasures I'll be Heir.

Here I should meet my *Eboli*, my fair.

[Enter *Eboli*.

She comes; as the bright *Cyprian* Goddess moves,
When loose, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves,
She rides to meet the Warlike God she loves.

Eboli. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what Fear
And Hazard I am come to meet you here.

D. J. O banish it: Lovers like us should fly,

And

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

And mounted by their Wishes soar on high,
Where softest Extasies and Transports are,
While fear alone disturbs the lower Air.

Eboli. But who is safe when Eyes are every where?

Or if we could with happiest Secresie
Enjoy these Sweets, Oh, whither shall we fly
T' escape that Sight whence we can nothing hide?

D. J. Alas, lay this Religion now aside;
I'll shew thee one more pleasant, that which *Jove*
Set forth to the old World, when from above
He came himself, and taught his Mortals Love.

Eboli. Will nothing then quench your unruly Flame?
My Lord, you might consider who I am.

D. J. I know y^e are her I love, what should I more
Regard? ———

Eboli. ——— By Heav'n he's brave ———
—— But can so poor

[*Aside.*

A thought possess your Breast, to think that I
Will brand my Name with Lust and Infamy?

D. J. Those that are noblest born should higher prize
Love's Sweets. Oh! Let me fly into those Eyes?

There's something in 'em leads my Soul astray:
As he who in a Necromancer's Glass

Beholds his wisht-for Fortune by him pass,
Yet still with greedy Eyes ———

Pursues the Vision as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me, Heav'n, I dare no longer stay,
Your looks speak Danger: I feel something too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go.

[*half aside.*

D. J. Take Vows and Prayers if ever I prove false;
See at your feet the humble *Austria* falls.

[*Kneels.*

Eboli. Rise, rise, ———
My Lord, why would you thus deceive?

[*Austria rises.*

[*Sighs.*

D. J. How many ways to wound me you contrive?

Speak, wou'dst thou have an Empire at thy feet?

Say, wou'dst thou rule the World? I'll conquer it.

Eboli. No; above Empire far I could prize you,
If you would be but ———

D. J. ——— What?

Eboli. ——— For ever true.

D. J. That thou may'st ne're have cause to fear those Harms,
I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms:

Nay, I'll not one short minute from thee stray;

My self I'll on thy tender Bosom lay,

Till in it's warmths I'm melted all away.

Enter

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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Enter Garcia.

Gar. Madam, your Lord——

Eboli.——Oh! fly, or I'm undone.

D. J. Must I without my Blessing then be gone?

Eboli. Think you that this discretion merits one?

D. J. I'm aw'd——

{ *Kisses her
Hand.
[Pulls it back.*

As a sick wretch, that on his Death-bed lies,
Loath with his Friends to part, just as he dies,
Thus sends his Soul in Wishes from his eyes.

[*Exit D. J.*

Eboli. Oh Heav'n! what Charms in Youth and vigour are!

Yet he in Conquest is not gone too far;
Too easily I'll not my self resign:
E're I am his, I'll make him surely mine;
Draw him by subtle Baits into the Trap,
Till he's too far got in to make escape;
About him swiftly the soft Snare I'll cast,
And when I have him there, I'll hold him fast.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I subtilly range
The solitary paths of dark Revenge:
The fearful Deer in herds to Coverts run,
Whilst Beasts of prey affect to roam alone.

Eboli. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you spend your hours?
You little think what my poor heart indures;
Whilst, with your Absence tortur'd, I in vain
Pant after Joys I ne're can hope to gain.

R. Go. You cannot my Unkindness sure upbraid;
You should forgive those Faults your self have made.
Remember you the Task you gave?——

Eboli.—————'Tis true;——

Your Pardon, for I do remember now. [Sigs.
If I forgot, 'twas Love had all my mind:
And 'tis no Sin, I hope, to be too Kind.

R. Go. How happy am I in a faithful Wife!
Oh thou most precious Blessing of my Life!

Eboli. Do's then success attend upon your Toil?
I long to see you revel in the Spoil.

R. Go. What strictest diligence could do, I've done,
T'incense an angry Father 'gainst his Son.
I to advantage told him all that's past,
Describ'd with Art each Am'rous glance they cast:

So that this night he shunn'd the Marriage-Bed,
Which through the Court has various Murmurs spread.

Enter the King attended by Posa.

See where he comes with Fury in his Eyes ;
Kind Heav'n but grant the Storm may higher rise.
If't grow too loud, I'll lurk in some dark Cell,
And laugh to hear my Magick work so well.

King. What's all my Glory, all my Pomp ? how poor
Is fading greatness ? or how vain is Pow'r ?
Where all the mighty Conquests I have seen ?
I, who o're Nations have Victorious been, }
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
Curst Jealousie, that poisons all Love's Sweets !
How heavy on my Heart th' Invader sits !

Oh, *Gomez* ! thou hast giv'n my mortal Wound.

R. Go. What is't does so your Royal thoughts confound ?
A King his Pow'r unbounded ought to have,
And, ruling all, should not be Passion's Slave.

King. Thou counsell'st well, but art no stranger sure
To the sad cause of what I now endure.
Know'st thou what Poison thou didst lately give ?
And dost not wonder to behold me live ?

R. Go. I only did as by my Duty ty'd,
And never study'd any thing beside.

King. I do not blame thy Duty or thy Care :
Quickly what past between 'em more, declare.
How greedily my Soul to ruine flies ?
As he, who in a Fever burning lies,
First of his Friends does for a drop implore,
Which tasted once, unable to give o're, }
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still thirsts after more.
Oh then——

R. Go. —— I fear that you'll interpret wrong.
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.

King. Lie still, my Heart : Not long was't that you said ?

R. Go. No longer than they in your presence stay'd.

King. No longer ? Why, a Soul in less time flies
To Heav'n ; and they have chang'd theirs at their Eyes.
Hence abject Fears be gone : she's all divine.
Speak, Friends, can Angels in perfection sin ?

R. Go. Angels that shine above do oft bestow
Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.

King. But *Carlos* is my Son, and always near ;
Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphear.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

I F

True, she may show'r promiscuous Blessings down
On Slaves that gaze for what falls from a Crown.
But when too kindly she his Brightness sees,
It robs my Lustre to add more to his.
But Oh! I dare not think——

That those Eyes should at least so humble be,
To stoop at Him, when they had vanquish'd Me.

Posa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,
That he of Virtue has too great a sense,
To cherish but a Thought beyond the bound
Of strictest Duty. He to me has own'd
How much was to his former Passion due,
Yet still confess'd he above all priz'd You.

R. Go. You better reconcile, Sir, than advise:
Be not more Charitable than y're Wife.
The King is sick, and we should give him ease,
But first find out the depth of his Disease.
Too sudden Cures have oft pernicious grown;
We must not heal up fester'd Wounds too soon.

King. By this then you a pow'r would o're me gain.
Wounding to let me linger in the Pain.
I'm stung, and won't the Torture long endure:
Serpents that wound, have Blood those wounds to cure.

R. Go. Good Heav'n forbid that I should ever dare
To question Virtue in a Queen so fair,
Though she her Eyes cast on her Glorious Son;
Men oft see Treasures, and yet covet none.

King. Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth disguis'd in obscure Contraries.

No, I will trace his Windings; all her dark
And subtlest Paths, Each little Action mark.

If she prove false, as yet I fear, she dies.

Ha! here! O let me turn away my Eyes:

For all around she'll her bright Beams display,
Should I to gaze on the wild Meteor stay,
Sight of my self I shall be led astray.

{ *Enter Queen Att.*
Henrietta.

{ *Exit the King Attend.*
looking at the Queen.

Queen. How scornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure e're his Love he'd let me know his Power:
As Heav'n oft Thunders e're it sends a show'r.
This *Spanish* Gravity is very odd:
All things are by Severity so aw'd,
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.

Henr. Alas, what can you from Old Age expect,
When frail uneasie men themselves neglect,

Some little Warmth perhaps may be behind,
Though such as in extinguisht Fires you'll find;
Where some remains of Heat the Ashes hold,
Which (if for more you open) straight are cold.

Queen. 'Twas interest and safety of the State;
Int'rest, that bold Imposer on our Fate;
That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills,
And with false Happiness smooths o're our Ills.
It was by that unhappy *France* was led,
When, though by Contract I should *Carlos* wed,
I was an Offering made to *Philip's* Bed.

Why sigh'st thou, *Henrietta*?

[*Henr. Sighs.*

Henr. Who is it can

Know your sad fate, and yet from Grief refrain?
With pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell
Of *Carlos* Love.

Queen. ——— And did it please you well?
In that brave Prince's Courtship there did meet
All that we could obliging call or sweet.
At every point he with advantage stood:
Fierce as a Lion, if provok'd abroad;
Else, soft as Angels, charming as a God.

Henr. One so Accomplisht, and who lov'd you too,
With what Resentments must he part with you?
Methinks I pity him. — But Oh! in vain:
He's both above my Pity and my Pain.

[*Aside.*

Queen. What means this strange Disorder?

Henr. ——— Yonder view,
That which I fear will discompose you too.

{ *Enter D. Carlos, Posa.*

Queen. Alas, the Prince! there to my mind appears
Something that in me moves unusual fears:
Away *Henrietta* ———

[*Offers to go.*

D. Car. ——— Why would you be gone?
Is *Carlos* Sight ungrateful to you grown?
If 'tis, speak: in obedience I'll retire.

Queen. No, you may speak, but must advance no nigher.

D. Car. Must I then at that awful distance sue,
As our Fore-fathers were compell'd to do,
When they Petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High Priest might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear,
But what's so pure it might be Offer'd there.

Queen. Too long 'tis dangerous for me here to stay:
If you must speak, proceed: what would you say?
Nay, this strange Ceremony pray give o're.

{ *Carlos kneels.*

D. Car. Was I ne're in this posture seen before?

Ah!

Ah! can your cruel Heart so soon resign
All sense of these sad Sufferings of mine?
To your more just remembrance, if you can,
Recal how Fate seem'd kindly to ordain,
That once you should be Mine: which I believ'd,
Though now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Then, Sir, you should your Fate, not Me upbraid.

D. Car. I will not say y've broke the Vows you made;
Only implore you would not quite forget
The Wretch y've oft seen dying at your feet,
And now no other Favour begs to have,
Than such kind Pity as becomes your Slave.
For 'midst your highest Joys, without a Crime,
At least you now and then may think of him.

Queen. If e're you lov'd me, you would this forbear;
It is a Language which I dare not hear.
My Heart and Faith become your Father's Right,
All other Passions I must now forget.

D. Car. Can then a Crown and Majesty dispense }
Upon your heart such mighty influence, }
That I must be for ever banish'd thence? }
Had I been rais'd to all the heights of Power,
In Triumph crown'd the World's great Emperour,
Of all its Riches, all its State possess,
Yet you should still have govern'd in my Breast.

Qu. In vain on her you obligations lay,
Who wants not will, but power to repay.

Henr. Yet had you *Henrietta's* heart, you would
At least strive to afford him all you could.

D. Car. Oh! say not you want Pow'r; you may with one *[Aside.]*
Kind look pay doubly all I've undergone.
And knew you but the innocence I bear,
How pure, how spotless all my Wishes are,
You would not scruple to supply my want,
When all I'll ask you may so safely grant.

Qu. I know not what to grant, too well I find
That still at least I cannot be unkind.

D. Car. Afford me then that little which I crave.

Qu. You shall not want what I may let you have. *{ Gives her hand,*
{ sighing.

D. Car. Like one——
That sees a heap of Gems before him cast,
Thence to chuse any that may please him best;
From the rich Treasure whilst I choice should make,
Dazzel'd with all, I know not where to take.
I would be rich——

Qu. ————— Nay, you too far encroach;

I fear

I fear I have already giv'n too much.

[Turns from him.

D. Car. Oh! take not back again th' appearing Bliss.

How difficult's the path to Happiness!

Whilst up the Precipice we climb with pain,

One little Slip throws us quite down again.

Stay, Madam, though you nothing more can give,

Than just enough to keep a Wretch alive;

At least remember how I've lov'd——

Qu.——I will.

D. Car. That was so kind, that I must beg more still,

Let me love on: it is a very poor

And easie Grant, yet I'll request no more.

Qu. Do you believe that you can Love retain,

And not expect to be belov'd again?

D. Car. Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too,

So long as I can find that you are so:

All my Disquiets banish from my breast:

I will endeavour to do so at least.

[Sighing deeply.

Or if I can't my Miseries out-wear,

They never more shall come t' offend your Ear.

Qu. Love then, Brave Prince, whilst I'll thy Love

(admire,

Yet keep the Flame so pure, such chaste Desire,

That without spot hereafter we above

May meet, when we shall come all Soul, all Love.

Till when—Oh! whither am I run astray?

I grow too weak, and must no longer stay:

For should I, the soft Charm so strong would grow,

I find that I shall want the Power to go.

Gives her hand,
which D. Carlos
during all this
speech kisses ca-
gerly.

{Ex. Queen and
Henrietta.

D. Car. Oh sweet——

If such Transport be in a Taste so small,

How blest must he be that possesses all!

Where am I, Posa? Where's the Queen?

[standing amazed.

Posa. ——My Lord,

A while some respite to your Heart afford:

The Queen's retir'd ——

D. Car. ——Retir'd? And did she then

Just shew me Heav'n, to shut it in agen?

This little Ease augments my pain the more;

For now I'm more impatient than before,

And have discover'd Riches made me mad.

Posa. But since those Treasures are not to be had,

You should correct Desires that drive you on

Beyond that Duty which becomes a Son.

No longer let the Tyrant Love invade;

The Brave may by themselves be happy made.
You to your Father now must all resign.

D. Car. But er'e he robb'd me of her, she was mine.
To be my Friend is all thou hast to do,
For half my Miseries thou canst not know. }
Make my self happy ! Bid the Damn'd do so ; }
Who in sad Flames must be for ever tost,
Yet still in view of the lov'd Heav'n th'ave lost.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third. SCENE the First.

Don John of Austria.

The GROVE continues.

D. J. **H**OW vainly would dull Moralists impose
Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no Laws ?
Love is a God, and like a God should be
Inconstant, with unbounded liberty
Rove as he list——
I find it : for ev'n now I've had a Feast,
Of which a God might covet for a Taste.
Methinks I yet——
See with what soft Devotion in her Eyes
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice.
Oh how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay !
Like too-near Sweets they took my sense away ; }
And I even lost the pow'r to reach at Joy. }
But those cross Witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far :
As Anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the swellings of the floating Tide.
How wretched then's the Man, who though alone }
He thinks he's blest, yet as confin'd to one, }
Is but at best a Pris'ner on a Throne.

To him King attended, Posa, Gomez.

King. Ye mighty Pow'rs, whose Substitutes we are,
On whom y've layn of Earth the Rule and Care,
Why all our Toils do you reward with Ill,
And to those weighty Cares add greater still?
Or how could I your Deities enrage,
That bless'd my Youth, thus to afflict my Age?
A Queen and a Son's Incest! dismal Thought!

D. J. What is't so soon his Majesty has brought
From the soft Arms of his young Bride?

{ To Go-
mez.

King. — Ay true.
Is she not, *Austria*, young and charming too?
Dost thou not think her to a wonder fair?
Tell me—

D. J. — By Heav'n more bright than Planets are;
Her Beautie's force might ev'n their pow'r out-doe.

King. Nay she's as false, and as unconstant too.
Oh *Austria*, that a Form so outward bright,
Should be within all dark and ugly Night!
For she, to whom I'd dedicated all
My Love, that dearest Jewel of my Soul,
Takes from its shrine the precious Relique down,
T'adorn a little Idol of her own,
My Son! that Rebel both to Heav'n and me!
Oh the distracting Throes of Jealousie!
But as a drowning wretch just like to sink,
Seeing him that threw him in upon the brink;
At the third plunge lays hold upon his Foe,
And tugs him down into destruction too:
So thou from whom these Miseries I've known,
Shalt bear me out again, or with me drown.

{ Seizes roughly
on Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait
All the Successes of my Sovereign's fate.
What is't, Great Sir, you wou'd command me?

King. How? —
—What is't? — I know not what I'd have thee doe:
Study Revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

D. J. Alas! what Frenzy does your temper haunt?
Revenge! On whom!

King. On my false Queen and Son.

R. Go. On them! good Heav'n! what is't that they have done?
Oh had my Tongue been curst e're it had bred
This Jealousie—

[half aside.

King. — Then cancel what thou'st said.

Didst

Didst thou not tell me, that thou saw'st him stand
Printing soft Vows in Kisses on her hand;
Whilst in requital she such Glances gave,
Would quicken a dead Lover in his Grave?

R. Go. I did; and what less could the Queen allow
To him, than you to every Vassal show?
Th' affording him that little from Love's store,
Imply'd that she for you reserv'd much more.

King. Oh, doubtless she must have a wondrous store
Of Love, that sells it at a rate so poor.
Now thou'dst rebate my Passion with advice;
And when thou shouldst be active, wouldst be wise.
No, lead me where I may their Incest see,
Do, or by Heav'n——do, and I'll worship thee!
Oh how my Passions drive me to and fro!
Under their heavy weight I yield and bow.
But I'll regather yet my strength and stand
Brandishing all my Thunder in my hand.

Posa. And may it be sent forth, and where it goes
Light fatally and heavy on your Foes.
But let your Loyal Son and Comfort bear
No ill, since they of any guiltless are.
Here with my Sword Defiance I proclaim
To that bold Traitor that dares wrong their fame.

D. J. I too dare with my life their Cause make good.

King. Sure well their innocence y'ave understood,
That you so prodigal are of your Blood.
Or wouldst thou speak me Comfort? I would find
Mongst all my Counsellours at least one kind.
Yet any thing like that I must not hear,
(For so my Wrongs I should too tamely bear)
And weakly grow my own flatterer.

Posa, Withdraw——— [Exit Posa.
My Lords, all this y'ave heard.

R. Go. Yes, I observ'd it, Sir, with strict regard.
The young Lord's friendship was too great to hide.

King. Is he then so to my false Son ally'd?
I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all
My Fate's unhappy Engines plot my Fall.
Like *Cæsar* in the Senate, thus I stand,
Whilst Ruin threatn'd him on every hand.
From each side he had warning he must die;
Yet still he brav'd his Fate, and so will I.
To strive for ease would but add more to Pain.
As Streams, that beat against their Banks in vain,
Retreating swell into a flood again.

No, I'll do things the World shall quake to hear
 My Just Revenge so true a Stamp shall bear;
 As henceforth Heav'n it self shall emulate,
 And copy all its Vengeance out by that.
 All but *Rui-Gomez* I must have withdrawn,
 I've something to discourse with him alone.

[*Ex. Gomez pretor K. and Gomez.*]

Now, *Gomez*, on thy Truth depends thy Fate,
 Thou'st wrought my sense of Wrong to such a height,
 Within my Breast it will no longer stay,
 But grows each minute till it force its way.
 I would not find my self at last deceiv'd.

R. Go. Nor would I 'gainst your Reason be believ'd,
 Think, Sir, your Jealousie to be but fear
 Of losing Treasures which you hold so dear.
 Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent:
 I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King. Meant! What should Looks and Sighs and Pressings mean?
 No, no; I need not hear it o'er again.
 No repetitions—something must be done.
 Now there's no ill I know that I would shun.
 I'll fly, till them I've in their Incest found,
 Full charg'd with Rage, and with my Vengeance hot;
 Like a Granado from a Canon shot,
 Which lights at last upon the Enemies ground,
 Then breaking deals Destruction all around. [*Ex. King.*]

R. Go. So now his Jealousie is at the top,
 Each little Blast will serve to keep it up.
 But stay, there's something I've omitted yet,
Posa's my Enemy: and true, he's great.
 Alas, I'm arm'd 'gainst all that he can do;
 For my Snare's large enough to hold him too.
 Yet I'll disguise that purpose for a while:
 But when he with the rest is caught ith' Toil,
 I'll boldly out, and wanton in the Spoil.

Enter Posa.

Posa. My Lord *Rui-Gomez*! and the King not here!
 You, who so eminent a Favourite are
 In a King's Eye, should ne're be absent thence.

R. Go. No, Sir, 'tis you that by a rising Prince
 Are cherish'd, and so tread a safer way,
 Rich in that Bliss the World waits to enjoy.

Posa. Since what may bless the World we ought to prize,

I wish

I wish there were no public Enemies:
No lurking Serpents, Poison to dispence,
Nor Wolves, to prey on noble innocents;
No Flatt'ers that with Royal Goodness sport,
Those stinking Weeds that over-run a Court.

R. Go. Nay, if good Wishes any thing could do,
I have as earnest Wishes, Sir, as you
That though perhaps our King enjoys the best
Of Power, yet may he still be doubly blest
May he —————

Posa. Nay, Gomez, you shall ne're out-dome there;
Since for Great Philip's good, I would you were
(If possible) more Honest than you are.

R. Go. Why, Posa; what defect can you discern?

Posa. Nay, half your Mysteries I'm yet so learn,
Though this I'll boldly justifie to all,
That you contrive a generous Prince's Fall. [Gom. smiles.
Nay, think not by your smiles, and careless port,
To laugh it off: I come not here to sport.
I do not, Sir.

R. Go. Young Lord, what meaning has
This Heat?

Posa. To let you see I know y^rare Base.

R. Go. Nay then I pardon ask that I did smile:
By Heav'n I thought y^rhad jested all this while,
Base! —————

Posa. Yes more Base than impotent or old!
All Virtue in thee, like thy Blood runs cold:
Thy rotten putrid Carcass is less full
Of Rancor and Contagion than thy Soul:
Ev'n now before the King I saw it plain;
But Duty to that Presence w'd me then;
Yet there I dar'd thy Treason with my Sword:
But still —————

Thy Villany talk'd all; Courage had not a word.
True, thou art old: yet if thou hast a Friend,
To whom thy cursed Cause thou dar'st commend;
'Gainst him in publick I'll the Innocence
Maintain of the fair Queen and injur'd Prince.

R. Go. Farewell, bold Champion ————
Learn better how your Passions to disguise,
Appear less cholerick, and be more wise. [Exit R. Go.

Posa. How frail is all the Glory we design,
Whilst such as these have power to undermine?
Unhappy Prince! who might'st have safely stood,
If thou hadst been less Great, or not so Good.

Why the vile Monster's blood did I not shed,
 And all the Vengeance draw on my own head?
 My Honour so had had this just defence,
 That I preserv'd my Patron and my Prince,
 Brave Carlos: ha! he's here. O Sir, take heed,
 By an unlucky Fate your Love is led.
 The King, the King your Father's jealous grown,
 Forgetting her his Queen, or you his Son,
 Calls all his Vengeance up against you both.

{ Enter Carlos
 and Queen.

D. Car. Has then the false Rui-Gomez broke his Oath?
 And, after all, my Innocence betray'd?

Posa. Yes, all his subtlest Snares are for you laid.
 The King within this minute will be here,
 And you are ruin'd, if but seen with Her.
 Retire, my Lord.

Queen. How! is he jealous grown?
 I thought my Virtue he had better known,
 His unjust Doubts have soon found out the way,
 To make their entry on our Marriage-day:
 For yet he has not with me known a Night:
 Perhaps his Tyranny is his delight,
 And to such height his Cruelty is grown,
 He'd exercise it on his Queen and Son.
 But since, my Lord, this time we must obey
 Our Interest, I beg you would not stay.
 Not seeing you, he may to me be just.

D. Car. Should I then leave you, Madam?

Queen. Yes, you must.

D. Car. Not then when Storms against your Virtue rise.
 No, since to lose you, wretched Carlos dies,
 He'll have the Honour of it, in your Cause:
 This is the noblest thing that Fate could do,
 She thus abates the rigour of her Laws,
 Since 'tis some Pleasure but to die for you.

Queen. Talk not of Death, for that ev'n Cowards dare,
 When their base Fears compel 'em to despair.
 Hope's the far noble Passion of the Mind.
 Fortune's a Mistress that's with Caution kind;
 Knows that the Constant merit her alone,
 They who, though she seem froward, yet court on.

D. Car. To wretched minds thus still some Comfort gleams:
 And Angels ease our Griefs, though but with Dreams.
 I have too oft already been deceiv'd,
 And the Cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.
 You, Madam, bid me go.

Queen. You must.

{ Looking earnestly
 at the Queen.

Posa.

Posa. You shall.

Alas, I Love you, would not see you fall :
And yet may find some way t'evade it all.

D. Car. Thou, *Posa*, ever wert my truest Friend ;
I almost wish thou wert not now so kind.
Thou of a thing that's lost tak'st too much care.
And you fair Angel, too indulgent are.
Great my despair ; yet still my Love is higher.
Well—in obedience to you I'll retire.
Though during all the Storm I will be nigh,
Where if I see the Danger grow too high,
To save you, Madam, I'll come forth and die.

[To the Queen.

}

[Exit D. Car.

Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have guest that this had ever } *Seeing Posa*
(been ? } *and the*
} *Queen.*

Distraction ! where shall my Revenge begin ?
Why, he's the very Bawd to all their Sin ;
And to disguise it, put's on Friendship's mask.
But his Dispatch, *Rui-Gomez*, is thy Task.
With him pretend some private Conference,
And under that Disguise seduce him hence,
Then in some place fit for the deed, impart
The bus'ness by a Ponyard to his Heart.

R. Go. 'Tis done.——

King. So, Madam——

[Steps to the Queen.

Queen.———By the Fury in your Eyes,
I understand you come to tyrannize.
I hear you are already Jealous grown,
And dare suspect my Virtue with your Son.

King. Oh Woman kind ! thy Myst'ries who can scan,
Too deep for easie weak believing Man ?
Hold, let me look : Indeed y'are wondrous fair.
So on the out-side *Sodom's* Apples were :
And yet within, when open'd to the view,
Not half so dang'rous, or so foul as you.

Queen. Unhappy wretched Woman that I am !
And you unworthy of a Husband's name !
Do you not blush ?———

King. Yes, Madam, for your shame.
Blush too my Judgment e're should prove so faint,
To let me chuse a Devil for a Saint.
When first I saw and lov'd that tempting Eye,
The Fiend within the Flame I did not spy ;

But

But still ran on and cherish'd my Desires,
 For Heav'nly Beams mistook Infernal fires:
 Such raging Fires, as you since thought fit
 Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth should meet.
 Oh Vengeance, Vengeance! ———

Queen. ——— Poor ungen'rous King!
 How mean's the Soul from which such Thoughts must spring!
 Was it for this I did so late submit,
 To let you whine and languish at my Feet;
 When with false Oaths you did my Heart beguile,
 And profer'd all your Empire for a Smile?
 Then, then my Freedom 'twas I did resign,
 Though you still swore you would preserve it mine.
 And still it shall be so, for from this hour
 I vow to hate, and never see you more.
 Nay, frown not, *Philip*, for you soon shall know
 I can resent and rage as well as you.

King. By Hell her Pride's as raging as her Lust.
 A Guard there ——— Seize the Queen ——— [Enter Guard.

Enter Carlos, and Intercepts the Guards.

D. Car. ——— Hold, Sir, be just.
 First look on me, whom once you call'd your Son;
 A Title I was always proud to own.

King. Good Heav'n! to merit this, what have I done,
 That he too dares before my sight appear?

D. Car. Why, Sir, where is the cause that I should fear?
 Bold in my Innocence, I come to know
 The reason, why you use this Prince's so?

King. Sure I shall find some way to raise this Siege:
 He talks as if 'twere for his Privilege.
 Foul Ravisher of all my Honour, hence.
 But stay: Guards with the Queen secure the Prince,
 Wherefore in my Revenge should I be slow?
 Now in my reach, I'll dash 'em at a Blow.

*Enter D. John of Austria, Eboli and Henrietta,
 Garcia.*

D. J. I come, Great Sir, with wonder here, to see
 Your Rage grown up to this extremity
 Against your Beauteous Queen, and Loyal Son,
 What is't that they to merit Chains have done?
 Or is't your own wild Jealousie alone?

King.

King. O *Aufria*, thy vain Enquiry cease,
If thou hast any value for thy Peace.

My mighty Wrongs so loud an accent bear;
'Twould make thee miserable but to hear.

D. Car. Father, if I may dare to call you so,
Since now I doubt if I'm your Son or no:
As you have seal'd my doom I may complain.

King. Will then that Monster dare to speak again?

D. Car. Yes: dying men should not their thoughts disguise;
And since you take such Joy in Cruelties;
E're of my death the new delight begin,
Be pleas'd to hear how Cruel You have been.
Time was that we were smil'd on by our Fate,
You not Unjust, nor I unfortunate.

Then, then, I was your Son, and you were glad
To hear my early praise was talk'd abroad.

Then Loves dear sweets you to me would display,
Told me where this rich Beauteous Treasure lay,
And how to gain't instructed me the way.

I came and saw, and lov'd, and blest you for't.
But then when Love had seal'd her to my heart,
You violently tore her from my side:

And cause my Bleeding Wound I could not hide,
But still some pleasure to behold her took;
You now will have my life but for a look.

Wholly forgetting all the pains I bore,
Your heart with envious Jealousie boyls o're,
Cause I can love no less, and you no more.

Hen. Alas! how can you hear his soft Complaint,
And not your hardned stubborn heart relent?
Turn, Sir, survey that comely awful man,
And to my Pray'rs be cruel if you can.

King. Away, deluder: who taught thee to sue?

Eboli. Loving the Queen, what is't she less can do,
Than lend her aid against the dreadful storm?

King. Why can the Devil dwell too in that form?
This is their little Engine by the by,
A scout to watch and tell, when danger's nigh.

Come pretty sinner Thou'lt inform me all,
How, where, and when, nay do not fear—you shall.

Hen. Ah, Sir, Unkind! —————

King. ————— Now hold thy Syrens Tongue.
Who would have thought there were a Witch so young?

D. J. Can you to suing Beauty stop your Ears?

Heav'n

Heav'n layes its Thunder by, and gladly hears
When Angels are become Petitioners.

{ Takes up Hen.
and makes his
address to her.

Eboli. Ha! what makes *Austria* so officious there!
That glance seems as it sent his heart to her.

{ Aside to
Garcia.

D. Car. A Banquet then of blood since you design,
Yet you may satishe your self with mine.
I love the Queen, I have confest 'tis true:
Proud too to think I love her more than you;
Though she by Heav'n is clear—but I indeed
Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed.
There were no lawless thoughts that I did want,
Which Love had pow'r to ask or Beauty grant,
Tho' I ne're yet found hopes to raise 'em on,
For she did still preserve her Honours Throne:
And dash the bold aspiring Devils down.
If to her Cause you do not credit give,
Fondly against your happiness you'l strive,
As some lose Heav'n, because they won't believe.

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Queen. Whilst, Prince, my preservation you design,
Blot not your Virtue to add more to mine.
The clearness of my Truth I'd not have shown,
By any other light besides its Own.
No, Sir, he through despair all this has said,
And owns Offences which he never made.
Why should you think that I would do you wrong?
Must I needs be Unchast, because I'm young?

King. Unconstant wav'ring heart, why heav'lt thou so?
I shiver all, and know not what I do.
I who e're now have Armies led to fight,
Thought War a Sport, and danger a delight:
Whole Winter nights stood under Heav'n's wide roof
Daring my Foes: now am not Beauty proof.
Oh turn away those Basilisks thy Eyes,
Th' Infection's fatal, and who sees 'em, dyes.

[Goes away.

Queen. Oh, do not flie me; I have no design
Upon your life, for you may yet save mine.
Or if at last I must my breath submit,
Here take it, 'tis an Off'ring at your feet.
Will you not look on me, my dearest Lord?

[Kneels.

King. Why? would'st thou live? —————

Queen. Yes, if you'l say the word.

D. Car. Oh Heav'n! how coldly and unmov'd he sees
A praying Beauty prostrate on her Knees!
Rise, Madam —————

[Steps to take her up.
King.

King.——Bold Encroacher, touch her not:
 Into my Breast her Glances thick are shot.
 Not true!——stay, let me see,——By Heav'n thou art *{ Looks earnest-
 ——A false vile Woman——Oh my foolish Heart! ly on her.*
 I give thee Life——But from this time refrain,
 And never come into my sight again:
 Be banish'd ever.——

Queen. This you must not do,
 At least till I have convinc'd you I am True.
 Grant me but so much time, and when that's done,
 If you think fit for ever I'll be gone.

King. I've all this while been angry, but in vain;
 She heats me first, then stroaks me tame again.
 Oh, were thou true, how happy should I be!
 Think'st thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
 No, all my Kingdom for the Bliss I'd give:
 Nay, though it were not so, but to believe.
 Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite.

Queen. I would not, Sir, deceive you if I might.
 But if you'll take my Oaths; by all above,
 'Tis You, and only You that I will love.

King. Thus as a Mariner that sails along,
 With pleasure hears th' enticing Siren's Song,
 Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,
 Boldly leaps in, though certain to be drown'd.
 Come to my Bosom then, make no delay:
 My Rage is hush'd, and I have room for Joy.

*{ Takes her in
 his Arms.*

Queen. Agen you'll think that I unjust will prove.

King. No, thou art all o're Truth, and I all Love.
 Oh that we might for ever thus remain
 In folded Arms, and never part again!

Queen. Command me any thing, and try your Pow'r.

King. Then from this minute ne're see Carlos more.
 Thou Slave, that dar'st do ill with such a port,
 For ever here I banish thee my Court.

Within some Cloister lead a private life;
 That I may love and rule without this strife.
 Here *Eboli*, receive her to thy Charge:
 The Treasure's precious, and the Trust is large.
 Whilst I retiring hence, my self make fit
 To wait for Joys, which are too fierce to meet.

[Exit King.

D. Car. My exile from his presence I can bear
 With pleasure: But, no more to look on her!
 Oh 'tis a dreadful Curse I cannot bear.
 No, Madam, all his Pow'r shall nothing do:
 I'll stay and take my Banishment from You.

Do You command me, see how far I'll fly.

Queen. Will Carlos be at last my Enemy?
Consider, this Submission I have shown,
More to preserve your Safety than my own.
Ungratefully you needless ways devise,
To lose a Life which I so dearly prize.

D. Car. So, now her Fortune's made, and I am left
Alone, a naked Wanderer to shift.

Madam, you might have spar'd the Cruelty;
Blest with your Sight I was prepar'd to die.

But now to lose it drives me to Despair,
Making me wish to die, and yet not dare.

Well, to some solitary shoar I'll roam,
And never more into your presence come,
Since I already find I'm troublesome.

[*Aside.*
To the
Queen.

[*is going.*

Queen. Stay, Sir, yet stay:—you shall not leave me so.

D. Car. Ha?—

Queen.—I must talk with you before you go,
Oh Carlos how unhappy is our state?

How foul a Game was play'd us by our Fate?

Who promis'd fair when we did first begin,

Will envying to see us like to win,

Straight fell to cheat; and threw the false Lot in.

My Vows to you I now remember all.

D. Car. Oh Madam, I can hear no more.—

Queen.—You shall.—

[*Kneels.*
[*Kneels too.*

For I can't chuse but let you know, that I,
If you'll resolve on't, yet will with you die.

D. Car. Sure nobler Gallantry was never known.

Good Heav'n! This Blessings is too much for one.

No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.

My Father, all my Foes I now forgive.

Queen. Nay, Sir, by all our Loves I charge you live.

But to what Country, wheresoe'er you go,

Forget not Me, for I'll remember You.

D. Car. Shall I such Vertue and such Charms forget?
No, never.—

Queen.—Oh that we had never met,

But in our distant Climates still been free!

I might have heard of You, and you of Me:

So towards Happiness more safely mov'd;

And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.

What makes you look so wildly?—Why d'you start?

D. Car. A faint cold Damp is thick'ning round my heart.

Queen. What shall we do?—

D. Car.—Do any thing but part.

Or stay so long till my poor Soul expires
In view of all the Glory it admires.

Eboli. In such a Lover how might I be blest!
Oh were I of that noble heart possess,
How soft, how easie would I make his bands!
But, Madam, you forgot the Kings Commands:
Longer to stay, your Dangers you'll renew.

[*Aside.*

{*To the Queen.*

D. Car. Ah Princess! Lovers Pains you never knew;
Or what it is to part, as we must do.
Part too for ever——

After one minute, never more to stand
Fixt on those Eyes, or pressing this soft Hand.
'Twere but enough to feed one, and not starve:
Yet that is more than I did e're deserve.
Though Fate to us is niggardly and poor,
That from Eternity can't spare one hour.

Queen. If it were had, that hour would soon be gone,
And we should wish to draw another on.
No, rigorous Necessity has made
Us both his Slaves, and now will be obey'd.
Come, let us try the parting blow to bear.
Adieu——

D. Car. Farewel
——I'm fix'd and rooted here,
I cannot stir——

[*Looking at each other.*

Queen. Shall I the way then show?
Now, hold my heart——
——Nay, Sir, why don't you go?

{*Goes to the door, then stops,
and turns back again.*

D. Car. Why do you stay?

Queen. I won't.——

D. Car.————You shall a while
With one Look more my Miseries beguile,
That may support my Heart till you are gone.

[*Kneels.*

Queen. Oh *Eboli*, thy help or I'm undone. [*Takes hold on Eboli.*
Here take it then, and with it too my Life. [*Leans into Eboli's arms.*

D. Car. My Courage with my Tortures is at strife.
Since my Griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,
I'll try to vanquish and out-toil the ill.
Well, Madam, now I'm something hardier grown:
Since I at last perceive you must be gone,
To venture the encounter I'll be bold;
For certainly my Heart will so long hold.
Farewel——Be Happy as y're fair and true.

{*Leads her
to the door.*

Queen. And all Heav'n's kindest Angels wait on You. [*Ex. with Eb.*

D. Car. Thus long I wander'd in Loves crooked way,

By hope's deluding Meteor led astray :
 For e're I've half the dang'rous Desert crost,
 The glimm'ring Light's gone out, and I am lost.

[Exit D. Car.

The End of the Third Act.

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE, *The Anti-Chamber to the Queens Apartment.*

Don Carlos and Posa.

D. Carlos. **T**He next is the Apartment of the Queen :

In vain I try, I must not venture in.

} 'Is going,
 returns.

Thus is it with the Souls of murther'd men ;
 Who to their Bodies would again repair,
 But finding that they cannot enter there,
 Mourning and groaning wander in the Air.
 Robb'd of my Love, and as unjustly thrown
 From all those hopes that promis'd me a Crown,
 My heart, with the dishonour's to me done,
 Is poyson'd, swells too mighty for my Breast :
 But it will break, and I shall be at rest.

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No: Dull Despair this Soul shall never load.

Though Patience be the Virtue of a God :

Gods never feel the Ills that govern here,

Or are above the Injuries we bear.

Father and King ; both Names bear mighty sense :

Yet sure there's something too, in Son and Prince.

I was born high, and will not fall less great.

Since triumph crown'd my Birth ; I'll have my fate

As Glorious and Majestick too as that.

To Flanders, Posa, straight my Letters send,

Tell 'em the injur'd Carlos is their friend :

And that to head their Forces I design ;

So vindicate their Cause, if they dare mine.

}

Posa. To th' Rebels ? —

D. Carl. No, th' are friends, their Cause is just ;

Or, when I make it mine, at least, it must.

Let th' common Rout like Beasts love to be dull,

Whilst

Whilst sordidly they live at ease and full,
Senseless what Honour or Ambition means,
And ignorantly drag their load of Chains.
I am a Prince, have had a Crown in view,
And cannot brook to lose the prospect now.
If th'art my Friend, do not my will delay.

Posa. I'll do't

[Exit *Posa.*

Enter *Eboli.*

Eboli. My Lord.

D. Car. Who calls me?

Eboli. You must stay.

D. Car. What news of fresh Affliction can you bear?

Eboli. Suppose it were the Queen, you'd stay for her.

D. Car. For her? yes, stay an Age, for ever stay;

Stay ev'n till Time it self shou'd pass away.

Fix here a Statue never to remove,

An everlasting Monument of Love.

Though, may a thing so wretched as I am

But the least place in her Remembrance claim?

Eboli. Yes, if you dare believe me, Sir, you do;

We both can talk of nothing else but You:

Whilst from the Theam ev'n Emulation springs,

Each striving who shall say the kindest things.

D. Car. But from that Charity I poorly live,

Which only pities, and can nothing give.

Eboli. Nothing? propose what 'tis you claim, and I,

For ought you know, may be security.

D. Car. No, Madam, what's my due none e're can pay;

There stands that Angel Honour in the way,

Watching his Charge with never sleeping Eyes,

And stops my entrance into Paradise.

Eboli. What Paradise? what pleasures can you know,

Which are not in my power to bestow?

D. Car. Love, Love, and all those eager melting Charms,

The Queen must yield when in my Father's Arms.

That Queen so Excellently richly fair,

Love, could he come again a Lover here,

Would court Mortality to die for her.

Oh, Madam, take not pleasure to renew

Those Pains, which if you felt, you wou'd not do.

Eboli. Unkindly urg'd: think you no sense I have

Of what you feel? now you may take your leave:

Something I had to say: but let it die.

D. Car. Why, Madam, who has injur'd you? not I.

Eboli. Nay, Sir, your Presence I would not detain.

Alas,

Alas, you do not hear that I complain.
Though could you half of my Misfortunes see,
Methinks you should encline to pity me.

D. Car. I cannot guess what mournful tale you'd tell;
But I am certain you prepare me well.
Speak, Madam. —

Eboli. Say I lov'd, and with a Flame
Which even melts my tender Heart to name:
Lov'd too a man, I will not say ingrate,
Because he's far above my Birth or Fate:
Yet so far he at least does cruel prove,
He prosecutes a dead and hopeless Love,
Starves on a Barren Rock, and won't be blest,
Though I invite him kindly to a Feast.

D. Car. What stupid Animal could senseless lie,
Quickened by Beams from that Illustrious Eye?

Eboli. Nay, to encrease your wonder, you shall know,
That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too,
Till ev'n I blush, as now I tell it you.

D. Car. You neither shall have cause of Shame or Fear,
Whose Secrets safe within my Bosom are.

Eboli. Then farther I the Riddle may explain.
Survey that Face, and blame me if you can.

{ Shows him his
own Picture.

D. Car. Distraction of my Eyes! what have they seen?
'Tis my own Picture which I sent the Queen,
When to her Fame I paid Devotion first,
Expecting Bliss, but lost it: I am curst.
Curst too in thee, who from my Saint dar'st steal
The only Relique left her of my Zeal,
And with the Sacrilege attempt my Heart.
Wert thou more charming than thou think'st thou art,
Almighty Love preserves the Fort for her,
And bids defiance to thy Entrance there.

Eboli. Neglected? scorn'd by Father and by Son?
What a malicious course my Stars have run?

But since I meet with such unlucky Fate
In Love, I'll try how I can thrive in Hate.
My own dull Husband may assist in that.
To his Revenge I'll give him fresh alarms,
And with the gray old wizzard muster Charms.
I have't: thanks, thanks Revenge: Prince, 'tis thy Bane.
Can you forgive me, Sir? I hope you can.
I'll try to recompence, the Wrongs I've done
And better finish what is ill begun.

{
[Aside.

[To Carlos mildly.

D. Car. Madam, you at so strange a rate proceed,

I shall

I shall begin to think you lov'd indeed.

Eboli. No matter ; be but to my Honour true,
As you shall ever find I'll be to you.
The Queen's my Charge, and you may on that score
Presume that you shall see her yet once more.
I'll lead you to those so much worshipt Charms,
And yield you to my happy Rival's Arms.

D. Car. In what a mighty Sum shall I be bound ?
I did not think such Virtue could be found.
Thou Mistress of all best Perfections, stay :
Fain I in gratitude wou'd something say ;
But am too far in debt for Thanks to pay.

3

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. John. Where is that Prince, he whose Afflictions speak
So loud, as all Hearts but his own might break ?

D. Car. My Lord, What Fate has left me, I am here,
Mere Man, of all my Comfort stript and bare.
Once, like a Vine I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening Hopes that spoke me strong :
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters and my Branches gone.

D. John. Amongst those Numbers which your Wrongs deplore,
Than me there's none that can resent 'em more.
I feel a generous Grudging in my breast,
To see such Honour, and such Hopes oppress.
The King your Father is my Brother, true ;
But I see more that's like my self in You.
Free-born I am, and not on him depend,
Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my Friend.
And if that Title you think fit to bear,
Accept the Confirmation of it here.

[Embrace.]

D. Car. From you, to whom I'm by such Kindness ty'd,
The Secrets of my Soul I will not hide.
This generous Princess has her Promise giv'n,
I once more shall be brought in sight of Heav'n ;
To the fair Queen my last Devotion pay :
And then for Flanders I intend my way.
Where to th' insulting Rebels I'll give Law,
To keep my self from Wrongs, and them in Awe.

D. John. Prosperity to the Design, 'tis good ;
Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.

D. Car. My Lord, your spreading Glories flourish high,
Above the reach or shock of Destiny ;
Mine early nipt-like Buds untimely die.

3

Enter

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offic. My Lord, I grieve to tell what you must hear;
They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
Which are to guard you as a Prisoner.

D. Car. A Pris'ner? what new game of Fate's begun?
Henceforth be ever curs'd the name of Son,
Since I must be a Slave because I'm one.
Duty! to whom? He's not my Father: no:
Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go;
Tell him his Fury drives too much one way;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

D. John. If ask'd by whose Commands you did decline
Your Orders, tell my Brother, 'twas by mine. [*Ex. Officer.*]

D. Car. Now were I certain it would sink me quite,
I'd see the Queen once more, though but in spite,
Though He with all his Fury were in place,
I wou'd caress and court her to his face.
Oh that I could this minute die, if so
What he had lost he might too lately know,
Cursing himself to think what he has done:
For I was ever an obedient Son;
With pleasure all his Glories saw, when young,
Look'd, and with pride considering whence I sprung;
Joyfully under him and free I play'd,
Baskt in his Shine, and wanton'd in his Shade——
But now——

Cancelling all what e're he then conferr'd,
He thrusts me out among the common Herd:
Nor quietly will there permit my stay,
But drives and hunts me like a Beast of prey.
Affliction! O affliction! 'tis too great,
Nor have I ever learnt to suffer yet,
Though Ruin at me from each side take aim,
And I stand thus encompass'd round with Flame;
Though the devouring fire approaches fast;
Yet will I try to plunge: if power wast,
I can at worst but sink, and burn at last.

} [*Ex. D. Carlos.*]

D. John. Go on, pursue thy Fortune while 'tis hot:
I long for work where Honour's to be got.

*But, Madam, to this Prince you're wond'rous kind.

Eboli. You are not less to *Henriet*. I find,

D. John. Why, she's a Beauty, tender, young, and fair.

Eboli. I thought I might in Charms have equall'd her.

You told me once my Beauty was not less.
Is this your Faith? are these your Promises?

D. John.

D. John. You would seem jealous, but are crafty grown ?
Tax me of Falshood, to conceal your own,
Go, y'are a Woman——

Eboli. Yes, I know I am :
And by my Weakness do deserve that name.
When Heart and Honour I to you resign'd.
Would I were not a Woman, or less kind.

D. John. Think you your Falshood was not plainly seen ;
When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen ?
Too well I saw it : how did you dispence
In Looks your Pity to th' afflicted Prince ?
Whilst I my Duty paid the King, your time
You watcht, and fixt your melting eyes on him,
Admir'd him——

Eboli. Yes, Sir, for his Constancie——
But 'twas with pain, to think you false to me,
When to another's Eyes you Homage paid,
And my true Love wrong'd and neglected laid.
Wrong'd too so far as nothing can restore.

D. John. Nay, then let's part, and think of Love no more.
Farewel——

[*D. J.* is going.]

Eboli. Farewel, if y'are resolv'd to go.
Inhumane *Austria*, can you leave me so ?
Enough my Soul is by your Falshood rackt :
Add not to your Inconstancie Neglect.
Methinks you so far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.

D. John. If e're you lov'd, 'tis you, not I forget.
For a Remove 'tis here too deeply set,
Firm rooted, and for ever must remain.
Why thus unkind ?——

[*Eboli turns away.*]

Eboli. Why are you jealous then ?

[*Turns to him.*]

D. John. Come, let it be no more ! I'm husht and still !
Will you Forgive ?

Eboli. How can you doubt my will !
I do.

D. John. Then send me not away unblest.

Eboli. Till your Return I will not think of Rest.
Carlos will hither suddenly repair.
The next Apartment's mine ; I'll wait you there.
Farewell.

[*Eboli seems to weep.*]

D. John. O do not let me see a Tear ;
It quenches Joy, and stifles Appetite.
Like War's fierce God upon my Bliss I'd prey ;
Who, from furious Toils of Arms all day,
Returning home to Love's fair Queen at night,

Comes riotous and hot with full Delight—— [Exit D. John.

Eboli. H' has reapt his Joys, and now he would be free,
And to effect it puts on Jealousie.
But I'm as much a Libertine as he ;
As fierce my Will, as furious my Desires.
Yet will I hold him: Though Enjoyment tires,
Though Love and Appetite be at the best,
He'll serve, as common Meats fill up a Feast,
And look like Plenty, though we never taste.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Old Lord; I bring thee News will make thee young.

R. Go. Speak; there was always Musick in thy Tongue.

Eboli. Thy foes are tott'ring, and the Day's thy own:
Give 'em but one Lift now, and they go down.
Quickly to th' King, and all his Doubts renew:
Appear disturb'd, as if you something knew
Too difficult and dang'rous to relate,
Then bring him hither labouring with the weight.
I will take care that *Carlos* shall be here:
So for his jealous Eyes a sight prepare,
Shall prove more fatal than *Medusa's* Head,
And he more Monster seem than she e're made.

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!
When shall I get th' Usurper dispossess?
My Thoughts, like Birds when frightened from their rest,
Around the place, where all was hush'd before,
Flutter; and hardly settle any more——

Ha, *Gomez*! what art thou thus musing on?

[Sees Gomez.]

R. Go. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son.
What mighty Cares, and what tempestuous Strife
Attend on an unhappy Father's life.
How Children Blessings seem, but Torments are;
When young our Folly, and when old our Fear.

King. Why dost thou bring these odd Reflections here?
Thou enviest sure the Quiet which I bear.

R. Go. No, Sir, I Joy i'th' Ease which you possess,
And wish you never may have cause for less.

King. Have cause for less! come nearer: thou art sad,
And look'st as thou wouldst tell me that I had.

Now, now I feel it rising up again——

Speak quickly, where is *Carlos*? where the Queen?

What

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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3
3

What not a word? have my Wrongs struck thee dumb?
Or art thou sworn and labouring with my Doom,
Yet dar'st not let the fatal Secret come?

R. Go. Heav'n great Infirmities to Age allots:
I'm old and have a thousand doting Thoughts.
Seek not to know 'em, Sir.

King. By Heav'n I must.

R. Go. Nay, I wou'd not be by compulsion just.

King. Yet, if without it you refuse, you shall.

R. Go. Grant me then one Request, I'll tell you all.

King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

R. Go. It is that you wou'd here forgive your Son,
For all his past Offences to this hour.

King. Th'hast almost ask'd a thing beyond my pow'r.
But so much Goodness i'th' Request I find,
Spite of my self I'll for thy sake be kind.

His Pardon's seal'd : the Secret now declare.

R. Go. Alas! 'tis only that I saw him here. —

King. Where? with the Queen! Yes, yes, 'tis so I'm sure.
Never were Wrongs so great as I endure.

So great, that they are grown beyond Complaint,
For half my Patience might have made a Saint.

Oh Woman! Monstrous Woman!

Did I for this into my Breast receive

The promising repenting Fugitive?

But, *Gomez*, I will throw her back again;

And thou shalt see me smile, and tear her then.

I'll crush her Heart, where all the Poison lies,

Till, when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.

R. Go. They the best method of Revenge pursue,

Who so contrive that it may Justice shew;

Stay till their Wrongs appear at such a head,

That Innocence may have no room to plead,

Your Fury, Sir, at least a while delay,

I guess the Prince may come agen this way.

Here I'll withdraw, and watch his Privacy.

King. And when he's fixt, be sure bring word to me.

Till then, I'll bridle Vengeance, and retire,

Within my Breast suppress this angry Fire,

Till to my Eyes my Wrongs themselves display;

Then, like a Faulcon, gently cut my way,

And with my Pounces seize th'unwary Prey.

[Exit King.]

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. I've over-heard the Business with delight,
And find Revenge will have a Feast to night.
Though thy declining years are in their wane,
I can perceive there's Youth still in thy Brain.
Away : The Queen is coming hither.

[Exit R. Go.

Enter Queen, and Women. Henrietta.

Queen.——Now
To all Felicity a long adieu :
Where are you, *Eboli* ?

Eboli.——Madam, I'm here.

Queen. Oh how fresh Fears assault me every-where !
I hear that *Carlos* is a Prisoner made.

Eboli. No, Madam, he the Orders disobey'd ;
And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends,
To head the Rebels, whom he styles his Friends.
But ere he goes, by me does humbly sue,
That he may take his last Farewell of you.

Queen. Will he then force his Destiny at last ?
Hence quickly to him, *Eboli*, make haste :
Tell him, I beg his Purpose he'd delay.
Or if that can't his Resolution stay,
Say I have sworn not to survive the hour
In which I hear that he has left this Shoar.
Tell him, I've gain'd his Pardon of the King.
Tell him——to stay him——tell him any thing.——

Eboli. One word from you his Duty would restore :
And though you promis'd ne're to see him more,
Methinks you might upon so just a score.
But see he's here——

Enter Don Carlos.

D. Car. Run out of breath by Fate,
And persecuted by a Father's Hate,
Wear'd with all, I panting hither fly,
To lay my self down at your feet and die.

Queen. Oh too unhappy *Carlos* ! yet unkind ?
Gainst you what Harms have ever I design'd,
That you should with such violence decree,
Ungratefully at last to murder me ?

D. Car. Pour all thy Curses, Heav'n, upon this Head,

{ Kneels and kisses
her Hands.

For

For I've the worst of Vengeance merited,
That yet I impudently live to hear
My self upbraided of a Wrong to her.
Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd ?
Or have I Snares t'entrap your Vertue laid ?
Tell me : if not, why do you then upbraid ?

[He rises.

}

Queen. You will not know th' Afflictions which you give.
Was't not my last request, that you wou'd live ?
I by our Vows conjur'd it ; but I see,
Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
Regardless, your own Ruine you design,
Though you are sure to purchase it with mine.

D. Car. I, as you bad me live, obey'd with pride ;
Though it was harder far than to have d'd.
But loss of Liberty my life disdains :
These Limbs were never made to suffer Chains.
My Father should have singl'd out some Crown,
And bidden me go conquer't for my own :
He should have seen what *Carlos* would have done.
But to prescribe my Freedom, sink me low
To base Confinement, where no Comforts flow :
But black Despair that foul Tormentor lies :
With all my present load of Miseries,
Was to my Soul too violent a Smart,
And rous'd the sleeping Lion in my Heart.

}

Queen. Yet then be kind ; your angry Father's Rage,
I know, the least Submission will assuage.
You're hot with Youth, He's Cholerick with Age.
To him, and put a true Obedience on ;
Be humble ; and express your self a Son.
Carlos, I beg it of you : will you not ?

}

D. Car. Methinks 'tis very hard ; but yet I'll do't.
I must obey whatever you prefer,
Knowing y'are all Divine, and cannot Err.
For if my Doom's unalt'erable, I shall
This way at least with less Dishonour fall :
And Princes less my Tameness thus condemn,
When I for You shall suffer, though by Him.

Queen. In my Apartment farther we'll debate
Of this, and for a happy issue wait.
Your presence there he cannot disapprove,
When it shall speak your Duty, and my Love.

} Exit Car.
and Queen.

Enter

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Eboli. Now, *Gomez*, Triumph : all is ripe : the Toil
Has caught 'em, and Fate saw it with a smile.
Thus far the Work of Destiny was mine ;
But I'm content the Master-piece be thine.
Away to th' King, prepare his Soul for Blood ;
A Mystery thou well hast understood :
Whilst I go rest within a Lover's Arms,
And to my *Austria* lay out all my Charms.

[Aside. Exit.

R. Go. Fate open now thy Book, and set 'em down :
I have already markt 'em for thy own.

Enter King, and Posa at a distance.

My Lord the King.

King. *Gomez* ?

R. Go. The same.

King. Hast seen

The Prince ?

R. Go. I have.

King. Where is he ?

R. Go. With the Queen.

King. Now ye that dwell in everlasting Flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongst your Presidents there e're
Was seen a Son like him, or Wife like her.
Hark, *Gomez*, didst not hear th' Infernals groan ?
Hush Hell a little, and they are thy own.

Posa. Who should these be ? the King and *Gomez* sure. *{ at a di-*
Methinks I wish that *Carlos* were secure. *stance.*

For *Flanders* his Dispatches I've prepar'd.

King. Who's there ? 'Tis *Posa*, Pander to their *{ drawing near*
(Lust. *{ to Posa.*

Now, *Gomez*, to his Heart thy Dagger thrust :
In the pursuit of Vengeance drive it far ;
Strike deep, and, if thou canst, wound *Carlos* there.

R. Go. I'll do't as close as happy Lovers kiss :
May he strike mine, if of his Heart I miss.

Thus, Sir ————— *[Stabs him.*

Posa. Ha, *Gomez* ! Villain ! thou hast done
Thy worst : but yet I would not die alone :

Here, Dog ————— *[Stabs at him.*
R. Go.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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R. Go. So brisk? then take it once again. { As they are struggling the dis-
'Twas only, Sir, to put you out of Pain. { patches fall out of Posa's bosom.
[Stabs him again, and Posa falls.

Posa. My Lord the King, (but Life too far is gone,
I faint) be mindful of your Queen and Son. [Dies.

King. The Slave in Death repents, and warns me. Yes,
I shall be very mindful. What are these? { Takes up the
For Flanders! with the Prince's Signet seal'd! { Dispatches.
Here's Villany has yet been unreveal'd.

See, Gomez; Practices against my Crown. [Shows 'em him.
Treason and Lust have join'd to pull me down.
Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy Rock,
Whilst they but split themselves with their own shock.
But I too long delay, give word I come.

R. Go. What, ho! within: the King is nigh, make room.

The SCENE draws, and discovers D. John and
Eboli embracing.

King. Now let me if I can to Fury add,
That when I thunder I may strike 'em dead. [Looking earnestly on 'em.

Ha—— Gomez! on this Truth depends thy Life.

Why, that's our Brother Austria!

R. Go. And my Wife!

Embracing close. Whilst I was busie grown

In others Ruins, here I've met my own.

Oh! had I perish'd e're 'twas understood.

King. This is the Nest where Lust and Falshood brood.
Is it not admirable?——

R. Go. O Sir, yes!

{ Ex. D. John and
Eboli embracing.

Ten Thousand Devils tear the Sorceress——

King. But they are gone, and my Dishonour's near.

Enter Don Carlos and Queen discoursing.

Look, my incestuous Son and Wife appear.

See, Gomez, how she languishes and dies.

'Sdeath! there are very Pulses in her Eyes.

[D. Carlos approaches the King.

D. Car. In Peace Heav'n ever guard the King from Harms;

In War Success and Triumph crown his Arms;

Till all the Nations of the World shall be

Humble and Prostrate at his Feet like me.

[Kneels.

I hear your Fury has my Death design'd.

Though I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind:

Behold

Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
And do not spill that Blood which is your own.

King. Yes, when my Blood grows tainted, I ne're doubt,
But for my Health 'tis good to let it out :
But thine's a Stranger, like thy Soul, to me,
Or else be curs'd thy Mother's memory :
And doubly curs'd be that unhappy Night,
In which I purchas'd Torment with Delight.

D. Car. Thus then I lay aside all rights of Blood. [Rises boldly.]
My Mother curs'd ! she was all Just and Good.
Tyrant ! too good to stay with thee below,
And therefore's blest, and reigns above thee now.
Submission ! which way got it entrance here !

King. Perhaps it came e're Treason was aware.
Thy traiterous Design's now come to light,
Too great and horrid to be hid in night.

See here my Honour and thy Dutie's Stains.
I've paid your Secretary for his pains.
He waits you there, to Council with him go,
Ask what intelligence from *Flanders* now.

{ *Shews the
Dispatches.
Shews Po-
sa's Body.*

D. Car. My Friend here slain, my faithful *Posa* 'tis.
Good Heav'n ! what have I done to merit this ?
What Temples sackt ? what Desolations made,
To pull down such a Vengeance on my Head ?
This, Villain, was thy work : what Friend of thine
Did I e're wrong, that thou should'st murder mine ?
But I'll take care it shall not want Reward——

[To Gomez.]

[Draws.]

King. Courage, my *Gomez*, since thy King's thy Guard.
Come, Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfill.

D. Car. No ; though unjust, you are my Father { Throws away
(still ; his Sword.

And from that Title must your Safety own :
'Tis that which awes my Hand, and not your Crown.
'Tis true, all there contain'd I had design'd :
To such a height your Jealousie was grown,
It was the only way that I could find
To work your Peace, and to procure my own.

King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decrease,
You'd ease me of my Crown to give me Peace.

D. Car. Alas ! you fetch your Misconstructions far,
The Injuries to me, and Wrongs to Her,
Were much too great for Empire to repair.
When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite
Depriv'd me of a Son's and Prince's Right,
Branded my Honour, and pursu'd my Life,
My Duty long with Nature was at strife.

}

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name
 Could suffer by the voice of common Fame ;
 A thing I still esteem'd beneath my Pride :
 For though condemn'd by all the World beside,
 Had you but thought me Just, I could have di'd.
 At last this only way I found, to fly
 Your Anger, and divert your Jealousie——
 To go for *Flanders*, and be so remov'd
 From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd :
 There in your right hoping I might compleat,
 'Spight of my Wrongs, some Action truly great.
 Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear
 Your Hate, and shun that Storm which threaten'd here.

Queen. And can this merit Hate ? he wou'd forgo
 The Joys and Charms of Courts to purchase you ;
 Banish himself, and stem the dang'rous Tide
 Of Lawless Outrage, and Rebellious Pride.

King. How evenly she pleads in his defence !
 So blind is Guilt when 'twou'd seem Innocence.
 She thinks her softness may my Rage disarm,
 No, *Sorceress*, y'are mistaken in your Charm,
 And whilst you sooth, do but assist the Storm.
 Do, take full view of your tall able Slave ;
 Look hard ; it is the last y'are like to have.

{ *Q.* looking
 on Carlos.

D. Car. My Life or Death are in your Pow'r to give.

King. Yes, and thou dy'st.

D. Car. Not till she give me leave.

She is the Star that rules my Destiny :
 And whilst her Aspect's kind, I cannot die.

Queen. No, Prince, for ever live, be ever blest.

King. Yes, I will send him to's eternal Rest.
 Oh ! had I took the Journey long ago,
 I ne're had known the Pains that rack me now.

Queen. What Pains ? what Racks ?

[*approaching him.*

King. Avoid, and touch me not.

I see thee foul, all one incestuous Blot ;
 Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty Face.

Queen. Have I then in your Pity left no place ?

King. Oh ! thus it was you drew me in before,
 With Promises you ne're would see him more.
 But now your subtlest Wiles too weak are grown,
 I've gotten Freedom, and I'll keep my own.

Queen. May you be ever free, but can your Mind
 Conceive that any Ill was here design'd ?
 He hither came onely that he might show
 Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.
 You saw his humble, and dutiful Address.

G

King.

King. But you before-hand sign'd the happy Peace. [Enter Eboli.
Oh Princess, thank you for the Care you take.

Tell me, how got this Monster Entrance? Speak.

Eboli. Heav'n witness 'twas without my knowledge done.

R. Go. No, she had other Business of her own, [Aside,
Oh Blood and Murther!

King. All are false: A Guard. [Enter Guard,
Seize on that Traitour—— [To Carlos.

D. Car. Welcome; I'm prepar'd——

Queen. Stay, Sir, let me die too: I can obey.

King. No, thou shalt live. [Seemingly kind,
By Heav'n, but not a Day. [Aside.

I a Revenge so exquisite have fram'd,
She unrepenting dies, and so she's damn'd.

Henr. If ever Pity could your Heart ingage,
If e're you hope for Blessings on your Age,
Incline your ears to a poor Virgin's Pray'r.

King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair.
What would'st thou say?

Henr. Destroy not in One man
More Vertue than the World can boast again.
View him the eldest Pledge of your first Love,
Your Virgin-Joys: that may some Pity move——

King. No; for the Wrongs I suffer weigh it down:
I'd now not spare his life to save my own.
Away, by thy soft Tongue I'll not be caught.

Henr. By all that Hopes can Frame I beg. If not,
May you by some base hand unpity'd die,
And childless Mothers curse your Memory.
By Honour, Love, by Life——

King. Fond Girl, away.
By Heav'n, I'll kill thee else. Still dar'st thou stay?
Cannot Death terrifie thee?

Henr.———No, for I,
If you refuse me, am resolv'd to die.

D. Car. Kind Fair one, do not waist your Sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a Tear.
There yet for you are mighty Joys in store,
When I in Dust am laid, and seen no more.
Oh Madam!——

[To the Queen.

Queen. Oh my Carlos! must you die
For me? no Mercy in a Father's Eye?

D. Car. Hide, hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A Tendernefs that misbecomes my Heart:
For since I must, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my aid my Manly spirits call.

Queen. You like a Man as roughly as you will

Don Carlos Prince of Spain. 43

May die, but let me be a Woman still. [Weeps.

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst.
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd :
But your great Lord the Devil taught you Pride.
He too an Angel till he durst rebel ;
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on ; a stock of Tears like Vows you have,
And always ready when you wou'd deceive.

Queen. Cruel ! Inhumane ! Oh my Heart ! why shou'd
I throw away a Title that's so good,
On one a stranger to what-e're was so ?
Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to do.
The just resentment of my Wrongs so great,
My spirits sink beneath the heavy weight.
Tyrant, stand off : I hate thee, and will try
If I have Scorn enough to make me die.

{ Ready to sink
with passion.

D. Car. Blest Angel, stay——

[Takes her in his Arms.

Queen. Carlos, The sole Embrace
You ever took, you have before his face.

D. Car. No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous East,
In all the Glories of his Empire drest,
Was ever half so rich, or half so blest.
But from such Bliss how wretched is the fall !
They too like us must die, and leave it all.

}

King. All this before my face ? what Soul could bear't ?
Go force her from him.

[Officers approaches.

D. Car. —— Slave, 'twill cost thy Heart.
Th'adst better meet a Lyon on his way,
And from his hungry Jaws reprice the Prey.
She's Mistress of my Soul, and to prepare
My self for Death, I must consult with her.

R. Go. Have pity——

[Ironically.

King. Hence ! How wretchedly he rules,
That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools.
Oh Torture !——

D. Car. —— Rouze, my Soul, consider now,
That to thy blissful Mansion thou must go.
But I so mighty Joys have tasted here,
I hardly shall have sense of any there.
Oh soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far !
Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends,
Though 'tis presented there by Angels hands.

}

[Leaning on
her Bosom.

King. Still in his Arms ? Cowards, go tear her forth.

D. Car. You'll sooner from its Center shake the Earth.
I'll hold her fast till my last Hour is nigh ;
Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

King. Cut off his hold! or any thing.——

D. Car.—— Ay come;

Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb.

I'd have my Monument erected here,

With broken mangled Limbs still clasping her.

Queen. Hold, and I'll quit his Arms—— [*The Gu. offer their Axes.*

King. Now bear him hence.

[*They part.*

Queen. Oh horrid Tyrant!

[*The Gu. are burying Carlos off.*

Stay, unhappy Prince——

Turn, turn: Oh Torment! must I leave you so?

No, stay, and take me with you where you go.

D. Car. Hark, Slaves, my Goddeſs ſummons me to ſtay.

Dogs! have you Eyes, and can you diſobey?

See her? Oh let me but juſt touch my Blifs. [*Preſſing forward.*

King. By Hell he ſhan't: Slaves, are ye mine, or his?

Queen. My Life——

D. Car.——My Soul, farewell——

Queen.——He's gone, he's gone.

[*Exit Carlos.*

Now, Tyrant, to thy Rage I'm left alone.

Give me my Death, that hate both Life and Thee.

King. I know thou doſt, yet live.

Queen.——Oh Miſery!

Why was I born to be thus curſt? or why

Should Life be forc'd, when 'tis ſo ſweet to die?

{*Throws her ſelf on the floor.*

King. Thou, Woman, haſt been falſe: but to renew [*To Eboli.*

Thy Credit in my heart, aſſiſt me now,

Prepare a draught of Poiſon, ſuch as will

Act ſlow, and by degrees of Torment kill.

Give it the Queen, and to prevent all ſenſe

Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,

And that e're Morning he'll attend her. I

In a Diſguiſe his preſence will ſupply:

So glut my Rage, and ſmiling ſee her die.

Eboli. Your Maſteſty ſhall be obey'd——

R. Go. Do, work thy Miſchiefs to their laſt degree,

And when th'are in their height I'll murder thee.

[*Aside.*

King. Now, Gomez, ply my Rage, and keep it hot;

O're Love and Nature I've the Conqueſt got.

Still charming Beauty triumphs in her eyes,

Yet for my Honour and my Reſt ſhe dies.

{*Looking at the Queen.*

[*Exeunt Queen and Women.*

But, oh! what Eaſe can I expect to get,

When I muſt purchaſe at ſo dear a rate?

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The SCENE ſhuts.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT the Fifth. SCENE the First.

Enter King solus.

King. 'Tis Night : the season when the Happy take
 Repose, and only Wretches are awake :
 Now discontented Ghosts begin their rounds,
 Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholsom Grounds ;
 Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait,
 To frighten 'em with some sad tale of Fate.
 When I would rest, I can no rest obtain :
 The Ills I've born ev'n o're my Slumbers reign,
 And in sad Dreams torment me o're again.
 The fatal Bus'ness is e're this begun :
 I'm shockt, and start to think what I have done.
 But I forget how I that *Philip* am
 So much for Constancy renown'd by Fame.
 Who through the progress of my Life was ne're
 By Hopes transported, or depress'd by Fear.
 No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
 And stedfastness will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter Eboli in a Night-Gown.

Who? *Eboli*?

Eboli. My Lord.

King. Is the Deed done?

Eboli. 'Tis, and the Queen to seek Repose is gone.

King. Can she expect it, who allow'd me none?

No, *Eboli*; her Dreams must be as full
 Of Horror, and as Hellish as her Soul.

Does she believe the Prince has Freedom gain'd?

Eboli. She does.

King. How were the Tidings entertain'd?

Eboli. O're all her Face young wandring Blushes were,
 Such as speak Hopes too weak to conquer Fear. —

But when confirm'd, no Lover e're so kind :

She clasp'd me fast, caress'd, and call'd me Friend.

Which Opportunity I took to give

The Poison ; and till Day she cannot live.

King. Quickly then to her : say that *Carlos* here
 Waits to confirm his Happiness with her.

Go ; that my Vengeance I may finish quite :

'Twould be imperfect should I lose the Sight.

But to contrive that I may not be known,

And she may still mistake me for my Son,

Remove all Light but that which may suffice

To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

Eboli. You'll find her all in ruful Sables clad,
With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect light,
Such as in Vaults assist the ghastly Shade,
Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night.
Thus she resolves to die, or living mourn,
Till *Carlos* shall with Liberty return.

King. Oh stedfast Sin ! incorrigible Lust !
Not damn'd ! it is impossible, she must.
How do I long to see her in her Pains,
The pois'nous Sulphur rowling through her Veins ?

Enter D. John and Attendants.

Who's there ? my Brother ?

D. John. Yes, Sir, and your Friend.
What can your Presence here so late intend ?

King. Oh, *Austria*, Fate's at work ; a Deed's in hand
Will put thy Youthful Courage to a stand.
Survey me ; do I look as heretofore ?

D. John. You look like King of *Spain*, and Lord of Pow'r :
Like one who still seeks Glory on the Wing :
You look as I would do, were I a King.

King. A King ! why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miserable in a Man.

But thou shalt see how calm anon I'll grow :
I'll be as happy and as gay as Thou.

D. John. No, Sir, my happiness you cannot have,
Whilst to your abject Passions thus a Slave.
To know my Ease your Thoughts like mine must bring,
Be something less a Man, and more a King.

King. I'm growing so. 'Tis true, that long I strove
With pleading Nature, combated with Love,
Those Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul so fast ;
But now the date of the Enchantment's past.
Before my Rage like Ruines down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o're 'em all.

D. John. I know your Queen and Son y'ave doom'd to die,
And fear by this the fatal hour is nigh.
Why would you cut a sure Succession off,
At which your Friends must grieve, and Foes will laugh ;
As if since Age has from you took away
Increase, you'd grow malicious and destroy ?

King. Doubt it not, *Austria* ; thou my Brother art,
And in my Blood I'm certain hast a part.
Only the justice of my Vengeance own.
Thou'rt Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son.

D. John. I must confess there in a Crown are Charms,
Which I would count in bloody Fields and Arms :

But in my Nephew's wrong I must decline,
Since he must be extinguish'd e're I shine.
To mount a Throne o're Battlements I'd climb,
Where death should wait on me, not I on him,
Did you e're love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of so brave a Son?

King. I guess'd I should be treated thus before;
I know it is thy Kindness, but no more.
Thou living free, alas! art easie grown,
And think'st all Hearts as honest as thy own.

D. John. Not, Sir, so easie, as I must be bold,
And speak what you perhaps wou'd have untold;
That y'are a Slave to th' vilest that obey,
Such as Disgrace on Royal Favour lay,
And blindly follow as they lead astray:
Voracious Varlets, fordid Hangers on,
Best by Familiarity th'are known,
Yet shrink at Frowns, but when you smile they fawn.
Th'are these have wrong'd you, and abus'd your Ears,
Possess your Mind with false mis-grounded Fears.

King. Mis-grounded Fears? Why? Is there any Truth
In Womens Vows, or Disobedient Youth?
I sooner would believe this World were Heav'n,
Where I have nought but Toils and Torment met,
And never Comfort yet to man was given.
But thou shalt see how my Revenge I'll treat.

[The SCENE draws, and discovers the Queen alone
in mourning on her Couch, with a Lamp by her.]

Look where she sits, as quiet and serene, [Ironically.]
As if she never had a Thought of Sin;

In Mourning, her wrong'd Innocence to shew.
Sh' has sworn't so oft that she believes it true.
O'rewhelm'd with Sorrow she'll in darkness dwell.

So we have heard of Witches in a Cell,
Treating with Fiends, and making Leagues with Hell.

[Q. rises, and comes towards him.]

Queen. My Lord! Prince Carlos? may it be believ'd?
Are my Eyes blest? and am I not deceiv'd?

King. My Queen, my Love, I'm here—— [Embraces her.]

Queen. My Lord the King?

This is surprizing Kindness which you bring.
Can you believe me Innocent at last?
Methinks my Grievs are half-already past.

King. O Tongue in nothing practis'd but Deceit!
Too well she knew him, not to find the Cheat.
Yes, vile Incestuous Woman, it is I,
The King; look on me well, despair, and die.

Queen.

Queen. Why, had you not pronounc'd my Doom before,
Since to Affliction you could add no more?
Methinks Death is less welcome, when I find
You could but counterfeit a Look that's kind.

King. No, now th'art fit for Death: had I believ'd
Thou could'st have been more wicked, thou had'st liv'd.
Liv'd, and gone on in Lust and Riot still,
But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell:
And that of the Reward thou might'st not miss,
This night th'ast drank thy Bane, th'art Poison'd; yes,
Thou art——

Queen.—— Then welcome everlasting Bliss,
But e're I die, let me here make a Vow.
By Heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm True.

King. Vows you had always ready when you spoke;
How many of 'em have you made, and broke?
Yet there's a Pow'r that does your Falshood hear,
A Just one too, and lets thee live to swear.
How comes it that above such Mercy dwells,
To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

Queen. You have been ever so to all that's Good,
My Innocence had else been understood.
At first your Love was nothing but your Pride.
When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,
You then a kind indulgent Father were:
But finding me unfortunately Fair,
Thought me a Prize too rich to be possess'd
By him, and forc'd Your self into my Breast;
Where you maintain'd an unresist'd Pow'r;
Not your own Daughter could have lov'd you more,
Till, conscious of your Age, my Faith was blam'd,
And I a lewd Adulteress proclaim'd,
Accus'd of foulest Incest with your Son.
What more could my worst Enemy have done?

King. Nothing, I hope; I would not have it said,
That in my Vengeance any fault I made.
Love me? oh low pretence! too feebly built!
But 'tis the constant fault of dying Guilt,
Ev'n to the last to cry th'are Innocent;
When their Despair's so great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having urg'd your malice to the head,
You spitefully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been Man, and had an impious Wife,
With speedy Fury I'd have snatch'd her life;
Torn a broad passage open to her Heart,
And there have ransackt each polluted part;
Triumph'd and laugh'd t' have seen the issuing Flood,

And wantonly have bath'd my hands in Blood.
That had out-done the low Revenge You bring,
Much fitter for a Woman than a King.

King. I'm glad I know what Death you'd wish to have,
You would go down in silence to your Grave ;
Remove from future Fame, as present Times,
And bury with you if you could your Crimes.
No, I will have my Justice understood,
Proclaim thy Falshood and thy Lust aloud.

Queen. About it then, the noble Work begin ;
Be proud and boast how cruel you have been.
Oh how a Monarch's Glory 'twill advance !
Do, quickly let it rich the Ears of *France*,
I've there a Royal Brother that is young,
Who'll certainly revenge his Sister's wrong,
Into thy *Spain* a mighty Army bring,
Tumble thee from thy Throne a wretched thing,
And make it quite forgot thou e're wert King.

King. I ne're had pleasure with her till this Night :
The Viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite.
Oh, were He here, and durst maintain that word,
I'd like an Eagle seize the callow Bird,
And gripe him till the dastard Craven cry'd,
Then throw him panting by his Sisters side.

Queen. Alas ! I faint and sink ; my Lord, your Hand : [*To. D. J.*]
My Spirits fail, and I want strength to stand.

D. John. Oh Jealousie,
A Curse which none but he that bears it knows !
So rich a Treasure who would live to lose ?

*{ Leads her to
a Chair.*

King. The Poison works, Heav'n grant there were enough :
She is so foul, she may be Poison proof.
Now, my false Fair one——

Queen. Tyrant, hence be gone,
This Hour's my last, and let it be my own.
Away, away ; I would not leave the Light
With such a hated Object in my sight.

King. No, I will stay, and ev'n thy Pray'rs prevent :
I would not give thee leisure to Repent ;
But let thy Sins all in one throng combine
To plague thy Soul, as thou hast tortur'd mine.

Queen. Glut then your Eyes ; your Tyrant-Fury feed,
And triumph ; but remember, when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying Pillows you
May feel those Tortures which you give me now.
Go on, your worst Reproaches I can bear,
And with 'em all you shall not force a Tear.

King. Thus, *Austria*, my lost Freedom I obtain,

And once more shall appear my self again.
Love held me fast, whilst, like a foolish Boy,
I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay;
But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away.

}

[Eboli within.

Eboli. Help, murther, help——

King. — See, *Austria*, whence that Cry:
Call up our Guards, there may be Danger nigh.

[Enter Guard.

Enter Eboli in her night-dress, wounded and bleeding,

Rui-Gomez pursuing her.

Eboli. Oh! guard me from that cruel Murtherer.
But 'tis in vain, the Steel has gone too far.
Turn, wretched King, I've something to unfold,
Nor can I die till the sad Secret's told.

King. The Woman's mad: to some Apartment by
Remove her, where she may grow tame and die.
Fate come abroad to night resolv'd to range.
I love a kind Companion in Revenge.

[Hug: R. Go.

Eboli. If in your Heart Truth any favour wins,
If e're you would repent of secret Sins,
Hear me a word.

King. — What would'st thou say? Be brief.

Eboli. Do what you can to save that precious Life;
Try every Art that may her Death prevent:
You are abus'd, and she is innocent.
When I perceiv'd my hopes of you were vain,
Led by my Lust I practis'd all my Charms
To gain the Prince, *Don Carlos*, to my Arms.
But there too cross'd, I did the purpose change,
And Pride made him my Engine for Revenge;
Taught him to raise your growing Jealousie,
Then my wild Passion at this Prince did fly,
And that was done for which I now must die.

[To R. Go.

[To D. J.

King. Ha, *Gomez*! speak, and quickly; is it so?

R. Go. I'm sorry you should doubt if't be or no.
She, by whose Lust my Honour was betray'd,
Cannot want Malice now to take my Head,
And therefore does this Penitence pretend.

Eboli. Oh *Austria*, take away that ugly Fiend:
He smiles and mocks me, waiting for my Soul:
See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls rowl.

R. Go. Thus is her Fancy tortur'd by her Guilt.
But since you'll have my Blood, let it be spilt.

King. No more——

[To R. Go.

[To Eb.

Speak on, I charge thee, by the Rest
Thou hop'st, the Truth, and as thou shalt be blest.

Eboli. As what I've said is so,
There may I find, where I must answer all,

What

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

51

What most I need, Heav'n's Mercy on my Soul.

King. Heav'n! She was sensible that she should die,
And durst not in the minute tell a Lie.

D. John. His Guilt's too plain, see his wild staring Eye.
By unconcern he would show innocence:
But harden'd Guilt ne're wanted the pretence
Of great Submission, when't had no defence.
Thus whilst of Life you shew this little Care,
You seem not guiltless, but betray Despair.

King. His Life? what Satisfaction can that give?
But oh! in Doubt I must for ever live,
And lose my Peace——Yet I the Truth will find:
I'll rack him for't. Go, in this minute bind
Him to the Wheel——

R. Go. How have I this deserv'd,
Who only your Commands obey'd and serv'd?
What would you have me do?

King.——I'd have thee tell
The Truth: Do, *Gomez*, all shall then be well.

R. Go. Alas! like you, Sir, in a Cloud I'm lost,
And can but tell you what I think at most.
You set me as a Spy upon the Prince,
And I still brought the best Intelligence
I could; till finding Him too much aware
Of me, I nearer measures took by Her:
Which if I after a false Copy drew,
'Tis I have been Unfortunate as You.

King. And is this all thou hast for Life to show?

R. Go. Dear Sir, your Pardon, it is all I know.

King. Then, Villain, I am damn'd as well as thou.
Heav'n! where is now thy sleeping Providence,
That took so little care of Innocence?

Oh, *Austria*, had I to thy Truth inclin'd,
Had I been half so good as thou wert kind!
But I'm too tame: secure that Traitor. Oh
Earth open, to thy Centure let me go,
And there for ever hide my Impious Head.

Thou fairest, purest Creature Heav'n e're made,
Thy injur'd Truth too late I've understood:
Yet live, and be Immortal as th'art Good.

Queen. Can you to think me Innocent incline
On her bare word, and would not credit mine?
The Poison's very busie at my heart:

Methinks I see Death shake his threatning Dart.
Why are you kind, and make it hard to die?
Persist, continue on the Injury:
Call me still Vile, Incestuous, all that's foul.

[Dies.]

{ Guard sei-
zes him.

52. *Don Carlos Prince of Spain.*

King. Oh pity, pity my despairing Soul;
Sink it not quite. Raise my Physicians strait;
Hasten 'em quickly e're it be too late.
Propose Rewards may set their Skill at strife.
I'll give my Crown to him that saves her Life.

Curst Dog! —

[To Gomez.

D. John. Vile Prostitute!

King. ———— Revengeful Fiend!

But I've forgotten half: to *Carlos* send;
Prevent what his Despair may make him do.

Enter Henrietta.

Henry. Oh Horrour, Horrour! everlasting Woe!
The Prince, the Prince!

King. Ha? speak, —

Henry. ——— He dies, he dies,
Within upon his Couch he bleeding lies,
Just taken from a Bath, his Veins all cut,
From which the springing Blood flows swiftly out.
He threatens Death on all that shall oppose
His Fate, to save that Life which he will lose.

King. Dear *Austria*; hasten, all thy Int'rest use.
Tell him it is to Friendship an Offence,
And let him know his Father's Penitence.
Beg him to live. —

R. Go. Since you've decreed my Death, know 'twill be hard:
The Bath by me was poison'd when prepar'd.
I lov'd him that for his late Pride and Scorn.

King. There never was so curst a Villain born.
But by Revenge such Pains he shall go through,
As ev'n Religious Cruelty ne'er knew.
Rack him! I'll broil him, burn him by degrees,
Fresh Torments for him ev'ry hour devise,
Till he curse Heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies.

Queen. My faithful *Henrietta*, art thou come
To wait th' unhappy Mistress to her Tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now must leave thee to Heav'n knows what Wrong;
But Heav'n to its Protection will receive
Such Goodness, let it then thy Queen forgive.

Henry. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis unspeakable, I lov'd so well.
A proof of it the World shall quickly find:
For when you die, I'll scorn to stay behind.

Enter D. Carlos supported between two, and bleeding.

D. John. See, Sir, your Son.

King.

King. My Son? but Oh! how dare
I use that Name, when this sad Object's near?
See, Injur'd Prince, who 'tis thy Pardon craves;
No more thy Father, but the worst of Slaves.
Behold the Tears that from these Fountains flow.

D. Carl. I come to take my Farewel, e're I go
To that bright Dwelling where there is no room
For Blood, and where the Cruel never come.

King. I know there is not, therefore must despair.
Oh Heav'n! his Cruelty I cannot bear.
Dost thou not hear thy wretched Father sue?

D. Carl. My Father, speak the words once more, is't you?
And may I think the dear Conversion true?
Oh that I could.

King. By Heav'n thou must—it is!
Let me embrace and kiss thy trembling Knees.
Why wilt thou die? no, live, my Carlos, live,
And all the Wrongs that I have done forgive.

D. Carl. Life was my Curse, and giv'n me sure in spight,
Oh! had I perisht when I first saw Light,
I never then these Miseries had brought
On you, nor by you had been Guilty thought.
Prop me: apace I feel my Life decay.
The little time on Earth I have to stay,
Grant I without Offence may here bestow,
You cannot certainly be Jealous now.

King. Break, break, my Heart——

D. Carlos. Y'ave thus more Kindness shown,
Than if ya'd Crown'd and plac'd me on your Throne.
Methinks so highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to see you there.
Take me away again: You are too good.

Queen. Carlos, is't you? Oh stop that Royal Flood;
Live, and possess your Father's Throne, when I,
In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lie.

D. Carlos. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher Pride:
Thus on you fixt, and dying by your side,
How much a Life and Empire I disdain?
No, we'll together mount, where both shall reign;
Above all Wrongs, and never more complain.

Queen. O matchless Youth! O Constancy Divine!
Sure there was never Love that equal'd thine;
Nor any so Unfortunate as mine.—
Henceforth forsaken Virgins shall in Songs,
When they would ease their own, repeat thy Wrongs;
And in remembrance of thee, for thy sake,
A solemn annual Procession make;

{ Pointing to
the Queen.

{ Leads D. Carlos
to the Chair.

In chaste Devotion as fair Pilgrims come,
With Hyacinths and Lillies deck thy Tomb.
But one thing more, and then, vain World, adieu!
It is, to reconcile my Lord and You.

D. Car. H'has done no wrong to me, I am posselt
Of all, beyond my expectation blest.
But yet methinks there's something in my heart
Tells me I must not too unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raise me with your hand;
Before I die, what is't you would command?

King. Why wert thou made so excellently Good?
And why was it no sooner understood?
But I was curs'd, and blindly led astray.
Oh! for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou may'st ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by Despair.

D. Carl. Thus then with the remains of Life we } *D. Carl. and the*
May you be ever free from all that's Ill. } *Queen sink out*
 } *of the Chairs,*
 } *and kneel.*

Queen. And everlasting Peace upon you dwell.

King. No more: this Vertue's too divinely bright;
My darken'd Soul, too conversant with Night,
Grows blind, and overcome with too much Light.
Here raise 'em up: gently, ye Slaves, down, down.
Ye glorious Toils, a Scepter and a Crown,
For ever be forgotten, in your stead
Only eternal darkness wrap my head.

Queen. Where are you? Oh! farewell, I must be gone.

King. Blest happy Soul, take not thy flight so soon:
Stay till I die, then bear mine with thee too,
And guard it up, which else must sink below.

Qu. From all my Injuries and all my Fears,
From Jealousie Love's Bane, the worst of Cares,
Thus I remove to find that stranger Rest.

Carlos, thy Hand; receive me on thy Breast:
Within this Minute how shall we be blest!

D. Carl. Oh, far above
What-ever Wishes fram'd, or Hopes design'd;
Thus, where we go, we shall the Angels find
For ever pressing, and for ever kind.

Qu. Make haste, in the first Sph'ear I'll for you stay;
Thence we'll rise both to everlasting day.
Farewel—

D. C. I follow you, now Close my Eyes; } *[Drops on her Breast,*
Thus all o're his the Happy Carlos dies. } *]*

King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I must ne'er aspire.
Run, sally out, and set the World on fire, } *Alarum*

Alarm Nature, let loose all the Winds;
Set free those Spirits whom strong Magick binds;
Let the Earth open all her Sulph'rous Veins,
The Fiends start from their Hell, and shake their Chains;
Till all things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confusion be as great as mine.
Here I'll lie down, and never more arise;
Howl out my Life, and rend the Air with Cries.

D. John. Hold, Sir, afford your lab'ring heart some Ease.

King. Oh! name it not: there's no such thing as Peace.
From these warm Lips yet one soft Kiss I'll take:
How my Heart beats! why won't the Rebel break?
My Love, my Carlos, I'm thy Father, speak.

Oh! he regards not now my Miseries,
But's deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.
Oh, now I think on't better, all is well;
Here's one that's just descending into Hell:
How comes it that he's not already gone?
The Shuggard's lazy, but I'll spur him on.
Hey! how he flies!

[*Enter R. Gomez.*]

R. Go. 'Twas aim'd well at my Heart.
That I had Strength enough but to retort.
Dull Life, so tamely must I from thee part?
Curses and Plagues! Revenge, where art thou now?
Meet, meet me at thy own dark House below.

[*Dies.*]

King. He's gone, and now there's not so vile a thing
As I.

D. John. Remember, Sir, You are a King.

King. A King? it is too little; I'll be more,
I tell thee. Nero was an Emperour;
He kill'd his Mother: but I've that out-done,
Murther'd a Loyal Wife and Guiltless Son.
Yet, *Austria*, why should I grow mad for that?
Is it my Fault I was Unfortunate!

D. John. Collect your Spirits, Sir, and calm your Mind.

King. Look to't; strange things I tell thee are design'd.
Thou, *Austria*, shalt grow old, and in thy age
Doat, doat, my Hero: Oh, a long gray Beard,
With Eyes distilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,
Will be such Charms, thou canst not want Success.
But above all beware of Jealousie:
It was the dreadful Curse that ruin'd me.

D. John. Dread Sir, no more.

King. Oh Heart! Oh Heav'n! but stay,
Nam'd I not Heav'n? I did, and at the word
(Methought I saw't) the Azure Fabrick stirr'd.

Oh,

Oh, for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare;
 But I'll pursue and overtake 'em there.
 Whirle, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer;
 I'll ride in that away; pull, pull him down.
 Oh, how I'll hurl the Wild-fire as I run!
 Now, now I mount——

D. John. Look to the King.

See of this Fair one too strict care be had,
 Despair, how vast a Triumph hast thou made?
 No more in Love's enervate Charms I'll ly;
 Shaking off Softness, to the Camp I'll fly,
 Where Thirst of Fame the active Hero warms,
 And what I've lost in Peace, regain in Arms.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Girl.

NOW what EYE think my Message hither means?

Yonder's the Poet sick behind the Scenes,
 He told me there was Pity in my Face,
 And therefore sent me here to make his Peace.
 Let me for once perswade ye to be kind;
 For he has promis'd me to stand my Friend.
 And if this time I can your Kindness move,
 He'll write for me, he swears by all above,
 When I am big enough to be in Love.
 Now won't you be good natur'd, ye fine men?
 Indeed I'll grow as fast as ERE I can,
 And try if to his Promise he'll be true.
 Think on't, when that time comes, you do not know,
 But I may grow in Love with some of you.
 Or, at the worst, I'm certain I shall see
 Amongst you those who'll swear they're so with me.
 But now, if by my Suit you'll not be won,
 You know what your Unkindness oft has done;
 I'll e'n forsake the Play-House, and turn Nun.

FINIS.

THE
HISTORY and FALL
OF
Caius Marius.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal.

By Thomas Otway.

Qui color Albus erat nunc est contrarius Albo.

L O N D O N,
Printed for R. Bentley in Russel-Street,
Covent-Garden, 1696.

HISTORICAL

CHURCH RECORDS

1850-1860

WEDNESDAY

1850

1851

1852

1853

1854

TO THE
Lord VISCOUNT
FALKLAND.

My Lord,

WHEN first it entred into my Thoughts to make this Present to your Lordship, I received not only Encouragement, but Pleasure, since upon due examination of my self, I found it was not a bare Presumption, but my Duty to the remembrance of many extraordinary Favours which I have received at Your hands.

For heretofore having had the Honour to be near You, and bred under the same Discipline with You, I cannot but own, that in a great measure I owe the small share of Letters I have to Your Lordship. For Your Lordship's Example taught me to be asham'd of Idleness; and I first grew in love with Books, and learnt to value them, by the wonderful Progress which even in Your tender Years You made in them; so that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they shone in You.

A 2

Your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Lordship has an extraordinary Reason to be a Patron of Poetry; for Your great Father loved it. May Your Lordship's Fame and Employments grow as great, or greater than his were; and may Your Vertues find a Poet to record them, equal (if possible) to that great * Genius which sung of him. * Mr. Waller

MY slender humble Talent must not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I must always submit to, a general Goodness which I never (to its worth) can value: And who can praise that well which he knows not how to comprehend?

Already the Eyes and Expectations of Men of the best Judgment are fix'd upon You: For wheresoever You come, You have their Attention when present, and their Praise when You are gone: And I am sure (if I obtain but Your Lordship's Pardon) I shall have the Congratulation of all my Friends, for having taken this opportunity to express my self.

Your Lordship's

most Humble Servant,

Thomas Otway.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

IN Ages past, (when will those Times renew?
When Empires flourish'd, so did Poets too.
When Great Augustus the World's Empire held,
Horace and Ovid's happy Verse excell'd.
Ovid's soft Genius and his tender Arts
Of moving Nature, melted hardest Hearts.
It did th' Imperial Beauty, Julia, move
To listen to the Language of his Love.
Her Father honour'd him: And on her Breast,
With ravish'd sense in her Embraces prest,
He lay transported, fancy-full and blest. }
Horace's lofty Genius boldlier rear'd
His manly Head, and through all Nature steer'd;
Her richest Pleasures in his Verse refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the relish of the Mind.
He lash'd with a true Poet's fearless Rage
The Villainies and Follies of the Age.
Therefore Mecænas that great Fav'rite rais'd
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.
Our Shakespear wrote too in an Age as blest,
The happiest Poet of his time, and best,
A gracious Prince's Favour cheer'd his Muse,
A constant Favour he ne'er fear'd to lose.
Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,
And Thoughts that were Immortal as his Mind.
And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen
E'er since succeeding Poets humbly glean.
Though much the most unworthy of the Throng,
Our this day's Poet fears h' has done him wrong.
Like greedy Beggars that steal Sheaves away,
You'll find h' has ris't him of half a Play.
Amidst this baser Dross you'll see it shine
Most beautiful, amazing, and Divine.
To such low Shifts of late are Poets worn,
Whilst we both Wit's and Cæsar's Absence mourn. }
Oh! when will he and Poetry return?
When shall we there again behold him sit
'Midst shining Boxes and a Courtly Pit, }
The Lord of Hearts, and President of Wit?
When that blest Day (quick may it come) appears,
His Cares once banish'd and his Nation's Fears,

The

*The joyful Muscs on their Hills shall sing
 Triumphant Songs of Britain's happy King.
 Plenty and Peace shall flourish in our Isle,
 And all things like the English Beauty smile.
 You, Criticks, shall forget your natural Spite,
 And Poets with unbounded Fancy write.
 Ev'n This-day's Poet shall be alter'd quite:
 His Thoughts more loftily and freely flow;
 And he himself, whilst you his Verse allow;
 As much transported as he's humble now,*

Persons represented.

Men	By
<i>Caius Marius</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Sylla.</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Marius Junior.</i>	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
<i>Granius.</i>	<i>Mr. Percivale.</i>
<i>Metellus.</i>	<i>Mr. Gillow.</i>
<i>Quintus Pompeius.</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Cinna.</i>	<i>Mr. Fevon.</i>
<i>Sulpitius.</i>	<i>Mr. Underhill.</i>
<i>Ancharius, a Senator.</i>	
<i>Priest.</i>	
<i>Apothecary.</i>	
<i>Q. Pompeius's Son.</i>	
<i>Guards, Lictors,</i>	
<i>Ruffians, &c.</i>	
Women	By
<i>Levinia</i>	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Nurse.</i>	<i>Mr. Noakes.</i>

(1)

THE
HISTORY and FALL
OF
Caius Marius.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Within. Liberty! Liberty! *Marius and Sulpicius,*
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! &c.

Enter Metellus, Antonius, Cinna, and Senators.

Metell. **W**hen will the Tut'lar Gods of *Rome* awake,
To fix the Order of our wayward State,
That we may once more know each other; know
Th' extent of Laws, Prerogatives and Dues;
The Bounds of Rules and Magistracy; who
Ought first to govern, and who must obey?
It was not thus when God-like *Scipio* held
The Scale of Power; he who with temp'rate poise
Knew how to guide the People's Liberty
In its full bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong,
For he himself was one——

Cinna. He was indeed,
A Noble born, and still in *Rome* there are
Most worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour,
Such as are fit to fill the Seat of Pow'r,

And

The History and Fall

And awe this riotous unruly Rabble,
That beat down all Authority before 'em,
Were we not sold to Ruine.

Metell. *Cinna* there

Thou'lt hit my Mark: We are to Ruine sold;
In all things sold; Voices are sold in *Rome*:
And yet we boast of Liberty. Just Gods!
That Guardians of an Empire should be chosen
By the lewd noise of a Licentious Rout!
The sturdiest Drinker makes the ablest Statesman,

Anton. Would it not anger any true born *Roman*,

To see the giddy Multitude together,
Never consulting who 'tis best deserves,
But who feasts highest to obtain the Suffrage?
As 'tis not many Years since two Great Men
In *Rome* stood equal Candidates together,
For High Command: In every House was Riot.
To day the drunken Rabble reel to one;
To morrow they were mad agen for t'other;
Changing their Voices with their Entertainment:
And none could guess on whom the choice would settle;
Till at the last a Stratagem was thought of.

A mighty Vessel of *Falernian* Wine
Was brought into the *Forum* crown'd with Wreaths
Of Ivy sacred to the Jolly God.

The Monster-people roar'd aloud for Joy:
When streight the Candidate himself appears
In pomp, to grace the Present he had made 'em.
The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had
With a smooth Tale tickled their Asses Ears,
H'at both ends tapp'd his Butt, and got the Consulship.

Cinna. This Curse we owe to *Marius's* Pride,
That made him first most basely bribe the People
For Consul in the War against *Jugurtha*:
Where he went out, *Metellus*, your Lieutenant.
And how the Kindness was return'd, all know.
I never lov'd his rough untoward Nature,
And wonder such a Weed got growth in *Rome*.

Metell. What says my *Cinna*?

Cinna. That I like not *Marius*,
Nor love him——

Metell. There *Rome's* better Genius spoke.
Let us consult and weigh this Subject well,
O *Romans*, he's the Thorn that galls us all.
Our harraisd State is crippled with the weight
Of his Ambition: We're not safe in *Marius*.

Do I not know his Rise, his low beginning,
From what a wretched despicable Root
His Greatness grew? Gods! that a Peasant's Brat,
Born in the outmost Cottages of Ardea,
And foster'd in a Corner, should by Bribes,
By Covetousness, and all the hateful means
Of working Pride, advance his little Fate
So high, to vaunt it o'er the Lords of Rome!

Anton. Ambition, raging like a Demon in him,
Distorts him to all ugly forms, 'tis as need to use.
In his first start of Fortune, Oh how vile
Were his Endeavours and Submissions then!
When suing to be chosen first *Edilis*,
He was by general Vote repuls'd, yet bore it;
And in the same day shamefully return'd,
To obtain the second Office of that Name.
Equal was his success, deny'd in both:
Yet could he condescend at last to ask
The Prætorship, and but with Bribes got that.
Yet this is he that has disturb'd the World,
Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wishes.

Metell. I must confess it burthens much my Age,
To see the Man I hate thus ride my Country;
For, *Romans*, I have mighty Cause to hate him.
I was the first (and I am well rewarded)
That lent my hand to raise his feeble State.
When first I made him Tribune by my Voice,
I thought there might be something in his Nature
That promis'd well. His Parents were most honest,
And serv'd my Father justly in their Trust.
Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Consul,
And went against *Jugurtha* into *Africa*,
I took him with me one of my Lieutenants.
'Twas there his Pride first shew'd it self in Actions,
Opprest my Friends, and robb'd me of my Honour.

Cinn. The Story's famous. Base Ingratitude,
Disimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,
Ill Manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills
Of one base born, in *Marius* are join'd.

Metell. Ev'n Age can't heal the rage of his Ambition,
Six times the Consul's Office has he born:
How well, our present Discords best declare.
Yet now again, when time has worn him low,
Consum'd with Age, and by Diseases press'd,
He courts the People to be once more chosen,
To lead the War against King *Mithridates*.

Anton. For this each day he rises with the Sun,
And in the Field of *Mars* appears in Arms.
Excelling all our Youth in warlike Exercise:
He Rides and Tilts, and when the Prize has won,
He brings it back with Triumph into *Rome*,
And there presents it to the sordid Rabble;
Who shout to Heaven, and cry, let *Marius* live.

Metell. He shall not have it, by the Gods he shall not.
There is a *Roman*, noble, just and valiant,
Sylla's his Name, sprung from the ancient Stock
Of the *Cornelii*, bred from Youth in War,
Flush'd with Success, and of a Spirit bold,
And, more than all, hates *Marius*, still has crost
His Pride, and clouded ev'n his brightest Triumphs:
He's Consul now. Then let us all resolve,
And fix on him, to check this Haverker,
That with his Kennel of the Rabble hunts
Our Senate into Holes, and frights our Laws.

Cinna. Agreed for *Sylla*.

All. All for *Sylla*.

Metell. Nay,

This Monster *Marius*, who has us'd me thus,
Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine,
And asks my Daughter for his hated Offspring.
But, for my Wrongs, *Lavinia* shall be *Sylla*'s.
My eldest born, her, and the best of all
My Fortune I'll confirm on him, to crush the Pride
Of this base-born, hot-brain'd, Plebeian Tyrant.

Anton. Now *Rome*'s last Stake of Liberty is set,
And must be push'd for to the Teeth of Fortune.

Cinna. Then *Caius Marius* shall not have the Consulship.

Metell. No, I wou'd rather be *Sulpicius*'s Slave,
That furious Headlong Libertine *Sulpicius*,
That mad wild Bull, whom *Marius* lets loose
On each occasion when he'd make *Rome* feel him,
To toss our Laws and Liberties i'th Air.

Anton. That lawless Tribune then must be reduc'd,
Unhing'd from off the power that holds him up,
His Band of full six hundred *Roman* Knights,
All in their Youth, and pamper'd high with Riot,
Which he his Guard against the Senate calls;
Tall wild young Men, and fit for glorious Mischiefs.

Metell. Fear nothing, let but *Sylla* once have Pow'r.
And then see how like Day he'll break upon 'em,
And scatter all those Goblins of the Night,
Confusion's Night, wherein the dark Disorders

of Caius Marius.

Of a divided State, Men know not where
Or how to waik, for fear they lose their way,
And stumble upon Ruine. Mark the Race
Of Sylla's Life; observe but what has pass,
How still h'has born a Face against this *Marius*,
And kept an equal stretch with him for Glory.

Cinn. H'has in the Capitol an Image set
Of Gold, in honour of his own Achievement;
Wherein's described how the *Numidian King*
Gave up *Jugurtha* Prisoner to *Sylla*,
And all in spite of *Marius*. Oh now,
If you are truly *Roman Nobles*, wake,
Resume your Rights, and keep your *Sylla* Consul.
Courage, Nobility, and Innate Honour,
Justice unbyass'd, the true *Roman Spirit*,
Presence of Mind, and resolute performance
Meet all in *Sylla*.

Metell. Let's agree for *Sylla*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Marius senior, Marius junior, Granios.

Marius sen. There *Rome's Demons* go.
Like Witches in ill Weather, in this Storm
And Tempest of the State they meet in Corners,
And urge Destruction higher: for this end
They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar *Sylla*,
To cross my way, and stop my Tide of Glory,
If I am *Caius Marius*, if I'm he
That brought *Jugurtha* chain'd in Triumph hither;
If I am he that led *Rome's Armies* out,
Spent all my years in Toll and cruel War,
Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and Winter-Camps,
Till I brought settled Peace and Plenty home,
Made her the Court and Envy of the World;
Why does she use me thus?

Mar. Jun. Because she's rul'd
By lazie Droans that feed on others Labours,
And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for;
Old gouty Senators of crude Minds and Brains,
That always are fermenting Mischief up,
And style their private Malice publick Safety.

Gran. One discontented Villain leads a State
To Madness. There's that Bell-weather of Mutiny
And damn'd Sedition, *Cinna*, of a Life
And manners fordid; one whose Gain's his God;

And to that cursed end he'd sacrifice
His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace;
Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods.

Mar. sen. H'has taken *Rome* even in the nicest Minute,
And easily debauch'd her to his ends,
When she was over-cloy'd with Happiness,
Wantonly full, and longing after Change.
For *Sylla* too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing,
She has relinquish'd me, and flouts my Age.
Constant ill Fortune wait upon her for't,
And wreck her Fate as low as I first found it,
When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
And hungry Ruine had it in the wind;
When barbarous Nations, of a Race unknown,
From undiscover'd Northern Regions came,
To lay her waste, and sweep her from the Earth:
Till I, I *Marius* rose, the Soul of all
The Hope sh'had left, and with unwearied Toil,
Dangers each hour, and never-sleeping Care,
(A burthen for a God) oppos'd my self
'Twixt her and Desolation, gorg'd the maw
Of Death with slaughter'd numbers of her Foes,
Restor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd.

Mar. jun. The Glory of that War must be remember'd,
When *Rome*, like her old Mother *Troy*, shall lie
In Ashes — Full 300000 Men,
All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
Whose Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,
Hung like a Swarm of Mischiefs on the Hills
Of *Italy*, and threatned Fate to *Europe*.

Gran. They came in Tribes, as if to take possession,
And seem'd a People whom the hand of Fate
Had scourg'd by Famine from a barren Land,
Of Visage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd
By bitter Frosts and Winter-Winds; yet hence
As hungry Lions of the Desert:
Their Wives with Loads of Children at their backs,
Bold manly Hags, whom Shame had long forsook,
And vagrant living had inur'd to Ill,
Follow'd in Troops like Furies.

Mar. jun. And all was done too when that Dolt *Metellus*,
Shrank like a Worm, and *Sylla* scarce was heard of.

Mar. sen. That curst *Metellus* still has been my Plague,
And ever done me most deliberate Wrong;
Because, like a tame Hawk, I scorn'd to fly
Just at his Quarries, and attend his Lure.

Because

Because I grew too great for him in Wars,
And serv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice
Have I already offer'd him Alliance,
And ask'd *Lavinia, Marius*, for thy Bed.
Beggary catch me when again I court him.
Why sigh'st thou, Boy? still at the unlucky Name
Of that *Lavinia*, I have observ'd thee thus
With thy Looks fix'd, as if thy Fate had seiz'd thee.

Mar. jun. Why did you name *Lavinia*? would sh' had ne'er
Been born, or that *Metellus* had not got her.

Mar. sen. Forget her, *Marius*, she's a dainty Bit,
A Delicate for none but *Sylla's* taste,
Th' Fav'rite *Sylla*, th' Idol that's set up
To blast thy Hopes, and cloud thy Father's Glories.
Consider that, my *Marius*, and forget her.

Mar. jun. Forget her? Oh! sh' has Beauty might ensnare
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crowns
At random to be scuffled for by Slaves.
Forget her? Oh! teach me (great Parent) teach me;
Read me each Day a Lecture of the Wrongs
Done you by that Inglorious Patrician,
Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge,
And quite forget *Lavinia* e'er dwelt there.
Methinks 'twould not be hard, e'en midst the Senate,
To strike this through him in his Consul's Chair.
Tumble him thence, and mount it in his stead.

Mar. sen. Oh! name not him and Consulship together:
Sylla and Consul? set 'em far apart
As East from West, for as they now are met,
It bodes Confusion, *Rome*, to thee and thine.

Gran. I'd rather see *Rome* but one Funeral Pile,
And all her People quitting her like Bees,
Driven by Sulphur from their Hives;
Much rather see her Senators in Chains
Dragg'd through the Streets to Death, and Slaves made Lords,
Than see that vain presumptuous Upstart's Pride
Succeed to lead the Armies you have bred.

Mar. sen. 'Tis such a wrong as even tortures Thought,
That we who've been her Champion forty Years,
Fought all her Battels with renown'd Success,
And never lost her yet a Man in vain,
Should, now her Noblest Fortune is at Stake,
And *Mithridates* Sword is drawn, be thrown
Aside, like some old broken batter'd Shield:
To see my Laurels wither as I rust:
And all this manag'd by the cursed Craft,

Petulant Envy, and malignant spight
Of that old barking Senate's Dog *Metellus*.
Stake me, just Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,
Lay my gray Hairs low in the Cave of Death,
Rather than live in mem'ry of such Shame.

Gran. Perish *Metellus* first, and all his Race.

Mar. sen. There spoke the Soul of *Marinus*. By the head
Of *Jove*,

I hate him worse than Famine or Diseases.

Perish his Family, let inveterate Hate

Commence between our Houses from this moment;

And meeting never let 'em bloodless part.

Go, *Graninus*, bid *Sulpitius* straight be ready

To meet me with his Guards upon the *Forum*.

By all the Gods, I'll chase the *Dæmon* out,

That rages thus in *Rome*; or let her Blood

To that degree, till she grow tame enough

To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge,

Why didst not thou applaud me for the Thought,

Take m' in thy Arms, and cherish my old Heart?

'T had been a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb?

Mar. jun. As dumb as solemn Sorrow ought to be.

Could my Grievs speak, the Tale would have no end.

Must I resolve to hate *Metellus* Race,

Yet know *Lavinia* took her Being thence?

Lavinia! Oh! there's Musick in the Name,

That softning me to Infant Tenderness,

Makes my Heart spring like the first leaps of Life.

Mar. sen. Then thou art lost: If thou art Man and Roman,

If thou hast Vertue in thee, or canst prize

Thy Father's Honour, scorn her like a Slave.

Hell! Love her? Damn her: there's *Metellus* in her.

In every Line of her bewitching Face,

There's a Resemblance tells whose Brood she came of.

I'd rather see thee in a Brothel trap,

And basely Wedded to a Russian's Whore,

Than thou shouldst think to taint my Generous Blood

With the base Puddle of that o'er-fed Gown-man.

Lavinia? ———

Mar. jun. Yes, *Lavinia*: is she not

As harmless as the Turtle of the Woods?

Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?

As opening Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds,

The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?

Why first did you bewitch me to weakness?

When from the Sacrifice we came together,

And as by her's our Chariot drove along,
These were your words: That, *Marius*, that is she
That must give Happiness to thee and Rome,
Confirming in thy Arms my wish'd for Peace
With old *Metellus*, and break *Sylla's* Heart.

Mar. sen. Then she was charming.

Mar. jun. Oh! I found her so.

I lookt and gaz'd, and never miss'd my Heart,
It fled so pleasingly away. But now
My Soul is all *Lavinia's*, now she's fixt
Firm in my Heart by secret Vows made there,
Th' indelible Records of faithful Love.
You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change?
Create me o'er again — and I may be
That haughty Master of my self you'd have me:
But as I am, the Slave of strong desires,
That keep me struggling under. Though I see
The hopeless state of my unhappy Love;
With Torment, like a stubborn Slave that lies
Chain'd to the Floor, stretch'd helpless on his back,
I look to Liberty, and break my Heart.

Mar. sen. Has she yet heard your Love, or granted her's?

Mar. jun. If Eyes may speak the language of the Heart,
If ten'rest Glances, Sighs, and sudden Blushes
May be interpreted for Love in one
So Young, so Fair, and Innocent as she,
Our Souls can ne'er be Strangers. —

Mar. sen. No more: I'll have *Lavinia* nam'd no more.
When next thou nam'st her, let it be with infamy.
Tell me, sh'has whor'd or fled her Father's House
With some coarse Slave t' a secret Cell of Lust,
And then I'll bless thee.

Mar. jun. I shall obey. Gods, from your Skies look down,
And find like me one wretched if you can.
No, Sir, I'll speak that hateful name no more,
But be as Curst as you can with your Son.

Emer Sulpitius.

Mar. sen. Oh *Sulpitius*!

Thou darling of m' Ambition, art thou come?
What news?

Sulpit. I've left a Present at your House,
The Head of a *Metellus*, a gay, tall,
Young thing, that was in time t' have been a Lord,
But he's but Worms meat now.

Mar. sen.

Mar. Sen. My best *Sulpitius*,
 Thou always comfort'st me. See here a Man,
 A Stranger to my Blood as well as Fortune,
 But meerly of his choice my Honour's Friend:
 What mighty things would he not do for me?
 Could'st thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love? —

Sulpit. How? my young Son of War in Love? with whom?

Mar. jun. A Woman, Sir. — I must not speak her Name.

Sulpit. If it be hopeless Love, use generous means,
 And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound.

Take in a new Infection to the Heart,
 And the rank Poyson of the old will die. —

Mar. jun. A Plantane-Leaf is excellent for that.

Sulpit. For what?

Mar. jun. For broken Shins.

Sulpit. Why? art thou mad?

Mar. jun. Not Mad, but bound more than a Mad-man is,
 Confin'd to limits, kept without my Food.

Whipt and tormented, — Prithee do not wake me,
 Let me dream on —

Sulpit. Oh! the small Queen of Fairies
 Is busie in his Brains; the *Mab* that comes
 Drawn by a little Team of smallest Atoms
 Over Mens Noses as they lie asleep,
 In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut
 Made by a Joyner-Squirrel: in which State
 She gallops Night by Night through Lovers Brains,
 And then how wickedly they dream, all know.
 Sometimes she courses o'er a Courtier's Nose,
 And then he dreams of begging an Estate.
 Sometimes she hurries o'er a Soldier's Neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign Throats,
 Of Breaches, Ambuscado's, temper'd Blades.
 Of good rich Winter-quarters, and false Musters.
 Sometimes she tweaks a Poet by the Ear,
 And then dreams he
 Of Panegyricks, flatt'ring Dedications,
 And mighty Presents from the Lord knows who,
 But wakes as empty as he laid him down.

Sh' has been with *Sylla* too, and he dreams now
 Of nothing but a Consulship.

Mar. Sen. A Rattle!

Give the fantastick giddy Boy a Rattle;
 The puling Fondling should not want a Play-thing.
 A Consulship?

Sulpit. By all the Gods, he'll shake it.

H'has

H'has drawn a Force from *Capua* here to *Rome*,
As if he meant Destruction or Success:
The Rabble too are drunk with him already. —

Mar. sen. Alarm all our Citizens to Arms
That are my Friends. Draw you your Guards together,
And take possession of the *Forum*. Thou,
Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more,
Till thou'st done something worthy of my Name.

Mar. jun. First perish *Rome*, and all I hold most dear,
Rather than let me feel my Father's Hate —

Mar. sen. Why, that's well said —

Sulpit. My Troops are all together,
All ready on the *Forum*: But the Heav'ns
Play tricks with us. Our Ensigns, as they stood
Displayed before our Troops, took Fire untouch'd,
And burnt to Tinder.

Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Streets,
Devouring 'em before the People's Eyes,
Then bore the Garbage back into their Nests,
A noise of Trumpets rattling in the Air
Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men.

Mar. sen. It was the Roman Genius that warns
Me, her old Friend, not to let slip my Fate.
Ambition! Oh, Ambition! If I've done
For thee things great and well — shall Fortune now
Forsake me?

Hark thee, *Sulpius*, if it come to blows,
Let not a Hair of that *Metellus* 'scape thee,
Who'd strip my Age of its more dear-bought Honours.
Else why have I thus hustled in the World,
Through various and uncertain Fortunes hurl'd,
But to be Great, unequall'd, and alone?
Which only he can be who still spurs on
As swift at last as when he first begun —

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First ACT:

C

ACT.

A C T. II.

Enter Metellus and Nurse.

Metell. I Cannot rest to Night : Ill-boding Thoughts
Have chas'd soft Sleep from my unsettled Brains.
This seems *Lavinia's* Chamber, and she up.
Rest too to Night has been a Stranger here.

Lavinia! My Daughter, ho! Where art thou?

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, (at twelve Years old I had one)
Come, what Lamb? What, Lady-bird? Gods forbid.
Where's this Girl *Lavinia*?

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. How now? Who calls?

Nurse. Your Father, Child.

Lavin. I'm here. Your Lordship's Pleasure.

Metell. Why up at this unlucky time of Night,
When nought but loathsome Vermin are abroad,
Or Witches gathering pois'nous Herbs for Spells
By the pale light of the cold waning Moon?

Lavin. Alas! I could not sleep: In a sad Dream
Methought I saw one standing by my Bed,
To warn me I should have a care of Sleep,
For 'twould be baneful——

Metell. Dreams give Children Fears.

Lavin. At which I rose from my uneasy Pillows,
And to my Closet went, to pray the Gods
To avert th' unlucky Omen.

Metell. 'Twas well done.

Nurse. Give us leave a while: I must impart
Something to my *Lavinia*. Yet stay,
And hear it too. Thou know'st *Lavinia's* Age.

Nurse. Faith, I know her Age to an hour.

Metell. She's bare Sixteen.

Nurse. I'll lay sixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet no Dispa-
agement, I have but six; She's not Sixteen. How long is't now
since *Marius* triumph'd last!

Metell. No matter, Woman; what's that to thee?

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the Year, since *Marius* enter'd

Rome

Rome in Triumph, 'tis now even Thirteen Years. Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My *Lais* and she were both of an Age. Well, *Lais* is in Happineſs, ſhe was too good for me. But as I was ſaying, a Month hence ſhe'll be Sixteen. 'Tis ſince *Marius* triumph'd now full Thirteen Years, and then ſhe was weaned. Sure I ſhall never forget it of all days. — Upon that day (for I had then laid Wormſeed to my Breſt, fitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe-wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain! But, as I ſaid before, when it did taſte the Wormſeed on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool! to ſee it teachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quo' the People in the Streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And ſince that time it is Thirteen Years; and then ſhe cou'd ſtand alone, nay, ſhe cou'd run and waddle all about: For juſt the day before, ſhe broke her Fore-head, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, he was a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy Face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more Wiſe; wilt thou not, *Vinny*? and by my ſackings, the pretty Chit left Crying, and ſaid, Ay. — I warrant and I ſhould live a Thouſand Years, I never ſhould forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vinny*, quoth he; and pretty Fool, it ſtopt, and ſaid Ay.

Metell. Enough of this; ſtop thy impertinent Chat.

Nurſe. Yes, my Lord: yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, Ay. — And yet in ſadneſs it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Cockſill's Stone, a parlous Knock, and it cry'd bitterly. Ay, quo' my Husband, fall'ſt upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'ſt to Age, wilt thou not, *Vinny*? Look you now, it ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay. —

Metell. Intolerable trifling Goffip, peace.

Nurſe. Well; thou waſt the pretty'ſt Babe that e'er I nurſt. Might I but live to ſee thee marry'd once, I ſhould be happy. It ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay.

Metell. What think you then of Marriage, my *Lavinia*? It was the Subject that I came to treat of.

Lavin. It is a thing I have not dreamt of yet.

Nurſe. Thing? the thing of Marriage? were I not thy Nurſe, I would ſwear thou haſt ſuckt thy Wiſdom from thy Teat. The Thing?

Metell. Think of it now then, for I come to make Propoſals may be worthy of your Wiſhes.

They are for *Sylla*, the young, the gay, the handſome, Noble in Birth and Mind, the Valiant *Sylla*.

Nurſe. A Man, young Lady, Lady, ſuch a Man as all the world — why he's a Man of Wax.

Metell. Conſider, Child, my Hopes are all in Thee And now Old Age gains ground ſo faſt upon me,

'Mongst all its sad Infirmities, my Fears
For thee are not the smallest:
Therefore I've made Alliance with this *Sylla*,
A high-born Lord, and of the noblest Hopes
That *Rome* can boast, to give thee to his Arms;
So in the Winter of my Age to find
Rest from all worldly Cares, and kind rejoycing
In the warm Sun-shine of thy Happiness.

Lavin. If Happiness be seated in Content,
Or that my being blest'd can make you so,
Let me implore it on my Knees. I am
Your only Child, and still, through all the Course
Of my past Life, have been obedient too:
And as y' have ever been a loving Parent,
And bred me up with watchful tender'st Care,
Which never cost me hitherto a Tear;
Name not that *Sylla* any more, indeed
I cannot love him.

Metell. Why?

Lavin. Indeed I cannot.

Metell. Oh early Disobedience! by the Gods,
Debauch'd already to her Sex's Folly,
Perverseness, and untoward head-strong Will!

Lavin. Think me not so; I gladly shall submit
To any thing; nay, must submit to all:
Yet think a little, or you sell my Peace.
• The Rites of Marriage are of mighty moment:
And should you violate a thing so Sacred
Into a lawful Rape, and load my Soul
With hateful Bonds, which never can grow easie,
How miserable am I like to be?

Metell. Has then some other taken up your Heart?
And banish'd Duty as an Exile thence?
What sensual lewd Companion of the Night
Have you been holding Conversation with,
From open Windows at a midnight Hour,
When your loose Wishes would not let you sleep?

Lavin. If I should love, is that a Fault in one
So young as I? I cannot guess the Cause,
But when you first nam'd *Sylla* for my Love,
My Heart shrunk back as if you'd done it wrong,
If I did love, I'd tell you——if I durst.
Oh *Marinus*!

Metell. Hah!

Lavin. 'Twas *Marinus*, Sir, I nam'd,
That Enemy to you and all your House.

'Twas

'Twas an unlucky Omen that he first
Demanded me in Marriage for his Son.
Yet, Sir, believe me, I as soon cou'd wed
That *Marius*, whom I've cause to hate, as *Sylla*.

Metell. No more; by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad,
That daily, nightly, hourly, every way
My care has been to make thy Fortune high;
And having now provided thee a Lord
Of noblest Parentage, of fair Demesns,
Early in Fame, Youthful, and well ally'd,
In every thing as thought cou'd with a Man,
To have at last a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Suckling, ignorant of her good,
To answer, *I'll not wed, I cannot love.*
If thou art mine, resolve upon Compliance,
Or think no more to rest beneath my Roofs.
Go, try thy risk in Fortune's barren Field,
Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of Me,
Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.

Lavin. Will you then quite cast off your poor *Lavinia*?
And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of *Rome*,
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Master's plenty, when I ask
A little pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,
To seek a shelter under dropping Eaves,
A Porth my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears?
Must I at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men implore Relief in vain?
Must I, your poor *Lavinia*, bear all this,
Because I am not Mistress of my Heart,
Or cannot love according to your liking?

Metell. Art thou not Mistress of thy Heart then?

Lavin. No.

'Tis giv'n away.

Metell. To whom?

Lavin. I dare not tell.

But I'll endeavour strangely to forget him,
If you'll forget but *Sylla*.

Metell. Thou dost well.

Conceal his Name if thou'dst preserve his Life.
For if there be a Death in *Rome* that might

Be bought, it should not miss him. From this hour
 Curst be thy Purposes, most curst thy Love.
 And if thou marry'st, in thy Wedding-night
 May all the Curses of an injured Parent
 Fall thick, and blast the Blessings of thy Bed.

Lavin. What have you done? alas! Sir, as you spoke,
 Methought the Fury of your words took place,
 And struck my Heart, like Lightning, dead within me.
 Gone too?

[*Exit Metellus.*]

Is there no Pity sitting in the Clouds
 That sees into the bottom of my Grief?
 Alas! that ever Heaven should practise Stratagems
 Upon so soft a Subject as my self!
 What say'st Thou? hast thou not a word of Joy?
 Some Comfort, Nurse, in this Extremity.

Nurse. Marry, and there's but need on't: 'ods my Life, this
 Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young Days for all this.
 Well, and what then? *Marius* is a Man, and so's *Sylla*. Oh! but
Marius's Lip! and then *Sylla's* Nose and Forehead! But then
Marius's Eye again! how 'twill sparkle, and twinkle, and rowl,
 and steer? But to see *Sylla* a Horse-back! But to see *Marius* Walk
 or Dance! such a Leg, such a Foot, such a Shape, such a Mo-
 tion. Ah a... Well, *Marius* is the Man, must be the Man, and
 shall be the Man.

Lavin. He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce,
 And knows not yet the Pollicies of my Love:
 And when he does, perhaps may scorn and hate me.

Nurse. Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fellow. He
 is not the Flow'r of Courtessie; but, I'll warrant him, as gentle
 as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child, serve God. What? a Father's
 an old Man, and Old Men they say will take care. But a Young
 Man! Girl, ah! a Young Man! There's a great deal in a Young
 Man, and thou shalt have a Young Man. What? I have been
 thy Nurse these Sixteen Years, and I should know what's good
 for thee surely. Oh! ay... a Young Man!

Lavin. Now prithee leave me to my self a while. [*Exit Nurse.*]

'Tis hardly yet within two hours of Day.
 Sad Nights seem long... I'll down into the Garden.

The Queen of Night

Shines fair with all her Virgin-stars about her.

Not one amongst 'em all a Friend to me:

Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my steps,

And think what course my wretched state must take.

Oh, *Marius*!

[*Exit Lavinia.*]

SCENE.

A Walled Garden belonging to Metellus's House.

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. jun. **H**OW vainly have I spent this idle Night!
 Ev'n Wine can't heal the ragings of my Love.
 This sure should be the Mansion of *Levinia*;
 For in such Groves the Deities first dwelt.
 Can I go forward when my Heart is here?
 Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Centre out.

[Enters the Garden.]

Enter Granius and Sulpitius.

Gran. This way—he went—Why, *Marius*! Brother *Marius*!

Sulp. Perhaps he's wife, and gravely gone to Bed.
 There's not so weak a Drunkard as a Lover;
 One Bottle to his Lady's Health quite addles him.

Gran. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard-Wall.
 Call, good *Sulpitius*.

Sulp. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, *Marius*! Humours! Passions! mad-man Lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a Ghost.

Speak but one word; and I am transfixed.

He hears not, neither stirs he yet. Nay then

I conjure you by bright *Levinia's* Eyes,

By her bright Forehead, and her Scarlet Lip,

By her fine Foot, strait Leg, and quivering Thigh,

And the Demesns that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Gran. Hold, good *Sulpitius*, this will anger him—

Sulp. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
 To raise a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,

Till she had laid and charm'd it down again.

Gran. Let's go; he has hid himself among these Trees,

To dye his Melancholy Mind in Night.

Blind is his Love, and best before the Dark.

Sulp. Pox o'this Love, this little Scurcrow Love,

That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath

Out of their feeble sense.

Gran. Stop there—let's leave the Subject and its Slave;

Or burn *Metellus's* House about his Ears.

Sulp.

Sulp. This morning *Sylla* means to enter *Rome* :
 Your Father too demands the Consulship.
 Yet now when he shou'd think of cutting Throats,
 Your Brother's lost ; lost in a maze of Love,
 The idle Truantry of Callow Boys.
 I'd rather trust my Fortunes with a Daw,
 That hops at every Butterfly he sees,
 Than have to do in Honour with a Man
 That sells his Vertue for a Woman's Smile——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Marius junior in the Garden.

Mar. jun. He laughs at Wounds that never felt their smart.
 What Light is that which breaks through yonder Shade? *Lavinia in*
 Oh! 'tis my Love. *the Balcony*

She seems to hang upon the Cheek of Night,
 Fairer than Snow upon the Raven's back,
 Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear.
 Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright,
 That Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking.

Lavin. Ah me!

Mar. jun. She speaks.

Oh! speak agen, bright Angel: for thou art
 As Glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon
 To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
 When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the Air.

Lavin. O *Marius, Marius!* wherefore art thou *Marius*?
 Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name:
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my Love,
 And I'll no longer call *Metellus* Parent.

Mar. jun. Shall I hear this, and yet keep silence?

Lavin. No.

'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy.
 Thou would'st be still thy self, though not a *Marius*,
 Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art.
 What's in a Name? that which we call a Rose,
 By any other Name wou'd smell as sweet.
 So *Marius*, were he not *Marius* call'd,
 Be still as dear to my desiring Eyes,
 Without that Title. *Marius*, lose thy Name,
 And for that Name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all *Lavinia*.

Mar. jun. At thy word I take thee.
 Call me but Thine, and Joys will so transport me,
 I shall forget my self, and quite be chang'd.

Lavin.

Lavin. Who art thou, that thus hid and veil'd in Night,
Hast overheard my Follies?

Mar. jun. By a Name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My Name, dear Creature's hateful to my self:
Because it is an Enemy to Thee.

Lavin. *Marius?* how cam'st thou hither? tell, and, why?
The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, confid'ring who thou art,
If any of our Family here find thee,
By whose directions didst thou find this place?

Mar. jun. By Love, that first did prompt me to enquire.
He lent me Counsel, and I lent him Eyes.
I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far
As the vast Shoar washt by the farthest Sea,
I'd hazard Ruine for a Prize so dear.

Lavin. Oh *Marius!* vain are all such Hopes and Wishes
The hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us,
Our Houses Hatred and the Fate of *Rome*,
Where none but *Sylla* must be happy now.

All bring him Sacrifices of some sort,
And I must be a Victim to his Bed.
To night my Father broke the dreadful News;
And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,
He threatn'd me to banish me his House,
Naked and shifless to the World. Wouldst thou,
Marius, receive a Beggar to thy Bosom?

Mar. jun. Oh! were my Joys fixt upon that point,
I'd then shake hands with Fortune, and be friends;
Thus grasp my Happiness, embrace it thus,
And bless th'ill turn that gave thee to my Arms.

Lavin. Thou know'st the mark of night is on my Face,
Else should I blush for what thou'st heard me speak.
Fain would I dwell on Form; fain, fain deny
The things I've said: but farewell all such Follies.

Dost thou then love? I know thou'lt say thou dost;
And I must take thy word, though thou prove false.

Mar. jun. By yon bright *Cynthia's* Beams that shines above.

Lavin. Oh! swear not by the Moon, th'inconstant Moon,
That changes monthly, and shines but by Seasons,
Lest that thy Love prove variable too.

Mar. jun. What shall I swear by?

Lavin. Do not swear at all.
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Who art the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Mar. jun.

Mar. jun. Witness all ye Pow'rs.

Lavin. Nay, do not swear: Although my Joy be great,
I'm hardly satisfy'd with this night's Contract:
It seems too rash, too unadvis'd and sudden,
Too like the Lightning, which does cease to be
Ere one can say it is. Therefore this time
Good-night, my *Marius*: May a happier hour
Bring us to crown our Wishes.

Mar. jun. Why wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

Lavin. What wouldst thou have?

Mar. jun. Th'Exchange of Love for mine.

Lavin. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I wish I could retrieve it back.

Mar. jun. Why?

Lavin. But to be frank, and give it thee agen.
My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Love as deep: the more I give to thee,
The more I have: for both are Infinite.
I hear a Noise within. Farewel, my *Marius*;
Or stay a little, and I'll come agen.

Mar. jun. Stay; sure for ever.

Lavin. Three words, and, *Marius*, then good-night indeed.
If that thy Love be honourably meant,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
And all my Fortunes at thy feet I'll lay.

Nurse within. Madam!

Lavin. I come anon. But if thou meanst not well,
I do beseech thee,

Nurse within. Madam! Madam! —

Lavin. By and by, I come.

To cease thy Suit, and leave me to Griefs.
To morrow I will send. —

[Exit.]

Mar. jun. So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream,
Too lovely, sweet and flatt'ring to be true?

Re enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Hift, *Marius*, hift. Oh for a Falkner's Voice,
To lure this Tassel-gentle back agen.
Restraint has Fears, and may not speak aloud:
Else would I tear the Cave where Echo lies,
With repetition of my *Marius*. —

Mar. jun. It is my Love that calls me back agen.
How sweetly Lovers Voices sound by night!
Like softest Musick to attending Ears.

Lavin. *Marius*.

Mar. jun. My Dear.

Lavin. What a clock to morrow?

Mar. jun. At the hour of nine.

Lavin.

Lavin. I will not fail: 'Tis twenty years till then.
Why did I call thee back?

Mar. jun. Let me here stay till thou remember'st why.

Lavin. The morning's breaking, I wou'd have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a Wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
To pull it by its Fetters back agen.

Mar. jun. Would I were thine.

Lavin. Indeed, and so would I:
Yet I should kill thee sure with too much cherishing.
No more.— Good night.

Mar. jun. There's such sweet pain in parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my life into thy Eyes.

Lavin. To morrow will come.

Mar. jun. So it will. Good night.
Heav'n be thy Guard; and all its Blessings wait thee.—[*Ex. Lavin.*
To morrow! 'tis no longer: But Desires
Are swift, and longing Love wou'd lavish time,
To morrow! oh to morrow! till that come,
The tedious hours move heavily away,
And each long minute seems a lazy day.
Already Light is mounted in the Air,
Striking it self through every Element.
Our Party will by this time be abroad,
To try the Fate of *Marius* and *Rome*.
Love and Renown sure court me thus together.
Smile, smile, ye Gods, and give Success to both. [Exit

SCENE, the Forum.

Enter Four Citizens.

3 *Cit.* **W**ELL, Neighbour, now we are here, what must we do?

1. *Cit.* Why, you must give your Vote for *Caius Marius* to be Consul: And if any body speaks against you knock 'em down.

2. *Cit.* The truth on't is, there's nothing like a Civil Government, where good Subjects may have leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges.

3. *Cit.* Look you—but what's this *Sylla*? this *Sylla*? I've heard great talk of him.—He's a damnable fighting Fellow they say; but hang him—he's a Lord.

1. *Cit.* Ay, so he is, Neighbours: And I know not why any one should be a Lord more than another. I care not for a Lord: What good do they do? nothing but run in our debts, and lie with our Wives—

4. *Cit.* Why, there's a Grievance now. I have three Boys at home, no more mine than *Rome's* mine. They are all fair cur'd hair *Cupids*; and I am an honest black tanny Kettle-fac'd Fellow. — I'll ha' no Lords. — [Drums and Trumpets.]

1. *Cit.* Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! They are coming. Be you sure you roar out for a *Marius*; and do as much mischief as you can. —

Enter Marius senior and his Sons, Marius born upon the Shoulders of two Roman Slaves; Sulpitius at the Head of the Guards.

[Trumpets.]

Sulpit. Hearken, ye Men of *Rome*. I, I, *Sulpitius*, Your Tribune, and Protector of your Freedoms, By virtue of that Office here have call'd you To chuse a Consul. *Mithridates* King of *Pontus* has begun a War upon us,

Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated, And threatens *Rome* it self. Whom will you chuse To lead you forth in this most Glorious War? *Marius*, or *Sylla*?

All Cit. A *Marius*! a *Marius*! a *Marius*!

Mar. sen. Country-men, And Fellow-Citizens, my Brethren all; Or, if it may be thought a dearer name; My Sons, my Children, Glory of my Age; I come not hither arm'd to force your Suffrage, As *Sylla* does to enter *Rome* with Pow'r, As if he meant a Triumph o'er his Country. I have not made a Party in the Senate, To bring you into Slavery, or load Your Necks with the hard Yoke of Lordly Pow'r. I am no Noble, but a Free-born Man, A Citizen of *Rome*, as all you are, A Lover of your Liberties and Laws, Your Rights and Privileges. Witness here These Wounds, which in your Service I have got, And best plead for me. —

All Cit. *Marius*! *Marius*! *Marius*! No *Sylla*! no *Sylla*! no *Sylla*!

Sulpit. No more remains,

Most honourable Consul, but that freight you mount The Seat-Tribunal — Lictors, bring your Rods, Axes and Fasces, and present 'em here. Hail *Caius Marius*, Consul of the War.

Trumpets.

Trumpets. Enter Metellus, Cinna, Antonius, Quintus Pompeius,
his Son, &c. Guards.

Metell. See, Romans, there the Ruine of your Freedom,
The blazing Meteor that bodes ill to Rome.
Oppression, Tyranny, Avarice and Pride,
All centre in that melancholick Brow.
If you are mad for Slavery, long to try
The weight of abs'lute Chains, once more proclaim him,
And shout so loud till *Mithridates* hear,
And laugh to think your Throats fit for his Sword.
Take me, take all your Senators, and drag
Us headlong to the *Tyber*, — plunge us in,
And bid adieu to Liberty for ever —
Then turn and fall before your new-made Gods,
Bring your Estates, your Children and your Wives,
And lay 'em at the feet of his Ambition.
This you must do, and well it will become
Such Slaves, who sell their Charters for a Holy-day.

Cit. No *Marius*! no *Marius*!

Metell. *Quintus Pompeius*, in the Senate's Name,
As Consul, we command thee to demand
Justice of *Marius*, and proclaim him Traitor.

Q. Pomp. Descend then, *Marius*, Traitor to the State,
And Liberty of Rome, and hear thy Sentence.

Mar. sen. Now, by the Gods, this Cause is worthy of me,
Worthy my Fate.

Is this the Right and Liberty of Rome,
To pull its Lawful Consul from his Seat,
Unjudg'd, and brand him with the mark of Traitor?
Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends.

Sulpicius, damn the Rabble, let 'em fall
Like common Dross with that well-spoken Fool,
That popular Clack: or let us sell our Pates
So dear, that Rome may sicken with our Fall.

All Cit. No *Marius*! no *Marius*! Down with him, down with him.

Sulp. Ha! What art thou?

T. Pomp. The Consul's Son.

Sulp. A Worm;

A thin Skin full of Dirt; and thus I tread thee
Into thy Mother Earth. —

[Kills him.

Mar. sen. Drag hence that Traitor,
And bring me straight his Head upon thy Dart.
The Fate of Rome's begun.

Q. Pomp. Our Children murther'd,

Thus

Thus massacred before our Eyes? Come all
That love Pompeius, and revenge his loss.

Sulpit. Fall on.

All Cit. No *Marius!* no *Marius!* Liberty! Liberty! &c.

*They fight, Ma-
rius Conquers.*

Mar. sen. Thanks for this good beginning, Gods, These Slaves
These wide-mouth'd Brutes that bellow thus for Freedom,
Oh! how they ran before the hand of pow'r,
Flying for shelter into every Brake!
Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep they break their Herd,
When the Woolf's out and ranging for his Prey.

Sulpitius, thy Guards did noble Service.

Sulpit. Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,
Fit for the work of Power: say the word,
Not one amongst 'em all but what shall run,
Take an old grumbling Senator by th' Beard,
And shake his Head off from his shrinking Shoulders.

Mar. sen. *Sylla*, I hear, is at the Gates of Rome.
Proclaim straight Liberty to every Slave
That will but own the Cause of *Caius Marius*.
Horror, Confusion, and inverted Order,
Vast Desolation, Slaughter, Death and Ruine
Must have their courses ere this Ferment settle.

" Thus the Great Jove above, who rules alone,

" When Men forget his God-like Pow'r to own,

" Uses no common means, no common ways,

" But sends forth Thunder, and the World obeys. [*Ex. omnes.*]

The End of the Second A C T.

A C T

ACT III

Enter Sulpitius, Granus, and all the Guards.

Sulpit. **R**ome never saw a morning sure like this :
Now she begins to know the Rod of Pow'r;
Her wanton blood can smart.

Were I the Consul, not a Head in Rome
That had but Thoughts of Sylla, should stand safe.

Gran. Slaughter shou'd have continu'd with the day,
Mercy but gives Sedition time to rally.
Every soft, pliant, talking, busie Rogue,
Gathering a Flock of hot brain'd Fools together,
Can preach up new Rebellion. Till the Heads
Of all those heavenly-inspired Knaves be crush'd,
No Power can be safe —

Sulpit. Much will this day
Determine; Sylla's now before the Walls,
And all his Forces ready for Command.
Four thousand Slaves have taken hold on Freedom;
And come on Proclamation to our side.

Gran. Where should my Brother be? He came not home to night.

Sulpit. Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,
Stabb'd with an Eye, run through the Brains with Love.

Gran. He talkt of sending Sylla a Defiance.

Sulpit. Writ with a Pen made of a Cupid's Quill.

Gran. Why, what is Sylla?

Sulpit. A most courageous Captain at a Congee:
He fights by measure, as your Artists sing,
Keeps Distance, Time, Proportion, rests his Rests,
One, two, and the third in your Guts.
Oh! he's the very Butcher of a Button.

Gran. Would I could see my Brother. That dam'd Love
Of Women ruins noblest Purposes.

Sulpit. That Sex was first in mockery of us made.
They are the false deceitful Glasses where
We gaze, and dress our selves to all the Shapes
Of Folly. What is't Women cannot do?
She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,
Where Fops have daily entrance: make a Priest
Forgetting the Hypocrisie of's Office,

Dance

Dance and show tricks, to prove his strength and brawn :
 Make a Projector quibble, an old Judge
 Put on false hair, and paint : and after all,
 Though she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
 She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.
 Your Father promis'd me to meet me here.
 I wonder he delays so long.

Gran. He comes;

And with him too my Brother.

Sulpit. See your General,
 Salute him all my Fellow-foldiers.

Mar. sen. This,

Sulpitius, looks like Power. *Granius*, here,
 Receive thy Brother to thy Arms and bless him;

H'has done a thing most worthy of our Name,

Sent a Defiance into *Sylla's* Camp;

Challenging forth the stoutest Champion there,

In vindication of his Father's Cause,

And not an Out-law there dare send his Answer.

Once more, *Sulpitius*, are the People ours,

Enrag'd with *Sylla's* coming arm'd, to force

The City. At the *Celimontane* Gate

He's posted now, let's send him straight Commands

I'th name o'th Senate and the *Roman* People,

T'advance no farther, till the State of *Rome*

Be heard in publick, and my Choice confirm'd,

Or he continu'd Consul.—

Sulp. That would be

But to prolong Necessity; for *Rome*

Must bleed: and since the Rabble now is ours,

Keep the Fools hot, Preach Dangers in their Ears,

Spread false Reports o'th Senate, working up

Their Madness to a Fury quick and desperate,

Till they run headlong into Civil Discords,

And do our business with their own Destruction.

Granius, go thou,

Send word to *Sylla* that he lay down Arms,

And render up himself to *Rome*.

Mar. jun. There's still

A dangerous Wheel at work, a thoughtful Villain,

Cinna, wh'has rais'd his Fortune by the Iars

And Discords of his Country: like a Fly

O'er Flesh, he buzzes about itching Ears,

Till he has vented his Infection there,

To fester into Rancor and Sedition.

Would he were safe.

Mar. sen.

Mar. sen. And safe he shall be: let him be proscrib'd,
The Fine upon his Head its weight in Gold.
Would I cou'd buy *Metellus*'s as cheap.
I have a tender Foolishness within me
May sometimes get the better of my Rage.
Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm; still ply
My ebbing Fury with the thoughts of *Sylla*,
Th' ungrateful Senate, and *Metellus* Pride;
And let not any thing may make me dreadful
Be left undone. Now to our Troops let's hasten,
And wait for *Sylla*'s Answer at our Arms.

{ *Ex. Mar. sen.*
and Granius.

Sulp. Is not this better now than whining Love?
Now thou again art *Marius*, Son of Arms,
Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friends Delight.

Enter Nurse and Clodius.

Mar. jun. Sulpitius, what comes here? A Sail, *Sulpitius*.

Sulpit. A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much.
Many a boisterous Storm has she been to's'd in,
And many a Pilot kept her to the Wind,

Nurse. Clodius.

Clod. Madam.

Sulpit. Madam.

Nurse. My Fan, Clodius.

Sulpit. Ay, good Clodius, to hide her Face.

Nurse. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Sulpit. Good even, fair Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Fair Gentlewoman! Really 'tis very hot.

Sulpit. It should be so by your Ladyship's parch'd Face.

Nurse. Marry come up, my Gossip: whose Man are you?

*Sulpit. A Woman's Man, my Sybil, would'st thou try
My strength in Feats of amorous engagement.*

*Lead me amongst the Beauteous, where they run
Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their Wildness,*

Where I may chuse the foremost of the Herd,

And bear her trembling to some bower bedeck'd

With sweetest Flowers, such as Joy would chuse

To dwell in; throw my inspir'd Arms about her,

And press her till she thought her self more bless'd

Than to panting with the Joys of Love..

*Nurse. Panting? Joys? and Love? Now by my troth 'tis very
pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any Body tell where I may find
young *Marius*?*

Mar. jun. Yes, I can tell you, Madam. I am he.

E

Sulpit.

Sulpia. Hah! by this Light a Bowd. So ho!
Come let's away. I hate a Morning Bowd,
That stinks of last-night's Office. *[Exit Sulpia.]*

Nurse. Pray, Sir, what sawey Fellow's he that's gone?

Mar. jun. A Gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk;
and will speak more in a minute than he'll stand in a Month.

Nurse. And he speak any thing against me, I'll take him down,
and he were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks, or I'll find
those that shall. But now, Sir, I wish you much Joy — I hear
you are —

Mar. jun. Marry'd, this day the blessed deed was done.
When the unhappy Discords first took flame
Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then
A holy Priest of Hymen, whom with Gold
I brib'd to yield us privately his Office,
Joyn'd our kind Hands, and now She's ever mine.

Nurse. Well: fore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me
quivers. But pray, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young Lady
bade me say you out. What she bade me say, I'll keep to my self.
But must let me tell you, if you have led her into a Fool's Paradise,
as they say; for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you
should deal doubly with her, though you don't look like a Gentle-
man that wou'd use double dealing with a Lady.

Mar. jun. Commend me to thy Lady, I protest —

Nurse. Good heart, and i'faith, I will tell as much. Lord!
Lord! she will be a joyful Woman.

Mar. jun. Bid her devise this Evening to receive
Me at her Window: Here is for thy pains — *[Gives money.]*

Nurse. No truly, Sir; not a Drachma.

Mar. jun. Away; I say you shall.

Nurse. This Evening, say you? well, she shall be there.

Mar. jun. And stay, kind Nurse, behind the Garden-wall.
Within this Hour my Man shall meet thee there,
And bring thee Cords like a Tackling-ladder,
Which to the blessed Mansion of my Joy
Must be my Conduct in the Sweet Night.
Farewell, — be true, and I'll reward thy pains.

Nurse. Now Heaven bless thee. — Hark you, Sir:

Mar. jun. What say'st thou, Nurse?

Nurse. Nothing, but that my Mistress is the sweetest Lady. Lord!
Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing — Oh! — there's a
Spark, one Sylla, that would fain have a finger in the Pye — but
she, good Soul, had as lieve hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear
of him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her Sylla is the swiftest
Man. — But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as if any
Clout in the verfall World. Well, you'll be sure to come. —

Mar. jun.

Mar. jun. As sure as Truth.

Nurse. Well, when it was a little thing and us'd to lie with me, it would so kick, so sprawl, and so play— and then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play agen. When it had tickling and playing enough, it would go to sleep as gently as a Lamb. I shall never forget it. — Then you'll be sure to come.

Mar. jun. Can I forget to live?

Nurse. Nay, but swear though.

Mar. jun. By this Kiss, which thou shalt carry to *Lavinia*.

Nurse. Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you shall not. I have been drinking *Aqua-vita*. Oh! those Eyes of yours!

Mar. jun. Till Night farewell. —

Nurse. Till Night; I'll say no more, but da, da. Come *Clodius*, Ah! those Eyes! [Ex. *Nurse* and *Clodius*.]

Mar. jun. What pains she takes with her officious Folly?
How happy is the Evening-tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions, trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our silly Days
In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That toss the thoughtful, active, busy Mind?
Though this Day be the dearest of my Life,
There's something hangs most heavy on my Heart,
And my Brain's sick with Dulness.

Enter Marius senior.

Mar. sen. Where's this Loyerer,
This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*?
With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes he stands,
The Marks and Emblem of a Woman's Fool.

Mar. jun. My Father.

Mar. sen. Call me by some other Name;
Disgrace me not: I'm *Marius*;
And surely *Marius* has small right in thee.
Would *Sylla's* Soul were thine, and mine were his,
That he, as thou hast done, now sorry calls,
Might run for shelter to a Woman's Bosom,
And hide him in her Bosom like a Babe,

Mar. jun. Then I'm a Coward.

Mar. sen. Art thou not?

Mar. jun. I am,
That I can bear Reproaches, and yet live.
Durst any Man but you have call'd me so?
Oh let me fall, embrace and kiss your Feet.
Y'have rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart

To such a Work as Fame ne'r talk'd of yet.
How'll you dispose *Lavinia*?

Marius sen. Let her fall,
As I would all her Family and Name,
Forgotten that they either ever gave
Thy Father's Head Dishonour, or thee Pain.

Mar. jun. 'Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's scarce more
Metellus's Daughter now than Yours: our Hands
Were by a Priest this Morning join'd. May Heav'n
Avert th'ill Omen, and preserve my Father.

Mar. sen. Marry'd? I say ruin'd, lost and curst.

Mar. jun. Y'have torn
The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom.

Mar. sen. Go where I never more may here thee nam'd;
Go farthest from me, get thee to *Metellus*,
Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent.
I've yet one Son, that surely won't forsake me:
Else in this Breast I still have glorious Thoughts,
That will at least give Lustre to my Ruine.
Farewel——my once best Hopes, now greatest Shames.

Mar. jun. Condemn me rather to the worst of Deaths,
Or send me chain'd to *Sylla* like a Slave,
Than banish me the blessing of your Presence.
I've thought and bounded all my Wishes so,
To die for you is Happiness enough;
'Twould be too much to enjoy *Lavinia* too.

Mar. sen. Again *Lavinia*?

Mar. jun. Yes, this Coward Slave,
This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*,
Though wedded to the brightest Beauty, rais'd
To th'highest expectation of Delight,
Ev'n in this minute when Love prompts his Heart,
And tells what mighty Pleasures are preparing,
Is Master of a Mind unfetter'd yet.

Mar. sen. What can'st thou do?

Mar. jun. This Night I should have gone,
And ta'en possession of *Lavinia's* Bed.
But by the Gods, these Eyes no more shall see her,
Till I've done something that's above Reward,
And you your self present her to my Arms.

Mar. sen. Why dost thou talk thus to me?

Mar. jun. Hark! [Trumpets.

The Trumpets sound, and business is at hand.
It seems as if our Guards upon the Walls
Were just engag'd, and *Sylla* come upon 'em.
The Gods have done me Justice.

Mar.

Mar. sen. Get thee gone,
And leave me to my Fate,
Thou maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War.

Mar. jun. I'll follow you.——

Mar. sen. Thou shalt not.

Mar. jun. But the Gods, I will.

Mar. sen. How? disobey'd then?

Mar. jun. Bid a Courser spur'd
Stop in his full Career; bid Tides run back,
Or sailing Ships stand still before the Wind,
Or Winds themselves not blow when *you* provoke 'em,

Mar. sen. Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.

Mar. jun. Why? would you kill me?

Mar. sen. No, no: I hope thou art reserv'd yet for
A better Fate.

Mar. jun. Thanks, Heav'n.

These few kind words shew I'm not quite unhappy.

Mar. sen. Then do not contradict my Will in this;
But part, and when our Hands next meet agen,
Be's in the Heart of *Sylla* or *Metellus*.——

[Exit

[Trumpets agen.

Mar. jun. Sound higher, ye shrill Instruments of War,
And urge its Horrors up, till they become,
If possible, as terrible as mine.
Oh my *Lavinia*! though this Night I fall,
At my return I shall be doubly happy.
Such Trials the great ancient Hero's past,
Who little present Happiness could taste,
Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at last.

[Exit.

SCENE Metellus's House.

Enter *Lavinia*.

Lavin. **G**Allop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rs *Phaon's* Lodging. Such a Charioteer
As *Phaeton* would dash you to the West,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy close Curtains Love-performing Night
To sober-suited Matrons all in black;
That winking Eyes may wink, and *Marius*
Leap to these Arms untalkt of and unseen.
Oh! give me *Marius*; and when he shall die,

Take

Take him, and cut him out in little Stars;
 And he will make the Face of Heaven so fine,
 That all the World shall grow in love with Night,
 And pay no worship to the gaudy Sun.
 Oh! I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
 But not possess it ——— Tedious is this Day,
 As in the Night before some Festival
 To an impatient Child that has new Robes,

Enter Nurse and Clodius.

And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurse: what News?
 How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my *Marius*?

Nurse. Oh! a Chair! a Chair! no Questions, but a Chair! So.

Lavin. Nay, prithee Nurse, why dost look so sad?

Oh! do not spoil the Musick of good Tidings.

With such a Melancholick wretched Face.

Nurse. Oh! I am weary, very weary. *Clodius*, my Cordial-bottle.
 Fie! how my Bones ake! what a Jaunt have I had!

Lavin. Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,
 Will *Marius* come to Night? Speak, will he come?

Nurse. Alas! alas! what haste? oh! cannot you stay a little?
 oh! do not you see that I'm out of breath? oh this Phthisick!
Clodius the Cordial.

Lavin. Th'excuse thou mak'st for this unkind delay
 is longer than the Tale thou hast to tell.
 Is thy News good or bad? answer to that.
 Say either, and I'll stay the Circumstance.

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple Choice: you know not
 how to chuse a Man. Yet his Leg excels all Men's. And for a
 Hand and a Foot and a Shape, though they are not to be talk'd of—
 yet they are past compare. What, have you Din'd within?

Lavin. No, no: what foolish Questions dost thou ask?
 What says he of his coming? what of that?

Nurse. Oh! how my Head akes! what a Head have I!
 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o'ther side! ah! my Back! my Back!
 Beshrew your Heart for sending me about

To catch my Death. — This Back of mine will break. [Drinks.]

Lavin. Indeed I'm sorry if thou art not well.
 But prithee tell me, Nurse, what says my Love?

Nurse. Why, your Love says like an honest Gentleman, and a
 kind Gentleman, and a handsome — and I'll warrant a valiant
 Gentleman. [Drinks.] Well — what? where's your Father?

Lavin. Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.
 How oddly thou reply'st?

Your

Your Love says like an honest Gentleman,
Where's your Father?

Nurse. Oh good Lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow.
Is this a Poultice for my aking Bones?
Henceforward do your Messages your self.

Lavin. Nay, prithee be not angry Nurse, I meant
No ill. Speak kindly, will my Marius come?

Nurse. Will he? will a Duck swim?

Lavin. Then he will come.

Nurse. Come? why, he will come upon all four, but he'll come.
Go, get you in, and say your Prayers: go.

Lavin. For Blessings on my Marius and Thee.

Nurse. Well, it would be a sad thing though——

Lavin. What?

Nurse. If Marius should not come now——for there's old doings
at the Gates, they are at it ding-dong. Tantarara go the Trum-
pets; Shout, cry the Soldiers; Clatter go the Swords. I'll war-
rant, I made no small haste.——

Lavin. And is my Marius there? alas my Fears! [Trumpets.
The Noise comes this way. Guard my Love, ye Gods,
Or strike me with your Thunder when he falls. [Exit.

SCENE the Forum.

Enter Marius senior, Marius junior, Gracius, Sulpius, Catulus, &c.
Guards, Lictors, on one side:

Metellus, Sylla, Quintus Pompeius, Guards, on the other.

[Trumpets sound a march.

Metell. O H thou God,
Deliverer of Rome, most blest of Men!
See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country
Prostrate for Refuge at thy feet: see there
The Terror of our Freedom, and thy Foe,
The Persecutor of thy Friends, the Scourge
Of Truth and Justice, and the Plague of Rome.

Mar. sen. What art Thou that canst hold thy slavish Ears
To flattering Hypocrite?

Sylla. My Name thou hast heard,
And know from. I am the Friend of Rome,
The Terror and the Bane of thee her Foe.

Mar.

Mar. sen. If th'art her Friend, why com'st thou here thus arm'd,
Slaughtering her Citizens, and laying waste her Walls?

Sylla. To free her from a Tyrant's Power.

Mar. sen. Who is that Tyrant?

Sylla. Thou, who hast oppress

Her Senate, made thy self by force a Consul,
Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em 'gainst her Laws.

Mar. sen. Hear this, ye Romans, and then judge my Wrong.

Have I oppress'd you? have I forc'd your Laws?

Am I a Tyrant? I, whom ye have rais'd

For my true Services, to what I am?

Remember th' *Ambrons*, *Cimbri*, and the *Tentons*;

Remember the Confederate War.

Sylla. Where Thou,

Cold and delaying, wert by *Silo* brav'd,

Scorn'd by thy Soldiers, and at last compell'd

Ingloriously to quit th'unwieldy Charge.

Remember too who banish'd good *Mesellus*,

The Friend and Parent of thy obscure Family,

That rais'd thee from a Peasant to a Lord.

Mar. sen. Basely thou wrong'st the Truth. My actions rais'd me.

Had'st thou been born a Peasant, still thou'dst been so:

But I by Service to thy Country've made

My Name renown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War.

Sylla. In the *Jugurthine* War, whose King was taken

Pris'ner by me, and *Marcius* triumpht for't.

Mar. sen. Thou stol'st him basely, stol'st him at the price

Of his Wife's Lust: Thou barter'd'st his Betraying,

And in the Capitol hast Pageants set

In memory of thy Vanity and Shame.

Sylla. Thy Shame.

Mar. sen. My Honour, proud presumptuous Boy,

Who would'st be gaudy in an unfit Dress,

And wear my cast off Glories after me.

Sylla. I'd rather wear some Beggar's rotten Rags,

By him left dangling on a High-way Hedge,

Than soil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine,

Thou scorn'd *Clebelan*.

Mar. sen. Worst Perdition catch thee.

Sylla. Disband that Rout of Rebels at thy heels,

And yield thy self to Justice and the Senate.

Mar. sen. Justice from Thee demanded on my Head?

First clear thy self, quit thy usurp'd Command:

Approach and kneel to me, whom thou hast wrong'd.

Sylla. Upon thy Neck I would.

Mar. sen. As soon thou'dst take

A Lion by the beard: thou dar'st not think on't.

Sylla. I dare, and more:

Mar. sen. Then Gods, I take your word;
If there be truth in you, I shall not fall
This Day. My Friends and fellow Soldiers, now,
Fight as I've seen you: For the Life of *Sylla*,
Leave it to me; for much Revenge must go
Along with Death when such a Victim bleeds.

Syll. My Lords withdraw.

Metell. No, trust the Gods, I'll see
My Country's Fate, and with her live or die.

Mar. sen. Now, *Sylla*:

Sylla. Now, my Veterans, consider
You fight for Laws, for Liberty, for Life.

Mar. sen. Rebellion never wanted that pretence.
Thou shadow of what I have been, thou Puppet
Of that great State and Honours I have born,
If thou'lt do something worthy of thy place,
Let's join our Battel with a force may glut
The Throat of Death, and choak him with himself;
As fiercely as destroying Whirlwinds rise,
Or as Clouds dash when Thunder shakes the Skies.

[*Trumpets sound a Charge: They fight.*]

Re-enter Marius senior, taken by Sylla's Party.

Mar. sen. Forsaken, and a Pris'ner? Is this all
That's left of *Marius*? The old, naked Trunk
Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs,
Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus,
But let me run into the Jaws of Death,
And finish my ill Fate. Or must I be
Preserv'd a publick Spectacle, expos'd
To Scorn, and make a Holyday for Slaves?
Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I should know thy Face.
Thou hast born Office under me. If e'er
In my best Fortune I deserv'd thy Friendship,
Give me a *Roman's* Death, and set me free,
That no Dishonour in my Age o'ertake me.

Officer. I've serv'd and lov'd you well: nor would I see
Your Fall———My Orders were, to save your Life.

Mar. sen. Thou'rt a Time-server, that can't flatter Misery.

Enter Marius junior, Granus, and Sulpitius, Prisoners.

My Sons in Bonds too, and *Sulpitius*?

F

Sulpit.

Sulpit. Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapp'd me. Now must I
Be food for Crows, and sink upon a Tree,
Whilst Coxcombs strowl abroad, on Holidays,
To take the Air, and see me rot. A pox
On Fortune, and a pox on that first Fool
That taught the World Ambition.

Enter Quint. Pompeius, four Lictors before him.

Q. Pomp. Draw near,
Ye Men of Rome, and hear the Law pronounc'd.
Thou *Marinus*, whose Ambition and whose Pride
Hast cost so many Lives, the first that e'er
Wag'd Civil Wars in Rome, Thee and thy Sons,
Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave
And Minister of all thy Outrages,
The curs'd *Sulpitius*, Banishment's thy Lot;
After to morrow's Dawn if found i'th' City,
Death be thy Doom: so hath the Senate said.
So flourish Peace and Liberty in Rome,

[Exit Quint. Pompeius, Lictors crying Liberty.]

Mar. sen. I thank ye, Gods, upon my Knees I thank ye,
For plaguing me above all other Men.
Come, ye young Heroes, kneel and praise the Heav'ns,
For crowning thus your youthful Hopes. Ha, ha, ha!
What pleasant Game hath Fortune play'd to-day?
Oh! I could burst with Laughter. Why, now Rome's
At Peace. But may it be as short and vain
As Joys but dreamt of, or as sick Men's Slumbers.
Now let's take hands, and bending to the Earth,
To all th' Infernal Powers let us swear.

All. We swear.

Mar. sen. That's well: By the Destinies,
By all the Furies, and the Fiends that wait
About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,
We'll bring Destruction to this cursed City;
Let not one Stone of all her Towers stand safe.

Mar. jun. Let not her Temples nor her Gods escape.

Gran. Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces perish.

Mar. sen. Her young Men massacred.

Sulpit. Her Virgins ravish'd.

Mar. jun. And let her Lovers all my Torments feel,
Doating like me, and like me banished.

Thus let 'em Curse, thus raving tear their Hair.

And fall upon the ground as I do now.

Mar.

Mar. sen. Rise then, and to *Lavinia* go. This Night's
Thy own.

Mar. jun. And ever after Pain and Sorrow,
But go thou, find *Lavinia's* Woman out—— [To his Servant.
Tell her I'll come, and bid her hear my Love,
For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy
Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.

Mar. sen. Thus then let's part; each take his several way,
As to a Task of Darkness: when we meet
In hated Exile, we'll compute Accompts,
And see what Mischief each has gathered then.
For, *Rome*, I shall be yet once more thy Lord,
If Oracles have truth, and Augurs lye not.
For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields
Playing, I seven young Eagles chanc'd to find;
Which gathering up I to my Parents bore.
The Gods were sought, who promis'd me from thence
As many times the Consulate of *Rome*.

Six times already I've that Office bore;
And so far has the Prophecy prov'd true.
But if I've manag'd ill the time that's past,
And too remiss fix elder Fortunes left,
The youngest Darling-Fate is yet to come,
And Thou shalt feel me then, ungrateful *Rome*.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Third ACT.

F 2

ACT

A C T. IV.

SCENE the Garden.

Enter Lavinia and Marius junior.

Lavin. **W**ilt thou be gone? It is not yet near Day.
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thy Ear.
Nightly on yon Pomegranate-tree she sings.
Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.

Mar. jun. Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily drest,
Whilst all the Birds bring Musick to his Levy.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die——

Lavin. Oh! oh! what wretched Fortune is my lot!
Sure, giving Thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt
To pay, till Bankrupt-like it broke; whilst I,
A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd
To take a Mite for endless Summs of Joy.

Mar. jun. Let me be taken, let me suffer Death,
I am content, so Thou wilt have it so——
By Heaven, yon gray is not the Morning's eye,
But the reflection of pale *Cynthia's* Brightness,
Nor is't the Lark we hear, whose Notes do beat
So high, and eccho in the Vault of Heaven.
I'm all desire to stay, 'no will to go.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk: it is not Day.

Lavin. Oh! it is, it is——Fly hence away, my *Marius*,
It is the Lark, and out of tune she sings,
With grating Discords and unpleasing Strainings.
Some say the Lark and loathsome Toad change Eyes:
Now I could wish they had chang'd Voices too;
Or that a Lethargy had seiz'd the Morning,
And she had slept, and never wak'd again,
To part me from th' Embraces of my Love.
What shall become of me, when thou art gone?

Mar. jun. The Gods that heard our Vows, and know our Loves,
Seeing

Seeing my Faith, and thy unspotted Truth,
Will sure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.
Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em every Day,
How my *Lavinia* does : And every Night,
In the severe Distresses of my Fate,
As I perhaps shall wander through the Desert;
And want a place to rest my weary Head on,
I'll count the Stars, and bless 'em as they shine,
And court 'em all for my *Lavinia's* safety.

Lavin. Oh Banishment, eternal Banishment !
Ne'er to return ! must we ne'er meet agen ?
My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought
And live. Could I but see to th' end of Woe,
There were some Comfort——but eternal Torment
Is even insupportable to thought.
It cannot be that we shall part for ever.

Mar. jun. No, for my Banishment may be recall'd ;
My Father once more hold a Pow'r in *Rome* :
Then shall I boldly claim *Lavinia* mine,
Whilst happiest Men shall envy at the Blessing,
And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.

Lavin. If by my Father's Cruelty I'm forc'd,
When left alone to yield to *Sylla's* Claim,
Defenceless as I am, and thou far from me,
If, as I must, I rather die than suffer't,
What a sad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee ?
I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or say, or do. I cannot let thee go.

Mar. jun. A Thousand things would, to this purpose said,
But sharpen and add weight to Sorrow!

Oh my *Lavinia* ! if my Heart e'er stray,———
Or any other Beauty ever charm me,
If I live not entirely only thine,
In that curst moment when my Soul forsakes thee,
May I be hither brought a Captive bound,
To adorn the Triumph of my basest Foe.

[Kneels.]

Lavin. And if I live not faithful to the Lord
Of my first Vows, my dearest only *Marius*,
May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O *Rome*,
Till flying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or some worse Fate destroy me ;
And not one Tree vouchsafe a Leaf to hide me.

Mar. jun. What needs all this?———

Lavin. Oh ! I could find out things
To talk to thee for ever.

Mar.

Mar. jun. Weep not; the time
We had to stay together has been employ'd
In richest Love——

Lavin. We ought to summon all
The spirit of soft Passion up, to chear
Our Hearts thus lab'ring with the pangs of Parting?
Oh my poor *Marius*!

Mar. jun. Ah my kind *Lavinia*!

Lavin. But dost thou think we e'er shall meet agen?

Mar. jun. I doubt it not, and all these Woes shall serve
For sweet Discourses in our time to come.

Lavin. Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt from my Arms,
Like a stark Ghost, with Horror in thy Visage.
Either my Eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Mar. jun. And trust me, Love, in my Eye so dost Thou.
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood——Farewel.

Lavin. Farewel then.

[Exit *Mar. jun.*]

Nurse within. Madam.

Lavin. My Nurse.

Nurse within. Your Father's up, and Day-light broke abroad.
Be wary, look about you——

Lavin. Hah! is he gone? My Lord, my Husband, Friend,
I must hear from thee every Hour i'th' Day:
For absent Minutes seem as many Days.
Oh! by this reck'ning I shall be most old,
E'er I agen behold my *Marius*. Nay,
Gone too already! 'Twas unkindly done,
I had not yet imparted half my Soul,
Not a third part of its fond jealous Fears:
But I'll pursue him for't, and be reveng'd;
Hang such a tender Tale about his Heart,
Shall make it tingle as his Life were stung:
Nay too——I'll love him; never, never leave him;
Fond as a Child, and resolute as Man.

[Exit *Lavin.*]

Enter Metellus musing.

Metell. Sylla this Morning parts from hence to Capua,
To head that Army. *Cinna* must be Consul——
Ay, *Cinna* must be. He's a busie Fellow,
Knows how to tell a Story to the Rabble,
Hates *Marius* too: that, that's the dearest point.
I hope the Snares for *Marius* laid may take him.
A hundred Horse are in pursuit to find him;
And if they catch him, his Head's safe, that's certain.

Octavius

Octavius will be the other — be it so,
An honest, simple, downright-dealing Lord;
A little too Religious, that's his fault.

Enter a Servant.

What now?

Servant. A Letter left you by a Lictor,
Who told us that it came from the Lord *Sylla*.

Metellus reads the Letter.

B Lame not, Sir, my parting
So suddenly: just now I've had advice
Of some disturbance in the Camp at Capua.
Commend my tender'st Faith to fair Lavinia.
You're *Sylla's* Advocate with her and Rome.

Enter Nurse.

Well, Nurse.

Nurse. My Lord.

Metell. How does my Daughter?

Nurse. Truly very ill:

She has not slept a wink:

Nothing but toss'd and tumbled all this Night;

I left her just now slumbring.

This Lord *Sylla* does so run in her Head.

Metell. Oh! were he in her Heart, Nurse!

Nurse. Were he?

Why, she thinks of nothing else, talks of nothing else, dreams of
nothing else. She would needs have me lie with her t'other Night.
But about Midnight (I'll swear it wak'd me out of a sweet Nap)
she takes me fast in her Arms, and cries, Oh my Lord *Sylla*; 'but
are you, will you be true? Then sigh'd, and so stretch'd — I swear
I was half afraid.

Metell. She's strangely alter'd then.

This Morning two new Consuls must be chosen.

If they are true, those tidings thou hast brought me,

Wait while she wakes, and tell her 'tis my Pleasure,

At my return from th' *Forum* that I see her — *[Exit Metell.]*

Nurse. So, so; — here will be sweet doings in time. How many
hundred lyes a day must I tell, to keep this Family at Peace?

Enter Lavinia.

Lavin. Oh Nurse! Where art thou? Is my Father gone?

Nurse.

Nurse. Gone? Yes; and would I were gone too.

Lavin. Why dost thou sigh? What cause hast thou to wish so?
Wert thou distrest, unfortunate as I am,
Thou hadst then cause.

What shall I do? Oh, how alone am I!
I walk methinks as half of me were lost:
Yet, like a maim'd Bird, flutter, flutter on,
And fain wou'd find a Hole to hide my Head in.

Nurse. Odds my Boddikins! but why thus drest, Madam?
Why in this pickle, say you now?

Lavin. Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppose me,
For I am desperate, and resolv'd to Death,
In this unhappy, wayward, humble Drest,
After my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take,
Forake deserted Rome, and find my Marius.

Nurse. And I must stay behind to be hang'd up, like an old Pole-
Cat in a Warren, for a warning to all Vermin, that shall come
after me. Would I were fairly dead for a Week, till this were
over.

Lavin. This Morning's opportunity is fair,
When all are busie in electing Consuls;
I shall escape unseen without the Gates,
And this Night in a Litter reach Solonium.

Nurse. I care not; I'll have nothing to do in't. You sha'n't stir.
Nay, I'll raise the House first. Why Clodius! Catulus! Sempromia!
Thesbia! Men and Maids, where are you? Oh! oh! oh!

{ *Lav.* gets from her. *Nurse*
falls down. [*Exit Lavinia.*]

Enter Clodius.

Clod. What's the matter, Mistress?

Nurse. Oh Clody, Clody, dear Clody! is't thee, my dear Clody?
Help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the Forum presently:
tell him his Treasury is robb'd, his House a-fire, his Daughter
dead, and I mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! oh! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Country.

Enter several Herdsmen belonging to Marius.

1 *Herd.* Good morrow, Brother, you have heard the News.
2 *Herd.* News, quoth a? Trim News truly.

1 *Herd.*

1. *Herd.* Why, they say our Lord and Master's slept a one side. Is there any thing in't row?

2. *Herd.* Any thing in't? alas a day! alas a day! sad times! sad times Brother! not a penny of Money stirring.

1. *Herd.* Nay, I thought there was no good weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heifer buck up her Tail Eastward, and ran back into a new Quick-set, which I had just made to keep the Swine from the Beans.

2. *Herd.* And t'other night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd the Tene-ment these seven years, fell down, Nest and all, into the Porridge-pot, and spoil'd the Broath. Sad times! sad times, Brother!

3. *Herd.* Did you meet no Troupers this way?

2. *Herd.* Troupers? I saw a parcel of Raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon Wood side upon ragged Hide-bound Jades. I warrant they came for no goodness.

1. *Herd.* 'Twas to look for Lord *Marius*, as sure as Eggs be Eggs, These Bitious folk make more stir in the World than a thousand men. Would my Kine were all in their Stalls.

Enter several Soldiers in quest of Marius.

1. *Sold.* This is the way. How now, you pack of Boobies? whose Fools are you?

2. *Herd.* Why, we are such Fools as you are; any bodies Fools that will pay us our Wages.

2. *Sold.* Do you belong to the Traitor, *Marius*?

1. *Herd.* We belong to *Caius Marius*, and like your Worship.

1. *Sold.* Why, this is a civil fellow. But you, Rogue, you are witty and be hang'd, are you?

2. *Herd.* It's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but Money enough, I'd no more be a Wit than you'd be a Soldier.

2. *Sold.* Let the hungry Churl alone.

1. *Sold.* Hark you, you Dog; where's your Lord, the Traitor *Marius*?

2. *Herd.* In a whole Skin, if he be wise.

2. *Sold.* Where is he, you Pultroon?

2. *Herd.* Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at *Salonium*, but I keep none of him. If you must needs know where he is, then I must needs tell you I don't know.

1. *Sold.* Let's to his House hard by, and ransack that. Sirrah, if we miss of him, you may repent this. *[Ex. Soldiers.]*

1. *Herd.* 'Tis all one to me, I must pay my Rent to some body.

2. *Herd.* Why, this 'tis now to be a great Man. Heav'n keep me a Cow-keeper still. I say.

Enter Marius senior and Granius.

Mar. sen. Where are we? Are ye not near *Salonium*?
Lead me to yonder shady Poplar, where
The poor old *Marius* a while may sit,
And joy in Rest. Oh my distemper'd Head!
The Sun has beat his Beams so hard upon me,
That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull!
Oh my tormented Skull! Oh *Rome*! *Rome*! *Rome*!
Hah! what are those?

Gran. They seem, Sir, Rural Swains,
Who tend the Herds that graze beneath these Woods.

Mar. sen. Who are ye? to what Lord do ye belong?

1. Herd. We did belong to *Caius Marius* once: but they say he's
gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

Mar. sen. Have ye forgot me then? ungrateful Slaves!
Are ye so willing to disown your Master?
Who would have thought t' have found such Baseness here,
Where Innocence seems seated by the Gods,
As in her Virgin-nakedness untainted?
Confusion on ye, ye fordin Earthlings. [Ex. all but one

1. Herd. Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad.
Just now a Troop of Murtherers past this way,
And ask'd with horror for the Traitor *Marius*.
By this time at *Salonium*, at your House,
They are in search of you. Fly, fly, my Lord — [Exit.

Mar. sen. I shall be hounded up and down the World,
Now every Villain, that is wretch enough
To take the price of Blood, dreams of my Throat.
Help and support me till I reach the Wood,
Then go and find my wretched Brother out.
Asunder we may dodge our Fate, and lose her.
In some old hollow Tree or overgrown Brake
I'd rest my wearily Limbs till danger pass me. [Goes into the Wood.

Enter Soldiers again.

Sold. A thousand Crowns? 'tis a Reward might buy
As many Lives, for they are cheap in *Rome*;
And 'tis too much for one.

2. Sold. Let's set this Wood
A flaming, if you think he's here, and then
Quickly you'll see th'old Dröan crawl humming out.

1. Sold. Thou always lov'st to ride full speed to mischief. There's
no consideration in thee. Look you, when I cut a Throat, I love

to do it with as much Deliberation and Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a slovenly Murth'r done hand over head: a Man gets no credit by it.

3. *Sold.* The Man that spoke last, spoke well. Therefore let us to yon adjacent Village, and fowce our Lives in good *Fraternium*—

[*Ex. Soldiers.*]

Mar. sen. O Villains! not a Slave of these
But has serv'd under me, has eat my Bread,
And felt my Bounty——Drought! parching Drought!
Was ever Lion thus by Dogs embols'd?
Oh! I could swallow Rivers: Earth yield me Water;
Or swallow *Marius* down where Springs first flow.

Enter Marius junior, and Granius.

Mar. jun. My Father!

Mar. sen. Oh my Son!

Mar. jun. Why thus forlorn! stretch'd on the Earth?

Mar. sen. Oh! get me some refreshment, cooling Herbs,
And Water to allay my ravenous Thirst.

I would not trouble you if I had strength:

But I'm so faint that all my Limbs are useless.

Now have I not one *Draught* to buy Food,

Must we then starve? No, sure the Birds will feed us.

Mar. jun. There stands a House on yonder side o'th' Wood,
It seems the Mansion of some Man of Note:
I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.

Mar. sen. Oh my Soul's comfort! do. Indeed I want it.
I, who had once the plenty of the Earth,

Now want a Roof and Water. Go, my Boy,

And see who'll give a Mord to poor *Marius*.

Nay, I'll not starve: No, I will plunge in Debt,

Wallow in Plenty. Drink? I'll drink, I'll drink.

Give me that Goblet hither.—*Here a Health*

To all the Knaves and Scoundrels in Rome.

Mar. jun. Repose your self a while, till we return.

Mar. sen. I will, but prethee let me rave a little.

Go, prethee go, and don't delay. *Will rest;*

As thou shalt, *Rome*, if e'er my Fortune raise me—[*Ex. Mar. jun.*]

Enter Lavinia.

Another Murth'rer? this brings Illing Fate:

A deadly Snake cloas'd in a dainty Skin.

Lavin. I've wandred up and down these Woods and Meadows,
Till I have lost my way.

Against a tall, young, slender, well grown Oak
Leaning, I found *Lavinia* in the Bark.
My *Marius* should not be far hence.

Mar. sen. What art thou,
That dar'st to name that wretched Creature *Marius*?

Lavin. Do not be angry, Sir, what e'er thou art;
I am a poor unhappy Woman, driven
By Fortune to pursue my banish'd Lord.

Mar. sen. By thy dissembling Tone thou should'st be Woman,
And Roman too.

Lavin. Indeed I am:

Mar. sen. A Roman?

If thou art so, be gone, lest Rage with Strength
Assist my Vengeance, and I'll rise and kill thee.

Lavin. My Father, is it you?

Mar. sen. Now thou art Woman;
For Lies are in thee: I? am I thy Father?
I ne'er was yet so curst; none of thy Sex
E'er sprung from me. My Off-spring all are Males,
The nobler sort of Beasts entit'led men.

Lavin. I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord.
Have you ne'er heard *Epwinia's* name in Rome,
That wedded with the Son of *Marius*?

Mar. sen. Hah!

Art thou that fond, that kind and dotting thing,
That left her Father for a banish'd Husband?
Come near —

And let me bless thee, though thy Name's my Foe.

Lavin. Alas, my Father, you seem much oppress'd:
Your Lips are parcht, blood-shot your Eyes and sunk.
Will you partake such Fruits as I have gather'd?
Taste, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranate; both are
Ripe and refreshing.

Mar. sen. What? all this from Thee,
Thou Angel, whom the Gods have sent to aid me?
I don't deserve thy Bounty.

Lavin. Here, Sir's more.
I found a Chrytal Spring ~~too~~ in the Wood,
And took some Water; tis most soft and cool.

Mar. sen. An Emperor's Feast! but I shall rob thee.

Lavin. No, I've eat, and slack'd my Thirst. But where's my Lord,
My dearest *Marius*?

Mar. sen. To th' Neighbouring Village
He's gone, to beg his Father's Dinner, Daughter.

Lavin. Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it?
I'm much o'er-paid for all the Wrongs of Fortune.

But

But surely *Marius* can't be brought to want.
I've Gold and Jewels too, and they'll buy Food.

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. sen. See here, my *Marius*, what the Gods have sent us.
See thy *Lavinia*.

Mar. jun. Hah!

[*They run and Embrace.*]

Mar. sen. What? dumb at meeting?

Mar. jun. Why weeps my Love?

Lavin. I cannot speak, Tears so obstruct my Words,
And choak me with unutterable Joy.

Mar. jun. Oh my Hearts Joy!

Lavin. My Soul!

Mar. jun. But hast thou left
Thy Father's House, the Pomp and State of *Rome*,
To follow Desert-Misery?

Lavin. I come.

To bear a part in every thing that's thine;
Be't Happiness or Sorrow. In these Woods,
Whilst from pursuing Enemies you're safe,
I'll range about, and find the Fruits and Springs,
Gather cool Seages, Daffadils and Lilies,
And softest Camomil to make us Beds,
Whereon my Love and I, at night will sleep,
And dream of better Fortune.

Enter Granius and Servant with Wine and Meat.

Mar. sen. Yet more Plenty?

Sure *Comus*, the God of Feasting, haunts these Woods,
And means to entertain us as his Guests.

Servant. I am sent hither, *Marius*, from my Lord,
Sextilius the Prætor, to relieve thee.
And warn thee that thou strait depart this place,
Else he the Senate's Edict must obey,
And treat thee as the Foe of *Rome*.

Mar. sen. But did he

Did he, *Sextilius*, bid thee say all this?
Was he too proud to come and see his Master,
That rais'd him out of nothing? Was he not
My menial Servant once, and wip'd these Shooes,
Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my pleasures watcht,
And fed upon the Voidings of my Table?
Durst he affront me with a sordid Alms?
And send a saucy Message by a Slave?

Hence

Hence with thy Scraps: back to thy Teeth I dash 'em,
Be gone whilst thou art safe. Hold, stay a little.

Serv. What Answer would you have me carry back?

Mar. sen. Go to *Sextilius*, tell him thou hast seen

Poor *Caius Marius* banish'd from his Country,

Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth,

Amidst an ample Fortune once his own,

Where now he cannot claim a Turf to sleep on. *[Exit Servant.]*

How am I fallen! Mufick? Sure, the Gods

Are mad, or have design'd to make me so. *[Soft Musick.]*

Enter Martha.

Well, what art Thou?

Marth. Am I a Stranger to thee?

Martha's my name, the Syrian Prophetess,

That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune;

Till banish'd out of Rome for serving Thee.

I've ever since inhabited these Woods,

And search'd the deepest Arts of wise Foreknowledge.

Mar. sen. I know thee now most well. When thou wert gone,

All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vulture,

That us'd to hover o'er my happy Head,

And promise Honour in the Day of Battle,

Have since been seen no more. Ev'n Birds of Prey

Pursue him still. Hast thou no Hopes in store?

Marth. A hundred Spirits wait upon my will,

To bring me Tidings, from th'Earth's farthest Corners,

Of all that happens out in States and Councils:

I tell thee therefore, Rome is once more thine.

The Consuls have had Blows, and *Cicero's* beaten,

Who with his Arms comes to find thee out,

To lead him back with Terror to that City.

Mar. sen. Speak on.

Marth. Nay, e'er thou think'st it he will be with thee

But let thy Sons, and these fair Nymphs retire,

Whilst I relieve thy wearied Eyes with Sleep;

And cheer thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.

Mar. jun. Come, my *Lavinia*, *Gravina*, we'll withdraw

To some cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune. *[Exit.]*

Martha waves her Wand

[A Dance.]

Mar. sen. O Rest, thou Stranger to my Scars, welcome.

Enter

Enter Servilius and Ruffus.

Serv. Ten Attick Talents shall be thy Reward,
Servilius gives 'em thee. Dispatch him safely.

Ruff. Fear not, he never wakes agen.

Mar. sen. No more,

I'll hear no more. *Metellus* live? No, no;
He dies, he dies. So bear him to the Tiber,
And plunge him to the bottom. Hah, *Antonius*!
Where are my Guards? Dispatch that talking Knave,
That when he should be doing publick Service,
Consumes his time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And sows Sedition in a City. Down,
Down with *Pompeius* too, that call'd me Traitor.
Hah! art thou there? Welcome once more, old *Marius*,
To Rome's Tribunal.

Ruff. Now's the time.

Mar. sen. Stand off.

Secure that *Gaul* — Dar' it thou kill *Caius Marius*? *[Wakes.]*
Hah! speak? What art thou?

Ruff. By *Sextilius* hired
I hither came to take your life. Speak, *Marius*,
And I'll for ever serve you at your foot.

Mar. sen. What barbarous Slaves are these, that envy me
The open Air; set Prices on my Head,
As they would do on Wolves that slay their Flock!

Enter Sulpirius.

[Trumpets.]

Trumpets! *Sulpirius*, where hast thou been wand'ring
Since the late Storm that drove us from each other?

Sulp. Why, doing Mischief up and down the City,
Picking up discontented Fools, helving
The Senators and Government, destroying
Faith amongst honest Men, and praising Knaves.

Mar. sen. Oh, but where's *Cinna*?

Sulp. Ready to salute you —

Enter Cinna attended with Lictors and Guards.

Cinn. Romans, once more behold your Consul: see,
Is there Fortune fit for *Caius Marius*?
Advance your Axes and your Rods before him;
And give him all the Customs of his Honour.

Mar. sen. Away: such Pomp becomes not wretched *Marius*.

Here

Here let me pay Obedience to my Consul.
Lead me great *Cinna*, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee,
And see how thy old Soldier will obey.

Cinn. O *Marius*, be our Hearts united ever,
To carry Desolation into *Rome*,
And waste that Den of Monsters to the Earth.

Mar. sen. Shall we?

Cinn. We'll do't. That godly Soothsaying Fool,
That sacrificing Dolt, that Sot *Octavius*,
When we were chosen Consuls in the *Forum*,
Disown'd me for his Colleague; said, the Gods
Had told him I design'd Pyrrannick Pow'r;
Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms,
And drove me forth the Gates.

Mar. sen. Excellent Mischief!
What's to be done?

Cinn. No sooner was I gone,
But a large part of that great City follow'd me.
There's not an honest Spirit left in *Rome*,
That does not own my Cause, and wish for *Marius*.

Mar. sen. Bring me my Horse, my Armour, and the Laurel
With which, when I'd overcome three barba'rous Nations,
I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into *Rome*.
I go to free her now from greater Mischiefs.

Enter Marius junior and Gradius.

O my young Warriour!

Mar. jun. Curst be the Light,
And ever curst be all these Regions round us.
Lavinia's lost, born back with force to *Rome*,
By Ruffians headed by her Father's Kinsmen;
And like a Coward too I live, yet saw it.

Mar. sen. Oh *Marius*! *Marius*! let not plants come from thee,
Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father.
If she be back in *Rome*, *Lavinia's* thine.
To morrow's Dawn restores her to thy Arms.
For that fair Mistress Fortune, which has cost
So dear, for which such Hardships I have past,
Is coy no more, but crown's my Hopes at last.
I long t'embrace her, nay, 'tis Death to stay.
I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, born away
With thoughts of nothing but the joyful day.

SCENE, Metellus's House.

Enter Metellus, Lavinia, Priest of Hymen,

Lavin. **N**ay, you have catcht me; you may kill me too:
But with my Cries I'll rend the echoing Heav'ns,
Till all the Gods are witness how you use me.

Metell. What? like a Vagrant fly thy Father's House?
And follow fulsomely an exil'd Slave,
Disdain'd by all the World? But abject Thou,
Resolve to go, or bound be sent to Sylla,
With as Much Scorn as thou hast done me Shame.

Lavin. Do, bind me, kill me, task these Limbs: I'll bear it.
But, Sir, consider still I am your Daughter;
And one hour's Converse with this Holy Man
May teach me to repent, and shew Obedience.

Metell. Think not to evade me by protracting time:
For if thou dost not, may the Gods forsake me,
As I will thee, if thou escape my Fury ——— [Exit Metell.]

Lavin. Oh! bid me leap (rather than go to Sylla)
From off the Battlements of my Tower,
Or walk in Thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: Chain me with roaring Bears;
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel-house
O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapeless Sculls:
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead Man in his Shroud:
Things that to hear but told have made me tremble:
And I'll go through it without fear or doubt
To keep my Vows unsifted to my Love ———

Priest. Take here this Vial then, and in this moment
Drink it, when straight through all thy Veins shall run
A cold and drowsie Humour more than Sleep;
And in Death's borrow'd likeness shalt thou lie
Two Summer Days, then wake as from a Slumber.
Till *Marius* by my Letters know what's past,
And come by stealth to Rome.

Lavin. Give me; Oh! give me: tell me not of Fears.

Priest. Farewell: be bold and prosp'rous.

[Exit.]

Lavin. Oh! farewell ———

Heaven knows if ever we shall meet agen.
I have a faint cold Fear thrills through my Veins,

H

That

The History and Fall

That almost freezes up the heat of Life.
I'll call him back agen to comfort me.
Stay, Holy Man. But what should he do here?
My dismal Scene 'tis fit I act alone.
What if this Mixture do not work at all?
Shall I to morrow then be sent to Sylla?
No, no, — this shall forbid it; lie thou there — *Lays down
the Dagger.*
Or how, if, when I'm laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time that *Marius* come
To my Relief? There, there's a fearful Point.
Shall I not then be stified in the Vault,
Where for these many hundred Years the Bones
Of all my bury'd Ancestors are pack'd?
Where, as they say, Ghosts at some Hours resort,
With Mandrakes & reeks torn from the Earth's dark Womb,
That living Mortals hearing them run mad?
Or if I wake, shall I not be distracted,
Invinc'd around with all these hideous Fears,
And may play with my Fore-fathers Joints;
Then in this Rage with some great Kinsman's Bones,
As with a Club, dash out my desp'rate Brains!
What? Sylla? get thee gone, thou meager Lover:
My Soul abhors thee. Don't disturb my Draught;
'Tis to my Lord. [*Drinks.*] Oh *Marius! Marius! Marius!*
[*Exit.*]

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

of Caius Marius.

ACT V.

SCENE.

Cinna's Camp before the Walls of Rome.

[Trumpet sound a General.

Enter Cinna, Marius senior, and Salpitius, Granius,
Two Embassadors, Guards.

Cinn. **E**mbassadors from Rome? How many Slaves,
Traitors, and Tyrants, Villains, was I call'd
But yesterday? yet now their Consul Cinna.
Oh! what an excellent Master is an Army,
To teach Rebellious Cities Manners! Say,
My Friend and Colleague Marius, shall we hear 'em?

Mar. sen. Whom?

Cinn. The Embassadors.

Mar. sen. From whence?

Cinn. From Rome.

Mar. sen. My loving Country-men? they must be hear
Or Sylla will be angry——

Cinn. In what state

And Pageantry the solid Lumps move on?
And though they come to beg, will be attended
With their ill order'd Pomp and awkward Pride.
Who are ye? and from whence?

1 Emb. From wretched Rome.

To thee, most mighty Cinna, and to thee,
Most dread Lord Marius, in her name we bow

Cinn. What's your Demand?

1 Emb. Hear but our humble Prayers,
And all Demands be made by God. Cinna.
Whither, oh! whither will your Cruelty pursue us?
Must all the Fortunes and the Lives of Rome
Suffer for one Mischance of her Masters?
Your sorrowful afflicted Mother Rome,
In whose kind Bosom you were nurs'd and bred,
Stretches her trembling Arms to implore your Pity.
Fold up your dreadful Ensigns, and lay by
Your War-like Terrors, lest affright her Matrons,
And add to her ere Sorrows quite overwhelm her.
But come like Sons that bring their Parents Joy:
Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,

The History and Fall

And let no bloody Slaughter stain her Streets.

Cinn. Thus 'tis you think to heal up smearing Honour,
By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound,
Which for a time may make it whole and fair:
Till the false Medicine be at last discover'd,
And then it rankles to a Sore again.

Take this my Answer: I will enter *Rome*;
But for my Force, I'll keep it still my own,
Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

Mar. sen. Sulpicius, see, what abject Slaves are these?
Such base Deformities a long Robe hides.

Sulpit. I cannot but laugh to think on't.

Mar. sen. What?

Sulp. How these politick Noddles, that look so grave upon the
matter in the Senate-house, will laugh and grin at one another, when
they are set a sunning upon the Capitol.

2 Emb. May we return with Joy into our City,
Proclaiming Peace, agreed with Heav'n and you?

Cinn. Go, tell 'em we expect due Homage paid,
Of every Senator expect Acknowledgment,
Money Rewards, and Offices of Honour,

1 Emb. But on that Brow there still appears a Cloud,
That never rose without a following Storm.

Mar. sen. Alas! for me, a simple Banish'd Man,
Driv'n from my Country by the right of Law,
And justly punish'd as my Ill-deserv'd,
Think not of me: what'er are his Resolves,
I shall obey.

Both Emb. May all the Gods reward you. —

[*Ex. Embess. and Attendants.*]

Cinn. Now *Marinus*.

Mar. sen. Now, my *Cinna*.

Cinn. Are not we

True born of *Rome*, true Sons of such a Mother?
How I adore thy Temper!

Mar. sen. Those two *Romans*
Those whining, fawning, humble, plaint Villains,
Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a *Drachma*.

Cinn. Let's not delay a moment.

Mar. sen. Oh! let's fly,
Enter this cursed City; nay, with Smiles too,
But false as the adulterate Promises
Of Favourites in pow'r, when poor Men court 'em.

Cinn. They always hated me, because a Soldier.

Mar. sen. Base Natures ever grudge at things above 'em,
And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.

When

When Fears are on them, then their kindest Wishes
And best Rewards attend the gallant Warriour :
But Dangers vanish, infamous Neglect,
Ill-Usage and Reproach are all his Portion ;
Or at the best he's wedded to hard Wants,
Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.

Sulpit. I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue,
Live upon Prey, and hang for't with my Fellows,
Than, when my Honour and my Country's Cause
Call'd me to Dangers, be so basely branded.

Mar. sen. Ere we this City enter then, let's Iwear
Not to destroy one honest Roman living.

Sulpit. Nor one chaste Matron.

Cinn. Nor a faithful Friend,
Nor true-born Heir, nor Senator that's wife.

Mar. sen. But Knaves and Villains, Whores, and base-born Brats,
And th' endless swarms of Fools grown up in Years,
Be Slaughter's Game, till we dis-people Rome.

Cinn. Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets sound.

Mar. sen. Till all things tell 'em Marius is at hand.
O Sylla, if at Capua thou shalt hear
How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees,
And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me.
Sulpitius, as along the Streets we move
With solemn pace and meditating Mischiefs,
Whome'er I smile on let thy Sword go through.
Oh! Can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries,
The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans
Of murder'd Men be Musick to appease me?
Sure Death's not far from such a desp'rate Cure.
Be't with me rather (Gods) as Storms let loose,
That rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,
And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half blown,
For having no more Fury left in store,
Heav'n's face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
And Nature smiles as gaily as before.—

[Exeunt.]

SCENE Metellus's House.

Enter Metellus.

Metell. A Peace with Marius! O most base Submission!
That over-ruling Fears should weigh up Reason?
Was not the City ours, and Sylla too
At Capua, almost in a Trumper's call?

And

The History and Fall

And so submit! Could I but once have fought for't,
I might have met this *Marina* in Arms,
And been reveng'd for all the Mischief's done me.
Nurse.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Here, an't shall please you.

Metell. Go wake *Lavinia*. Tell her, she must hence
For *Capua* this Morning; for the Truce
Favours her Journey, and secures her Passage.

[*Exit.*

Scene draws, and discovers Lavinia on a Couch.

Nurse. Wake her? Poor Titmouse! it will be as peevish,
I'll warrant you, and rub its Nye's, and so frown now,
Well: Mistress! why, *Lavinia*, fast, I warrant her.
Why, Lamb! why, Lady! Fie, you Slug-a-bed.
What, not a word? You take your penny-worth now,
Sleep for a Week; for the next Night (my Word for't)
Sylla takes care that you shall rest but little.
Gods forgive me. —

Marry and Amen. How sound is the sleep?
I must needs wake her. Madam! Madam! Madam!
Now should your Lover find you in this Posture,
He'd fright you up i' faith? What? wont it do?
Drest too? and in your Cloaths? and down agen?
Nay, I must wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas! alas! help, help, my Lady's dead.
Ah! welladay that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua-vita*. Ho! my Lord — my Lady —

Enter Metellus.

Metell. *Lavinia* dead?

Nurse. Your only Daughter's dead:
As dead as a Herring, Stock-fish, or Door-nail.
Metell. Stiff, cold, and pale. Where are thy Beauties now?
Thy Blushes that have warm'd so many Hearts?
All Hearts that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,
Sigh till ye break; and all ye Eyes that languisht
In my *Lavinia*'s Brightness, weep with me,
Till Grief grow general, and the World's in Tears.

Nurse. Oh Day! oh Day! oh Day! ah hateful Day!
Never was seen so black a Day as this.
Oh Day! oh woful Day! oh Day like Night!

Metell. No more: Thus in her Bridal Ornaments
Drest as she is she shall be born to Burial,
I'th' Sepulchre where our Forefathers rest.
Be't done, whilst all things we ordain'd for Joy

Turn

Turn from their Office, and sit in Sadness.

[*Exit.*]

Nurse. It shall be done and done and overdone, as we are undone. And I will sigh, and cry till I am as big as a Pumpkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care thou shalt not die for nothing; for I will wash thee with my Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and stick a Flower in every part about thee—

[*Ex. Nurse.*]

SCENE changes to the Forum, where is placed the Consul's Tribunal.

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* **VV** Hither, oh! whither shall we fly for Safety?

Already reeking Murther's in our Streets,
Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,
And Rome appears one noisome House of slaughter.

2 *Cit.* Hear us, ye Gods, and pity our Calamities.

Stop, stop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant;
O send your Thunder forth to strike us dead,
Ere our own Slaves are Masters of our Throats.

1 *Cit.* Ruine draws near us: Oh my Friend! let's fly
To the Altars of our Gods, and by the hands
Of one another die as *Romans* ought.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ancharius the Senator and his Grandson.

Child. Hide me, my Grandfire; the ugly Men are coming
That kill'd my Mother and my Sister *Theodice*.

Will they kill you and me too?

Anch. Oh my Child!

I cannot hide thee, nor know what to do.

Decrepit Age benumbs my weary Limbs!

I cannot resist, nor flee.

Child. Then here we'll sit;

Perhaps they'll not come yet; or if they do,

I'll fall upon my Knees and beg your Life.

I am a very little harmless Boy;

And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,

They'll pity sure my Tears, and grant me all.

Enter several Old Men in black with Cypress Wreaths, leading Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribunal.

Then enters Marius senior as Consul, Lictors, Sulpicius, and Guards.

Mari. sen. I thank ye, Gods, ye have restor'd me now.

[*Marius mounts the Tribunal.*]

What

What Pageantry is this, *Sulpicius*, here?
Remove these Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates.

Old Man. We come not for our selves, but in the Name
Of *Rome*, to offer up our Lives for all,
Pity a wretched State, thou raging God,
And let loose all thy dreadful Fury here.

Mar. sen. I know ye all, great Senators; ye are
The Heads and Patrons of *Rebellious Rome*.
Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye:
And with that Cheat at any time ye think
To charm a generous Mind, though ye have wrong'd it.
False are your Safeties when indulg'd by Power:
For soon ye fatten and grow able Traytors.
False are your Fears, and your Afflictions falser:
For thus cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy,
Which you shall never gain at *Marius's* hands.
Who trusts your Penitence is more than Fool,
Rebellion will renew; ye can't be honest.
Ye are never pleas'd but with the Knaves that cheat you,
And work your Follies to their private ends.
For your Religion, like your Cloaths you wear it,
To change and turn just as the Fashion alters.
And think you by this solemn piece of Fooling
To hush my Rage, and melt me into pity?
Advance, *Sulpicius*; old *Ancharius* there,
Who was so violent for my Destruction,
That his Beard-brustled as his Face distorted;
Away with him. Dispatch these Triflers too.
Bue spare the Virgins, 'cause mine Eyes have seen 'em:
Or keep 'em for my Warriours to rejoice in.

Anch. Thou who wert born to be the Plague to *Rome*,
What would'st thou do with me?

Mar. sen. Dispose thee hence
Amongst the other Offal, for the jaws
Of hungry Death, till *Rome* be purg'd of Villains.
Thou dy'st for wronging *Marius*. —

Child. Oh my Lord!
(For you must be a Lord, you are so angry)
For my sake spare his life. I have no Friend
But him to guard my tender Years from Wrongs.
When he is dead, what will become of me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, naked left
To all the Ills of the wide faithless World?

Mar. sen. Take hence this Brat too; mount it on a Spear,
And let it sprawl to make the Grandfire sport.

Child. O cruel Man! I'll hang upon your Knees,

And

And with my little dying Hands implore you,
I may be fit to do you some small pleasures.
I'll find a thousand tender ways to please you ;
Smile when you rage, and stroak you into mildness ;
Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father :
For mine (alas!) the Gods have taken from me.

Mar. sen. Young Crocodile ! Thus from their Mother's Breasts
Are they instructed, bred and taught in Rome.
For that old Paralytick Slave, dispatch him :
Let me not know he breaths another moment.
But spare this, 'cause't has learn'd its Lesson well,
And I've a Softness in my Heart pleads for him.

Enter Messenger.

Well now.

Mess. Metellus.

Mar. sen. Hah! *Metellus*? what?

Mess. Is found.

Mar. sen. Speak, where?

Mess. In an old Suburb-Cottage,
Upbraiding Heav'n, and cursing at your Fortune.

Mar. sen. Haste, let him be preserv'd for my own Fury:
Clap, clap your Hands for Joy, ye Friends of *Marius*,
Ten thousand Talents for the News I'll give thee:
The Core and bottom of my Torment's found;
And in a moment I shall be at ease.

Rome's Walls no more shall be besmear'd with Blood,
But Peace and Gladness flourish in her Streets.
Let's go. *Metellus*? we have found *Metellus*.
Let every Tongue proclaim aloud *Metellus*;
Till I have dash'd him on the Rock of Fate,
Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more. [Exit.

SCENE A Church-Yard.

Enter Marius junior.

Mar. jun. **A**S I have wander'd musing to and fro,
Still am I brought to this unlucky place,
As I had business with the horrid Dead:
Though could I trust the flattery of Sleep,
My Dreams preface some joyful News at hand.
My Bosom's Lord sits lightly on his Throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd Spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thought.

I dream'd *Lavinia* came and found me dead;
And breath'd such Life and Kisses on my Lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.

Enter Catulus.

Catul. My Lord already here?

Mar. jun. My trusty *Catulus*;

What News from my *Lavinia*? speak, and bless me.

Catul. She's very well.

Mar. jun. Then nothing can be ill.

Something thou seem'st to know that's terrible.

Out with it boldly; Man, What canst thou say
Of my *Lavinia*?

Catul. But one sad word, She's dead.

Here in her Kindreds Vault I've seen her laid,
And have been searching you to tell the News.

Mar. jun. Dead? is it so? then I deny you, Stars.

Go, hasten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.

'Tis done: I'll hence to night.

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Priest?

Catul. No, my good Lord.

Mar. jun. No matter, get thee gone—

[*Exit. Catulus.*]

Lavinia! yet I'll lie with thee to Night;

But, for the means, Oh *Mischief!* thou art swift

To catch the stragling Thoughts of desperate Men!

I do remember an Apothecary,

That dwelt about this Rendezvous of Death;

Meagre and very rueful were his Looks;

Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;

And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,

An Allegator stuff'd and other Skins

Of ill-shap'd Fishes: and about his Shelves

A beggarly account of empty Boxes,

Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,

Remnants of Pack-thread, and old Cakes of Roles;

Were thinly scatter'd to make up a Show,

Oh for a Poyson now! his Need will sell it,

Though it be present Death by *Roman Law*.

As I remember, this should be the House.

His Shop is shut: with Beggars all are Holy days.

Holla? Apothecary; ho!

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. Who's there?

Mar. jun. Come hither, Man.

I see thou'rt very poor;

Thou

Thou may'st do any thing: here's fifty *Drachma's*.
Get me a Draught of that will soonest free
A Wretch from all his Cares: thou understand'st me.

Apoth. Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Roman Law*
Speaks Death to any he that utters 'em.

Mar. jun. Art thou so base and full of Wretchedness,
Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression stareth in thy Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apoth. My Poverty, but not my Will consents —

[Goes in, fetches a Vial of Poyson.

Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.

Mar. jun. There is thy Gold, worse Poyson to Mens Souls,
Doing more Murthers in this loathsome World
Than these poor Compounds thou'rt forbid to sell.
I sell thee Poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewel — buy Food — and get thy self in flesh.
Now for the Monument of the *Metelli* —

[Exit.

{ Scene draws off, and shows
the Temple and Monument.

Re-enters.

It should be here: The door is open too.
Th' insatiate mouth of Fate gapes wide for more.

Enter Priest, and Boy with a Mattock and Iron Crow.

Priest. Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron:
Now take this Letter, with what haste thou canst
Find out young *Marius*, and deliver it. — [Exit Boy.
Now must I to the Monument alone.
What Wretch is he that's entering into th' Tomb?
Some Villain come to rob and spoil the Dead.
Whoe'er thou art, stop thy unhallowed purpose.

Mar. jun. Whoe'er thou art, I warn thee to be gone,
And do not interrupt my horrid purpose.
For else, by Heav'n I'll tear thee joynt by joynt,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs.
My Mind, and its intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty Tygers or the roaring Sea.

Priest. Then as a sacrilegious Slave I charge thee,
Obey and go with me, or thou must die.

Mar. jun. I know I must, and therefore I came hither.

Good Reverence, do not tempt a desp'rate Man.

By Heav'n, I love thee better than my self:

For I against my self come hither arm'd.

Stay not, be gone——Live, and hereafter say,

A Mad-Man's Mercy gave thee honest Counsel.

Priest. I do defie thy Mercy and thy Counsel,

And here will seize thee as a Thief and Robber.

Mar. jun. Wilt thou provoke me? Then here, take thy wages.

[Kills him.]

Priest. I'm kill'd. Oh *Marinus!* now too late I know thee.
Thou'st slain the only Man could do thee good.

Lavinia——Oh!——

[Dies.]

Mar. jun. Let me peruse this Face.

It is the honest Priest that joyn'd our Hands,

In a Disguise conceal'd. Give me thy Hand,

Since in ill Fate's black Role with me thou'rt writ,

I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.

Thou detestable Maw, thou Womb of Death,

Gorg'd with the dearest Morsel of the Earth,

Thus will I force thy rotten Jaws to open,

And spite of thee yet cram thee with more Food. [Pulls down the
side of the Tomb.]

Oh gorgeous Palace! oh my Love! my Wife!

Death has had yet no pow'r upon thy Beauty;

That is not conquer'd. Beauty's Ensign yet

Is Crimson in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks;

And the pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there

Why art thou still so fair? Shall I believe

That the lean Monster Death is amorous,

And keeps thee here in Darkness for his Paramour?

For fear of that, I'll stay with thee for ever.

Come bitter Conduct, thou unsavory Guide:

Here's to my Love——

[Drinks the Poyson.]

And now Eyes look your last

Arms take your last Embrace, whilst on these Lips

I fix the Seal of an eternal Contract——

She breaths and stirs.

[Lavinia wakes.]

Lavin. in the Tomb. Where am I? Bless me, Heav'n!

'Tis very cold; and yet here's something warm——

Mar. jun. She lives, and we shall both be made Immortal.

Speak, my *Lavinia*, speak some heavenly News.

And tell me how the Gods design to treat us.

Lavin. Oh! I have slept a long Ten thousand Years.

What have they done with me? I'll not be us'd thus;

I'll not wed *Sylla*. *Marinus* is my Husband.

Is he not, Sir? Methinks you're very like him.

Be good as he is, and protect me.

Mar. jun. Hah!

Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him?
Much, much indeed I'm chang'd from what I was;
And ne'er shall be my self, if thou art lost.

Lavin. The God's have heard my Vows, it is my *Marius*.
Once more they have restor'd him to my Eyes.
Hadst thou not come, sure I had slept for ever.
But there's a Sovereign Charm in thy Embraces,
That might do Wonders, and revive the Dead.

Mar. jun. Ill Fate no more, *Lavinia*, now shall part us,
Nor cruel Parents, nor oppressing Laws.
Did not Heav'n's Power's all wonder at our Loves?
And when thou told'st the tale of thy Disasters,
Was there not sadness and a Gloom amongst 'em?
I know there was; and they in pity sent thee,
Thus to redeem me from this Vale of Torments,
And bear me with thee to those Hills of Joys.
This World's gross Air grows burthensome already.
I'm all a God; such heav'nly Joys transport me,
That mortal Sense grows sick and faints with lasting.

[Dies.

Lavin. Oh! to recount my Happiness to thee,
To open all the Treasure of my Soul,
And shew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waste more time
Than so impatient Love as mine can spare.
He's gone; he's dead; breathless: alas! my *Marius*.
A Vial too; here, here has been his bane.
O Churl! drink all? not leave one friendly Drop
For poor *Lavinia*? Yet I'll drain thy Lips.
Perhaps some welcome Poyson may hang there,
To help me to o'ertake thee on thy Journey.
Clammy and damp as Earth. Hah! stains of Blood?
And a Man murther'd? 'Tis th' unhappy *Flamen*.
Who fix their Joys on any thing that's Mortal,
Let 'em behold my Portion, and despair.
What shall I do? how will the Gods dispose me?
Oh! I could rend these Walls with Lamentation,
Tear up the Dead from their corrupted Graves,
And dawb the face of Earth with her own Bowels.

Enter Marius senior, and Guards driving in Metellus.

Mar. sen. Pursue the Slave; let not his Gods protect him.

Lavin. More Mischiefs? hah! My Father.

Metell. Oh! I am slain.

(falls down and dies.

Lavin. And murther'd too. When will my Woes have end?
Come, cruel Tyrant.

Mar.

Mar. sen. Sure I have known that Face.

Lavin. And canst thou think of any one good Turn
That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?

Mar. sen. Art thou not call'd *Lavinia*?

Lavin. Once I was :

But by my Woes may now be better known.

Mar. sen. I cannot see thy Face.

Lavin. You must, and hear me.

By this, you must: nay, I will hold you fast. [Seizes his Sword.

Mar. sen. What would'st thou say? where's all thy Rage gone now?

Lavin. I am *Lavinia*, born of Noble Race.

My blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts,

But prov'd the greatest Torment of my own:

Though my Vows prosper'd. and my Love was answer'd

By *Marins*, the noblest, goodliest Youth

That Man e'er envy'd at, or Virgin sigh'd for.

He was the Son of an unhappy Parent,

And banish'd with him when our Joys were young;

Scarce a Night old.

Mar. sen. I do remember't well,

And thou art She, that Wonder of thy kind,

That could'st be true to exil'd Misery,

And to and fro through barren Desarts range,

To find th'unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.

Lavin. Do you remember't well?

Mar. sen. In every point.

Lavin. You then were gentle, took me in your Arms,

Embrac'd me, blest me, us'd me like a Father.

And sure I was not thankless for the Bounty.

Mar. sen. No, thou wer't, next the Gods, my only Comfort.

When I lay fainting on the dry parcht Earth,

Beneath the scorching heat of burning Noon,

Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me:

Then Thou, as by the Gods some Angel sent,

Cam'st by, and in Compassion didst relieve me.

Lavin. Did I all this?

Mar. sen. Thou didst, and sav'dst my Life,

Else I had sunk beneath the weight of Want,

And bin a Prey to my remorseless Foes.

Lavin. And see how well I am at last rewarded.

All could not balance for the short term'd Life

Of one Old Man: You have my Father butcher'd,

The only Comfort I had left on Earth.

The Gods have taken too my Husband from me.

See where he lies, your and my only Joy.

This Sword yet reeking with my Father's Gore,

Plunge

Plunge it into my Breast : plunge, plunge it thus.
And now let Rage, Distraction and Despair
Seize all Mankind, till they grow mad as I am.

[Stabs her self with his Sword.]

Mar. sen. Nay, now thou hast outdone me much in Cruelty.
By Nature's Light extinguisht ; let the Sun
Withdraw his Beams, and put the World in Darkness,
Whilst here I howl away my Life in Sorrows.
Oh ! let me bury Me and all my Sins
Here with this good Old Man. Thus let me kiss
Thy pale sunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears.
My Son, how cam'st thou by this wretched End ?
We might have all bin Friends, and in one House
Enjoy'd the Blessings of Eternal Peace.
But oh ! my cruel Nature has undone me.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, I bring you most disastrous News.
Sylla's return'd : his Army's on their march
From *Capua*, and to morrow will reach *Rome*.
At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,
And your *Sulpitius* mortally is wounded.

Enter Sulpitius (led in by two of the Guards) and Granius.

Mar. sen. Oh ! then I'm ruin'd from this very moment.
Has my good Genius left me ? Hope forsakes me.
The Name of *Sylla's* baneful to my Fortune.
Be warn'd by me, ye Great ones, how y'embroil
Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter.
Ambition is a Lust that's never quencht,
Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment.
Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed,
A hopeless Vessel bound for the dark Land
Of loathsome Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows. *[He is led off.]*

Sulpit. A Curse on all Repentance ! how I hate it !
I'd rather hear a Dog howl than a Man whine

Gran. You're wounded, Sir : I hope it is not much.

Sulp. No ; 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-
door ; But 'tis enough ; 'twill serve ; I am pepper'd I warrant,
I warrant for this World. A Pox on all Mad-men hereafter. If
I get a Monument, let this be my Epitaph :

*Sulpitius lies here, that troublesome Slave,
That sent many honest Men to the Grave,
And dy'd like a Fool when h' had liv'd like a Knave. [Ex. Omnes.]*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. Barry, who acted *Lavinia*.

A Mischief on't! though I'm agen alive,
May I believe this Play of ours shall thrive?
This Drumming, Trumpeting, and Fighting Play:
Why, what a Devil will the People say?
The Nation that's without, and hears the Din,
Will swear w'are raising Volunteers agen.
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his head.
H'had banish'd Poetry and all her Charms,
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.
No Prentice e'er grown weary of Indentures
Had such a longing mind to seek Adventures.
Nay, sure at last th' Infection general grew;
For t'other day I was a Captain too:
Neither for Flanders nor for France to roam,
But, just as you were all to stay at home.
And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks,
Only for love of Underhill and Nurse Noakes;
Our Poet says, one day to a Play ye come,
Which serves ye half a Tear for Wit at home.
But which amongst you is there to be found,
Will take his third Days Pawn for Fifty Pound?
Or, now is he Cashier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready Money for's Debenture?
Therefore when he receiv'd, that Fatal Doom,
This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come
To help a poor Disbanded Soldier home. }

